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MARSHALL FIELD.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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MARSHALL FIELD

A Great Mercantile Genius

By JOHN DENNIS, JR.

With photographs by J. Ellsworth Gross

TO see all the significance of this typically American story you must begin with Chicago when it was a raw, bustling frontier town, late emerged from the scowl of old Fort Dearborn, brimming over with the tremendous vitalities of the new West, when a fever of new things and new ways possessed all men, and the new empire was beginning to be apparent on the endless leagues of prairie. Then a great army of settlers went pouring along the highways to seize the richness of the Mississippi basin, the marvelously fertile land, the untilled garden spot of the nation to be; unprecedented conditions produced unprecedented methods, old cautions and old safeguards were flung away, a fury of trade, speculative and reckless, became contagious. When the most conservative men of the East had breathed for a week of that exhilarating atmosphere they were little better than obsessed gamblers. Added to these fruitful springs of trouble was a currency of the new country so unsound that no man knew whether any dollar he received were good or bad. Every merchant kept at hand lists of the failed and worthless banks, whose notes were to be refused, but he knew not when a fresh report might reduce half the bills in his safe to paper-stock. In short, wildcat money—and wildcat methods, more or less.

In those days any man that had kept out of actual bankruptcy, and some that had not, found easy credit; the chances were that his word was worth as much as the run of paper dollars, and, besides, a mania was epidemic of trusting everything to the future greatness of a country that grew as if by magic before men's eyes. Anything was possible in such a country. Incredible seems the readiness wherewith the best financiers adopted that comfortable doctrine; when they had walked once from the steamer-landing to South Clark Street they seemed capable at times of any mercantile insanity. Chicago, the seething center of the whirlpool, the natural capital of the distracted region, supported its 80,000 inhabitants chiefly by supplying the wants of the swarming settlers. It was a trade that waxed visibly from day to day; the wholesale houses did a prodigious business in credits—and the currency was wildcat.

In 1856, when the excitement was great and the beneficent prosperity prevailing caused universal satisfaction, a Massachusetts farmer's boy joined the tide that swept into the West and was carried as far as Chicago. Pittsfield he came from, good old Pittsfield.

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Four years he had been there at work in a country store, and before that in the village school and academy at Conway, where he was born. This and no more had been the sum of his worldly experiences. He drifted into the wholesale dry-goods house of Cooley, Wadsworth & Co., a busy place near the river bank, and found work as a salesman—clerk they called it then. The town was full of buyers; also of farmers' boys with all the advantages this boy possessed, except three: a talent for sure observation, a cold, keen judgment, and an active imagination. The reason the others were not so provided is because there is no combination so rare; as

The simoom burst the very next year, the black panic year of 1857, when the new West shook with commercial disaster. This young man from Pittsfield had a wonderful way of making other people think as he thought. Houses went crashing all about them, but Cooley, Wadsworth & Co. survived.

The storm blew itself out, the West pulled itself together, business was resumed by sadder and wiser men, and the house of Cooley, Wadsworth & Co. being reorganized as Cooley, Farwell & Co., the sane young man from Pittsfield was recognized with a junior partnership. This is the way the late Marshall Field embarked upon his career.

A SHOPPING CROWD AT THE SHOW-WINDOWS OF THE MARSHALL FIELD ESTABLISHMENT.

Dr. Johnson said of a like marvel, it is not in nature. Other newcomers to Chicago that year promptly lost their heads in the mad rush about them; this youth was neither deceived nor disturbed. He was twenty-one years old and knew many things not taught in schools—knew them or felt them, the results are the same. One was that reckless and unguarded credits will wreck any business, under any conditions, in any place; so, as the whole mad situation passed under his coolly critical eye, selling dry-goods for Cooley, Wadsworth & Co., he discerned storm signals.

He was not in business for amusement nor merely for a living. The imagination in his well-rounded head was too fervent and too active to admit the conventional view of things. Studying conditions and storing up facts useful for the realizing of certain dreams, he mastered the trade from end to end, he learned perfectly what caused failure, and he gained some convictions as to what would bring success. After a few years of junior partnership he was ready to put his beliefs to the test. In the old days by the river bank one of his fellow clerks had been a Maryland

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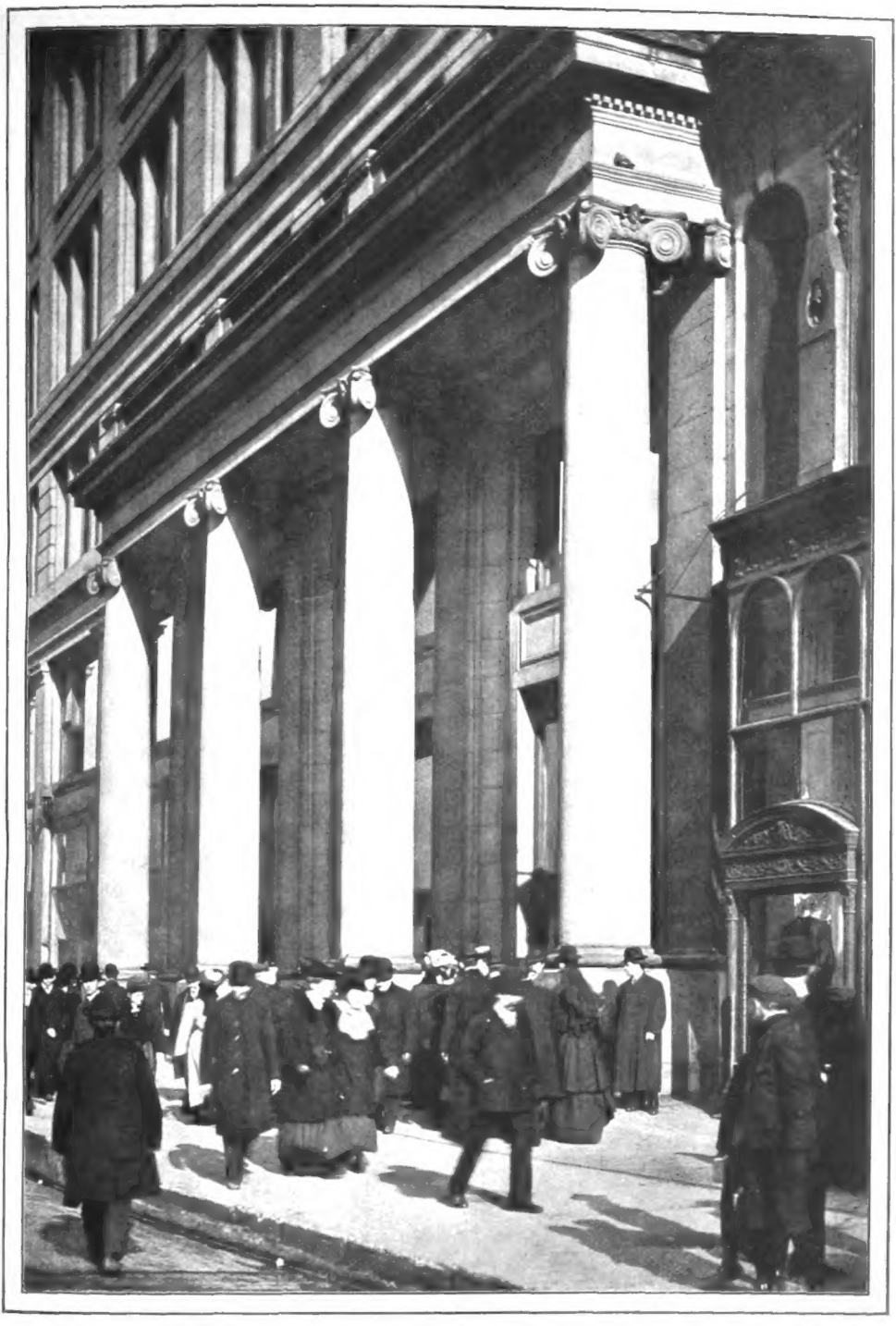

MAIN ENTRANCE OF MARSHALL FIELD'S, SHOWING THE HIGHEST MONOLITHS IN THE WORLD, EXCEPT THOSE AT KARNAK.

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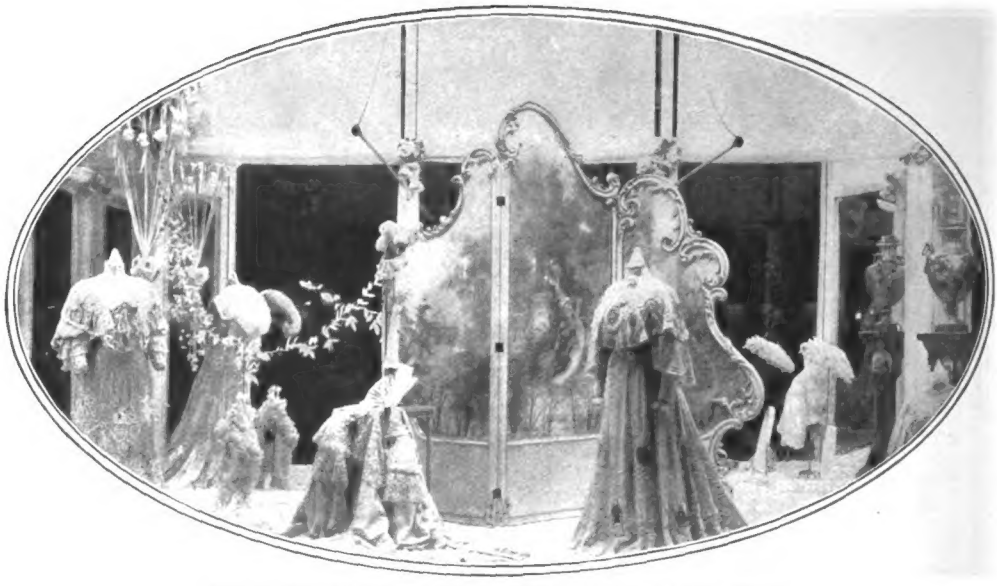
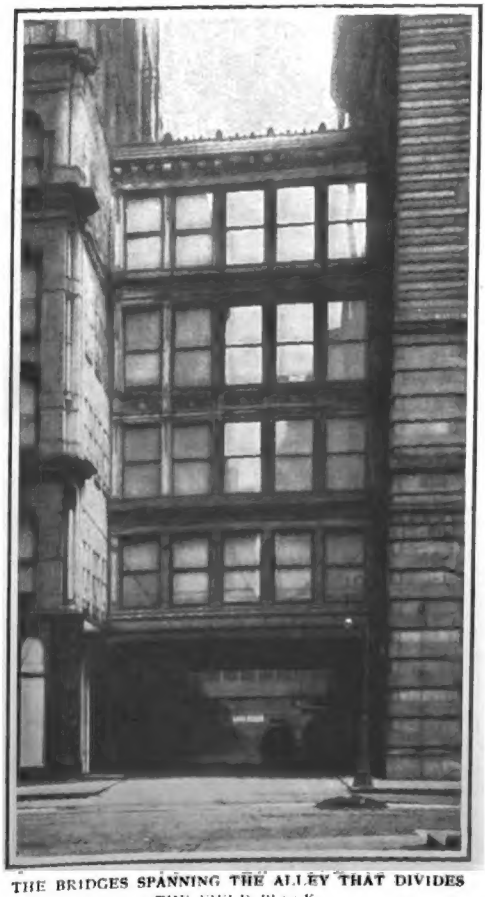


ONE OF THE FORTY-FIVE WINDOW DISPLAYS IN THE BIG STORE.



THE BRIDGES SPANNING THE ALLEY THAT DIVIDES THE FIELD BLOCK.

youth named Levi Z. Leiter. With him and with Potter Palmer, Mr. Field organized the wholesale and retail house of Field, Palmer & Leiter, which in 1865 succeeded to the old firm.

He had now a chance to learn the practical value of theories. He began with five fundamental principles: 1. No credit except for specified and short time to houses of ascertained responsibility and from these payment on the exact day agreed upon. 2. No debts; buy for cash. 3. Get the best goods. 4. No misrepresentation; tell the exact truth. 5. Be a little better than the demand. With this helm he steadied his firm through the fierce days that followed the war, when with a cheap and depreciated currency the business world returned to the practises of insanity, the swift growth of Chicago and the consequent abnormality of conditions causing a dangerous cross-sea in the troubled commercial currents. Two years after the new house embarked, Mr. Palmer, whose other interests were growing great, withdrew from the firm, which then became, and for many years remained, Field, Leiter & Co. Their store grew quickly to be one of the institutions of Chicago. The great world of women, on whose verdicts fortunes hang, began to regard it as a distinction to purchase goods there, and the gods themselves could not have provided a greater benefit. Thrift followed the rare intelligence that foresaw or guessed at that possibility.

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October, 1871, came and showed of what stuff these young partners were made. In the space of two days they saw the city that had made their prosperity swept from among the works of men, the site of it become a vast ruined plain, and of the store that with such labor and forethought they had reared the very foundations lost in a heart-breaking desert of smoking rubbish. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the indomitable energy that has made Chicago what it is than the way these two took the blow. While the great fire still raged northward, Field, Leiter & Co., had rented an old street-car barn at State and Twentieth Streets, and were doing business. The clear-sky bolt that had fallen upon them destroyed all their goods; while still no one knew where the conflagration might stop, the partners were working to get other things to sell. This unruffled composure, this ready resourcefulness did much to restore public confidence in the face of an unparalleled disaster. Everybody in Chicago knew Field, Leiter & Co. The report that without delay they were resuming business struck a responsive chord; something Western about it, something typical of Chicago had wide appeal. People felt proud of the example; other firms made haste to follow it. The story of the old street-car barn and the story of the burned-out newspaper that seized a suburban printing-office and issued an extra while the fire was at its height, were told wherever the stricken inhabitants were gathered. The Homeric courage was infectious. Chicago got to its feet while the world was still aghast at the extent of its calamity, and one of the first of the new buildings planned and begun was the great new store of the firm that had done so much to retrieve disaster. It occupied the site of the old building, but was much handsomer and higher. Within eighteen months it had been completed, and through its doors the old tides of trade were flowing in and out as regularly as before.

THE ATHLETIC GROUND PRESENTED TO CHICAGO UNIVERSITY BY MARSHALL FIELD.

The story of Marshall Field's rise to great fortune is necessarily the story of the growth of his business. The firm that had triumphed over fire was tried next by the whirlwind of the panic of 1873. It emerged unshaken. A house without debts and with only a small line of carefully guarded credits had nothing to fear from panics. A year or so later the growth of the business in spite of the general commercial depression forced the separation

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of the wholesale and retail departments, the wholesale taking possession of a new structure at Madison and Market Streets. This shortly proved too small. Then Richardson, the architect of Trinity Church in Boston, was sent for and in time he produced the most admirable piece of business construction in this country. In the midst of the mad jumble of styles and architectural lunacies that deface this as other American cities, here is the one building that can be referred to with unmixed satisfaction. It occupies an entire city square, is nine stories high, and is built of a dark red and very handsome granite. The purity of the design is wonderful. The walls rise without ornament, except for the massive window arches, to below the cornice, where a modest frieze relieves the severity. In this beehive of activity are more than thirteen acres of floor space, more than 3,000 employees, and from it more than $75,000,000 worth of goods are sold every year.

In 1881, Mr. Leiter, whose daughter is now Lady Curzon, retired from the firm, which became Marshall Field & Co., and so continued, Mr. Field being practically the sole proprietor. The retail store occupied in 1881 a small part of the block at the northeast corner of State and Washington Streets. Year after year it has spread by the absorbing and remaking of old and the erecting of new buildings, until now of the entire city block from Washington Street to Randolph and from State Street to Wabash Avenue it occupies everything except a small section at the corner of Randolph and Wabash. It has on each of four streets not far from as much frontage as is in two blocks in Sixth Avenue, New York. It is 385 feet long in State Street and 341 in Washington, crossing an intercepting alley by many bridges. In some places it is nine and in some thirteen stories high. The total floor area is about thirty-six acres, or eleven Chicago blocks. In the smoky murk of the local atmosphere the huge clean pile of bright gray granite and iron is a conspicuous landmark.

Here are some of its distinctive features:

It is the largest retail store in the world. It contains the largest and costliest collection of fabrics ever gathered under one permanent roof. It contains the largest restaurant in the world. It has one salesroom with 135,000 square feet of floor, the largest salesroom in the world. It contains the largest haberdashery shop in the world and one of the largest fur shops. The main entrance is adorned with the highest monoliths in the world except those in the temple of Karnak. It has on its main floor an aisle 385 feet long and 11 feet wide, and you can look from one end of it to the other past an exposition of the world's work, wonderful and beautiful. It has the largest private telephone switchboard in the world. It has a branch of the United States post-office that annually transacts as much business as the post-office in Auburn, N. Y., or the post-office in Joliet, Ill. It has fifty-three elevators. It has telephone, telegraph, and cable offices, a free information bureau, a reading-room, a rest room, and a medical room, all for the use of its visitors. It is furnished throughout in mahogany. It has an artistic color scheme (mahogany and dark green) that is carried harmoniously from bottom to top, and whatever way you look you may see an inspired use of the artistic principle of lines. It has agents and buyers around the world; it has the best products of all looms. It has in every department a system of operating so perfect, noiseless, and efficient that the fame of it has gone wherever men do business. It has more than 7,000 employees. It has forty-five great show-windows, each containing an exhibit arranged upon the lines of the *art nouveau*. It is visited every day by from 100,000 to 250,000 persons; on one occasion the visitors numbered nearly 450,000, and once 100,000 children came to it. The restaurant seats 2,000 at once and daily serves luncheon to about 5,000.

The place is not a department store; it is described as a dry-goods store with collateral branches. It does not seem like a store at all but some kind of exhibition. The people of Chicago do not regard it as a place where they go to buy things, but as an institution to which they take visitors and of which they boast as does Boston of its culture. In truth, the chaste decorations, the harmonious colors, the long vistas, the luxurious parlors, the palms and ferns, the white columns and great galleries seem not to belong to commerce but to art. No effort is made in this place to induce any visitor to make purchases. If moved thereto, he will find able and courteous assistance; but the casual sightseer is as welcome as the purchaser, and in some indescribable way is made to feel so as soon as he steps inside the great entrance.

System, method, organization, detail, are the foundation and structure of this enterprise. No army was ever more carefully drilled, offi-

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ered with more anxious care, more skilfully disposed on the battle-field. Every person in the establishment knows exactly what to do and how to do it; no one ever raises his voice there, no one ever seems confused or in haste. Authority is handed down from the general manager through a long line of division commanders and subcommanders, captains and lieutenants, so that every private knows what company he marches in and who are his officers, and every officer knows the limits of his duties and command. The general-in-chief kept daily watch of the evolutions; the working out of his plans he left to his staff officers. Every morning before nine o'clock Mr. Marshall Field entered the retail store, looked over the battle-ground, and surveyed his forces. Until 10.30 or 11 o'clock he gave his instructions to his general manager. Then he took his way to the wholesale department, a mile off, where a similar inspection followed. The rest of the day he spent in his office studying plans of campaign. His hand was upon everything; all the operations passed under his eye; from infallible intuition as well as from long experience he knew whether aught was well or ill done.

Immediately under the general manager come six superintendents, the corps commanders of the army, superintendent of the counting-room, superintendent of employees, superintendent of buildings and fixtures, superintendent of systems (elevators, tubes, wagons, and so on), supervisor of expense, merchandise manager. Under these come the managers of the 257 sections into which the store is divided. They report to the superintendents, the superintendents to the general manager, the general manager to the chief. For the conduct of his section toward the good of the establishment each manager is responsible, but the theory of the house is against martinet captains over automatic servitors; hence the section manager subdivides his responsibility among the persons under him so that finally each employee is made to feel that of a certain part of the work he alone is in charge, that his advancement and success depend upon his judgment and energy, in which his employer has full confidence. Results very unusual in such a place follow this tactful method. One is that even the cash-boys have a feeling of responsibility for the success of the enterprise and of partnership in its glory. By a carefully worked-out system of education, by keeping a minute daily record of the services of every member of the army, by rewards for available suggestions, and by promotion for the deserving, this feeling has been encouraged until it has become a powerful factor in the firm's progress. It is part of the Marshall Field idea.

In a little "Book of Rules" issued by the house for the guidance of its employees are many interesting evidences of the care with which these things are looked after, but nothing more interesting than the initial statement that "the importance of any rule is the spirit of it," and the explanation that the regulations that follow are not arbitrary statutes but embody what has been found by experience to be for the general good. Extreme consideration is the prevailing tone throughout the book. nothing is set down tactlessly, nothing dictatorially, and I am told that the framing of these rules so that they shall be always of a nature to inspire but never to coerce has been the subject of the most careful attention. The manners and attitude of a commander are likely to be reflected among his troops. I have noticed among railroad men that the brakemen of a train crew imitate the conductor; if he wears a mustache or a beard, so do they. The courteous bearing and interested endeavor of the Field army are merely a reflex of the enlightened and considerate treatment they receive.

This broad policy has many humane manifestations. The firm does much for its employees. The ninth floor of the store is given over to their use; they have a restaurant where luncheons are served to them at cost prices, the men have a gymnasium, the women have another, and a music room. Annual vacations with salary are provided for all, one week for those that have been in the house six months, two weeks for those of a longer service. Half-pay is granted to the sick, a hospital bed is maintained for the injured. The security of the young women in the service is looked after with parental care. The firm announces its desire to have "intelligent, loyal, happy, progressive employees." Casual observers are convinced that in this respect it has its desire.

The most singular and, to those that still believe in the one-motive theory of life, the most puzzling feature of all this is the strange mixture the enterprise presents of good-heartedness and the strictest ideals of business. The arrangements for the comfort of the salespeople coupled with the extreme respectability and high standing of the house have enabled it to maintain a lower wage scale than any of its

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competitors. Young men and women are glad to work for Marshall Field & Co. at less than the usual rate of wages because connection with that house means a better regard by the world, it sounds better, it is something of a distinction, it classes them as the aristocrats of their trade. The annual economies in the pay-roll that are the fruit of this mild vanity are substantial; good sound business reasons support the gymnasiums and the vacation lists. Like all other human inventions, the very devices that insure the loyalty and full content of the army have their good and evil aspects. Since concentration has so largely annihilated the chance of independent proprietorship, possibly it is well for employees to be wholly contented with their lot, a state clearly much to the advantage of the employer; but, of course, if Marshall Field had been similarly contented he would have spent his life selling dry-goods at a very small salary.

It must be admitted, also, that some features of the enterprise seem, on examination, rather less admirable than the beauty of the store and its perfect organization. Grave charges have been made against the firm of indifference or unfairness in regard to the "consumer's white label," the badge of protection against child labor and sweat-shops. The saleswomen must wear a kind of uniform, an idea essentially repugnant to American prejudice and American independence. While not in so many words forbidding employees to organize, the face of the firm is set so resolutely against labor unions that the discouragement amounts to prohibition. Persons known to be prominent in the labor movement have been ordered from the store even when they have entered to make purchases. Conditions have doubtless forced upon the firm measures that the general-in-chief would have been glad to avoid; it has met cutthroat competition with sharp retaliation, it has not been afraid to crush rivals when, in the medical phrase, crushing was indicated. These are the common features of modern commerce; they are only mentionable here because they seem inconsistent with the ostensible guiding of the institution.

And yet, with only the ostensible guiding. Here is genuine and sincere kindness, but the balance sheet is never for a moment lost sight of. No doubt this house would always treat its employees well, yet the fact remains that it is really conducted on the strictest principles of commercial shrewdness; it has and could be expected to have but the one purpose of making much money. It is not a philanthropy, it is a coldly calculated business, and with all its other "greatest in the worlds" I suppose it is the most profitable dry-goods store.

The very soul and inspiration of it, the life and engine of its being, was the man that created it as surely as if with his own hands he had carved all, the man in whose dreams all had birth, of whose character all is but a reflection. Every nerve in the establishment leads back to the farmer's boy, the youth with imagination and judgment; this is what has come of both. He is the ideal of modern American achievement: he was poor and obscure, he became rich and famous. What of the man and his methods, far more interesting than anything in his great store?

Do you remember in "The Cloister and the Hearth," where Gerard, writing alone in the Pope's closet, arises to see what is behind the soft, beautiful hangings of the room and thrusts his hand upon the steel halberd of a soldier on guard there? It is so throughout this vast and wonderful enterprise. Over all is a covering of soft, genial beauty and always underneath the steel of rigid, undeviating system that reaches from subcellar to garret, perfectly working, cold, absolutely certain. You could read the story of it all in the author of these visible marvels, a quiet, suave, kindly man, polished, courtly, whose face under its genial expression told of tremendous resolution and iron will. You could hear it all again in the man's voice, a low, gentle voice, speaking kindliness and genuine benevolence, and underneath, in every word, iron ringing with the perfect assurance of dominance and power. He was a figure of the average height, cleanly and compactly built, still vigorous up to the time of his last illness, for at seventy Marshall Field had just reached his prime. The hair and the short mustache were white, the eyes blue and piercing; the head was chiefly remarkable for round, even development—a good head, high in the frontal regions. The face was most interesting, with its complex indications of qualities we are accustomed to regard as incongruous: kindness and sternness, the well-schooled look that comes of habitual and wide reflection, and the chill immobility of one accustomed to battle and victory, something of the scholar, something of the dreamer, much of the soldier. The dominant quality was expressed in a jaw of extraordinary width, contributing a look of deter-

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mination that would have been formidable but for the mollifying lines about the eyes. In a word, the born commander, and almost the only one among contemporary captains of industry that realized markedly the ideals of great men derivable from Carlyle and dear old Samuel Smiles, for this man was always self-contained, always prepared for battle, always making moves on an invisible chess-board, always poised and calm.

Naturally a part of his equipment was a facility for the rapid despatch of affairs. When he reached his office his secretary had prepared for him the matters that demanded his attention; with inconceivable rapidity he disposed of them. Having a sure knowledge of what he wanted to do, his decisions were made instantly and without waste of valuable syllables. A way of giving instructions that combined infallible courtesy with brevity of expression was one of the curiosities of his methods. The sense conveyed was "Do this and do it with expedition"; the form of it so clothed the sense that the recipient felt the utmost incentive to the doing and the least impression that he had been commanded to it. A man able so to frame orders is not less than a born genius; nothing but death or disease could block his road.

As Mr. Field walked through his store he observed the faces of the young men in his employ, and his mind labored assiduously storing up notes about them. So long had he exercised his faculty of judging men that it had become preternaturally acute, as was Theodore Thomas's ear. If the qualities he wanted existed in any man he could find them in that man's face. After a time he would ask of his general manager:

"Where is young Mr. So-and-so, who used to be in the silk department? What is he doing?"

If he found the young man had been advanced he made a mental note of the fact; the qualities he had seen in the face were being verified. Perhaps a year later he asked again; if the reports continued to be favorable the young man was classified in the mental notes as a future candidate for high command, and when opportunity opened that young man was likely to find that for years without his own knowledge he had been borne along, noted and well remembered in this remarkable mind.

Not long ago the general manager, after many years of service, suddenly resigned to go into business for himself. Mr. Field, whose invisible chess-play included all possible moves in his business, instantly moved up the man he had long before selected for the position and the next day sailed for Europe.

So many persons, ministers of the Gospel, prophets, investigators, leaders of the blind, and others, asked Marshall Field what are the qualities essential to success that his views on this highly important matter were incorporated into a little book, which may be sent through the mails with the saving of time and trouble. No one need sit up nights to read it. The cardinal virtues of zeal, industry, economy, regular habits, observation, study are here set forth excellently well, but these explain, and could explain, little of Marshall Field's success. In the year that he came to Chicago, there were probably one hundred thousand other young men at work in the dry-goods stores of America that had zeal, industry, economy, and the rest of it, but none among them has done what he did. What then? Why, Marshall Field built this imposing success out of the mind of an artist, out of a gift of imagination beyond other men, out of an inflexible resolution to see his dreams realized, out of courage, patience, and a mind resourceful of means; but most of all, out of imagination. It was Chicago that made Marshall Field. The vast possibilities of the new West seized hold upon him; he saw what Chicago was and would be, what it would want and what it could be made to want, and from the first no imagination but his has kept pace with the city's development. Something in the semi-barbaric splendor of the new country, its inevitable fondness for display and ornament, appealed to him. He went on with its advancing and broadening taste, keeping always in advance of it, importing things before they were needed, forestalling and creating demands. His enterprise has grown exactly as Chicago has grown, and the chief secret of his business growth was an infallible and intuitive sympathy with conditions and environments.

In the next place, he looked ahead and saw the elimination of the middleman and the concentration and economy of effort expressed in the great store that supplants fifty little stores. He foresaw this great economic movement and put himself at the head of it, and the power to foresee such things is the gift of the gods.

In the next place he had an exquisite sense of order and harmony; organization and systematic movement appealed to the inherent

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rhythmic sense of an artist. To do all things decently and in order, to remove discords, even the slightest, to have at every point the best and most smoothly working machinery, to have no waste effort, no thoughtless thing done, were other expressions of the same sense. With all the growth of the business the methods have kept pace; they have saved much money, they have made much more, for one of the strongest attractions to this great mart is the effect of beauty, order, harmony, and artistic perception that only a mind so endowed could produce.

In other words, the real secrets of this business have been to feel, to express, and to foresee.

The results, measured by our accustomed standards, have proved his extraordinary wisdom. Mr. Field's gifts and enlightened methods made him one of the richest of men. Besides his mercantile interests he had many others. He was the chief stockholder in the Pullman Company; he owned much stock in the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and other railroads; he had enormous holdings of real estate on the South Side of Chicago. The world looked upon him rightly as one of its financial kings.

Of this great wealth he made, on the whole, good use, or good as this world goes. He made gifts to Chicago University, including the athletic grounds that bear his name. He endowed the Home for Incurables, one of the most gracious and useful of Chicago's charities, with the site on which its buildings stand. He gave to church and philanthropic endeavor, maintaining at his own expense a missionary somewhere to the heathen. He was charitable in other ways, and above all he gave to Chicago the Field Museum, one of the largest of its kind in the world.

This worthy institution is an outgrowth of the World's Fair in 1893. Its seed in Mr. Field's mind was the thought that the scientific exhibit at the Fair ought to be made permanently accessible. He began to put his idea into effect before the Fair closed its gates, and in seven months the Field Museum was opened to the public. It covers a wide range of scientific departments, but it is particularly strong in natural history and anthropology. The only other museums in this country that can be compared with it are the Peabody at Harvard and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. At present it occupies the beautifully designed but only temporary structure that was the art building at the World's Fair, but after the courts decided that public buildings might be placed in the Lakeside Park, it was understood to be Mr. Field's intention to erect there on a very large scale the museum's permanent home. The enterprise includes a course of illustrated lectures on scientific subjects.

Outside the story books, in the tangled currents of this world it is not usually given to men to be of only one effect or influence. The Marshall Field methods have done good and evil. Their business soundness and wisdom have raised Chicago's commercial average; they have been models, they have afforded constant incentive to uprightness and sanity. The daily exhibition of beautiful objects has had something of the ethical value of an art gallery; no people could pass day after day those truly beautiful windows without receiving wholesome impressions, without feeling the addition to the world's store of the beautiful. Yet there is always the other side of the picture. Mr. Field devoted his life to money-getting; it is not to be denied that he might have left a much larger and better impress upon his times if he had so desired. Chicago made him, and he cared little for Chicago. He was its most influential citizen, yet for the greater part of the period of his residence the city suffered from some of the worst government known on this continent, and he never cared to exert any part of his great power to better it. For his utter indifference there were business reasons good enough, no doubt, but in estimating the man's services to his times these things cannot be left out. He was a conspicuous type of the impassive bad citizenship at the root of the misgovernment of American cities; no man was more of an example, no man was more respected and observed; he never took the least public interest in any movement to secure better conditions. If report be true he did not even vote. It was long in his power to remove from the city council the two extremely objectionable aldermen that represent the ward in which his stores are situated; he never raised a finger against them. In ways probably beyond his guess his position was perverted to the public injury. He owned much stock in one of the city street railways. Recently an attempt was made to pass through the city council an ordinance extending the franchise of this company, which had expired. The ordinance was extremely

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prejudicial to the city's interests, not only because it gave away valuable rights for a nominal compensation, but because it contained several cunningly concealed verbal tricks that would have endowed the company with unwonted and priceless privileges. The mere fact that Mr. Field was interested in the company and was one of the largest advertisers in Chicago induced silence about this evil measure in quarters where silence was not to be expected.

Moreover, to be quite fair, and not to let admiration for a magnificent generalship distort just estimate, we may be reminded that while Mr. Field was generous in the city that gave him his prosperity he did not exceed the generosity of others, and the underpaid school-teachers that from their little incomes gave so liberally for the permanent orchestra fund, for instance, made comparatively greater sacrifices.

Nevertheless, Marshall Field won success, as in our land and time we are accustomed to interpret success. I would fain not dissent from accepted definition, but I wish I were better assured about it. The stores are wonderful places, the trade is enormous, the fame of the house is world-wide, the man that created the fabric of this vast fortune was recognized as probably the greatest mercantile genius that ever lived, the farmer's penniless boy climbed to the top of his chosen calling. It is Whittington over again, it is romance made real before us. What more would you ask? Nothing, except for the man himself. Always intruding is the miserable little question whether all was worth while; always remaining is the painful fact that having breathed life into this monster, Mr. Field was shackled to it. Beyond almost any other man of his times he was his business. It was his taste, his judgment, his strong character, his sound perceptions of art, his faultless instinct of the beautiful, his impetus and inspiration that upheld the whole enterprise. Without him it is impossible to think of this wonderful place having a long existence. He therefore presented the pathetic spectacle of a man every way endowed to appreciate and enjoy and participate in the finest and best in life, with the mind of an artist, with a boundless capacity for the things that are worth while, driven ceaselessly and relentlessly down the hard road of material effort long after it had ceased to have anything for him. What interest could more profits afford a man with such wealth? Pride and satisfaction he had, no doubt, in the fame of his establishment and its influence in raising the esthetic average; some pleasure, no doubt, in reflecting on the museum and the other good works. But to be quite frank, the architect of this fortune did not appear to be a happy man; he did not appear to have realized his destiny.

Mr. Field's riches were made honestly and cleanly, according to all modern ethics; he had no part nor lot in the gambling that is speculation, nor the grand larceny that is high finance. He owned stock in corporations that do extremely questionable things; he did nothing questionable himself. Much beyond his times he was the soul of commercial integrity; according to his lights every dollar that came to him came unstained. We may believe that he had little to regret in his business career; he was a model of the straight, clean dealing that we are accustomed to have recommended from pulpit and platform. And yet the net result for a mind of such exceptional qualities seems small; the price of this success seems large. I doubt if Mr. Field had very much from life; few men have been naturally endowed to have more. It is impossible to suppose that one at heart an artist can have had real satisfaction in piling up useless millions of dollars any more than in piling up millions of waistcoats. For one generation to pump up the water of the sea and some other generation to pour it back again may be thought barren employment for the aspiring human soul. On the whole its futility seems to have rather melancholy illustration in the case of the really fine mind of Marshall Field.

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The Stranger at the Feast

By BRUNO LESSING

Illustrations by William Oberhardt

IN memory of the days when the Israelites fled from Egypt to seek the land that was flowing with milk and honey, and while on their journeying sought rest at night in the shelter of rudely constructed huts, the orthodox East Siders upon the first night of Succoth had betaken themselves to bowers of leaves and branches which they had erected in the yards of their tenements to celebrate and renew the experiences of their ancestors. All save the Romolofs—Papa Romolof, Mamma Romolof, Sarah Romolof, who was sixteen, and Isidore Romolof, who was nine. Life of late had not gone well with the Romolofs, and when the joyous Feast of the Booths arrived, it found them ill prepared to celebrate it properly. To build a hut of their own, or even to share the hut of another family, cost money. Not much money, perhaps, but to the Romolofs every penny counted, and the booth was entirely out of the question.

Such, however, was the piety of this family and so enthusiastic were they to do some little thing that would give a festive air to their evening meal upon the first night of Succoth, that Papa Romolof had stinted and almost starved himself for several weeks in order to afford a more bountiful repast than was customary in that household, and had even bought a bottle of cheap wine.

And now Succoth had come and they were seated at the table, the four of them, with a vacant chair for the prophet Abraham, who, upon that night, is supposed to sit in spirit at every pious table, even actually to be represented in case chance should bring a guest to occupy the seat. It was a warm night and through the open windows came the hum and murmur of prayers and psalms that rose from the huts in the yard. Mamma Romolof was beaming with that ineffable joy that comes to a good housewife when she has prepared an unusually delicious meal, and is listening to its praises from the lips of her beloved ones. Papa Romolof was radiant—he had drunk two glasses of wine, the dinner was a success, and to-morrow was far, far away. Sarah, too, was happy—her mother had worked night and day to finish a new dress for her, and that very day, on her way home from work, Sarah had heard that the color of her dress was now the stylish hue—and she was wearing the dress for the first time. And Isidore, a pale, weazened little chap with big brown eyes and a sensitive, delicately turned mouth, was almost in tears as he contemplated the heap of tarts and cakes among which he was to revel to his heart's content.

As they ate, Papa Romolof tried to explain to Isidore the significance of the Feast of the Booths and its charm. The story of the persecution and the flight from Egypt was all very simple to Isidore; the life in the desert appealed to him mightily—he had even helped to build some of the huts in the yard, to the extent of holding the ladder while the workmen nailed the branches in place. But the vacant chair puzzled him—his active little brain grappled painfully with the problem of Abraham sitting there when he could not see him. And it was at this moment, while his father was striving to explain to him that it was merely the spirit and not the flesh that occupied the vacant chair, that a faint creaking of the door attracted their attention.

They looked up quickly and saw the door move slightly.

"Run and see who it is, Isidore," said his father. In a twinkling Isidore had flung the door wide open, and the Romolofs beheld, standing on the threshold, a gray-bearded stranger who carried a bag. With beaming eyes Papa Romolof sprang toward him, seized him by the arm and in a torrent of Yiddish thanking him for coming so opportunely begged him to enter their humble apartment and join them in their Succoth

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meal. The stranger seemed greatly embarrassed and tried to draw back.

"It's a mistake," he said. "I guess I'm in the wrong house."

"Come here, Sarah," cried her father, "tell it to him in English."

Sarah made a pretty courtesy and said: "My papa says you should for to come in to eat supper."

The stranger's shifty blue eyes blinked in amazement.

"Tell him it's Succoth, Sarah, and the stranger is always welcome."

"It's got for to be Succoth," Sarah translated, "and papa doesn't know you, but it's all right. You can eat and it don't cost nothing. Everything"—Sarah waved a comprehensive arm at the table—"everything is free for nothing."

"I've got an engagement," said the stranger. "Some other time, maybe."

Sarah explained to her father that the stranger was unwilling to join them, but her father was convinced that Sarah had not made the situation clear enough.

"Tell him," he said, "it is the law that we must welcome him."

"You got for to come in, my papa says," Sarah explained. "He knows the law."

At the mention of the law the stranger looked troubled. He hesitated, and the next moment little Isidore had closed the door behind him and Papa Romolof was gently pushing him into the vacant chair. And as he sat down his eyes fell upon a silver candlestick that stood upon the mantel and his face brightened.

They filled his plate and with many gestures and genial smiles urged him to eat. With the air of a man trying to make the best of an awkward predicament and to have it over as quickly as possible, the stranger began to bolt his food. He had but little to say. Papa Romolof kept up a perfect stream of conversation which Sarah translated to the best of her ability, but the only responses elicited from the stranger were an occasional "Indeed," or "You don't say," or "I'm glad to hear it."

"Papa says it is for sure good luck to us to have you with us to eat Succoth."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the stranger.

"Papa says he is a extra prayer going to say for thanks."

"Indeed!"

"Papa says he is locked out because he belongs the union by."

"You don't say!"

"Papa says he sees on your eyes you think fine of the candlestick. It's out of Russia, from my grandmother. We got another in the trunk. It's made out of real silver."

The stranger's momentary embarrassment passed unnoticed. Occasionally Mamma Romolof ventured a word which also Sarah dutifully translated.

"My mamma says for you to try once the cake. She made it by herself."

And then the stranger suddenly became aware that from the moment he had entered the room Isidore's eyes had never once left his face. With an intensity that now became painful those big brown orbs, wide open with an expression of mingled interest and awe, were fastened upon his face as if they beheld something superhuman, something that had never before come within their ken. The stranger shifted his eyes uneasily once or twice and then, turning peevishly to Sarah, said:

"What's the matter with the kid? What's he staring at me for?"

Sarah turned to her little brother in surprise and spoke to him in Yiddish, whereupon Isidore, without for an instant taking his eyes from the stranger's face, leaned toward her and whispered solemnly in her ear. Sarah burst into a peal of laughter, in which, a moment later, her parents joined.

"He thinks you are for to be Abraham."

She turned to Isidore and whispered animatedly in his ear, but the little chap only shook his head incredulously.

"He says papa said how it was for you to be Abraham. He don't understand what it is a ghost."

There arose a sudden tumult in the yard and loud cries of excitement. Romolof and his wife and Sarah ran to the window and leaned out to see the cause of all the hubbub. Even Isidore clambered upon a chair to look out. One of the huts had collapsed, and men and women were running about frantically bemoaning their misfortune and praying aloud that the incident might not be an omen of impending calamity. But no one was hurt and the excitement subsided as quickly as it had arisen. Isidore was the first to turn away from the window—and he turned just in time to see the silver candlestick drop into the stranger's bag and to hear the lock snap. And then the stranger shook hands with them all and took his departure. Isi-

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THE ROMOLOFS BEHELD, STANDING ON THE THRESHOLD, A GRAY-BEARDED STRANGER.

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dore, with a feeling of deep awe, kissed the stranger's hand.

. . . . . .

With great presence of mind the denizens of that tenement had carefully locked the doors of their apartments before betaking themselves to the festivities in the booths; but with equal presence of mind Pop Reilly had brought with him a bunch of skeleton keys. And while he roamed leisurely through one apartment after another, helping himself to a silver candlestick here and a silver or even a gold watch there, an ornament from the wall or mantel of one room and perhaps only a coat or shawl from another, he felt himself continuously haunted by the great dark eyes of Isidore, until he finally exclaimed:

"Drat that kid! He's given me the fidgets."

Presently, however, the humor of it dawned upon him—a sense of humor was not Pop Reilly's strongest gift—and a grin overspread his countenance.

"Thought I was Abraham! That's funny!" And then he added: "This is as easy as finding money in the street. My, but they're a foolish lot, these Jews! I guess I've got enough now. The old bag won't hold any more and my pockets are bulging. Guess I'll have to leave the rest until another time."

Softly he opened the door to a tiny crack and listened intently. The praying and singing in the yard sounded faint and far off. All else was silent. Walking on tiptoe he stepped silently out into the corridor, and there, under the lamp, motionless as a statue, stood Isidore holding in his hands a silver candlestick. As soon as he saw Reilly he approached on tiptoe and in a high-pitched, childish whisper said in Yiddish:

"Here is the other one, Abraham! It was in the trunk. We have a silver cup, but I can't find it. Maybe to-morrow. I will always do everything you tell me. Will you come to see us again?"

Reilly stood dumfounded. He understood not a word of what the child was saying, but the outstretched arms holding the candlestick and the expression of rapt adoration upon Isidore's face were sufficiently clear. With a hasty glance around to make sure that they were unobserved, he took the candlestick from the boy's hand and thrust it inside his coat. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he kneeled down before the boy, kissed him upon the cheek, and laying his finger upon Isidore's lips, uttered a long, whispered "Sh-h-h-h!" The lad nodded vigorously. He understood that for some reason which no mortal could fathom, Abraham desired to possess himself of candlesticks in secret.

"If ever you open your mouth about it," Pop Reilly added, "I'll come back and cut your heart out. I guess, though, you don't understand a word I'm saying. Well, ta-ta, sonny. Be good!"

And Pop Reilly swiftly descended the stairs and stepped softly out into the night. The street was somewhat deserted and he walked very slowly in order to arouse no suspicion in the minds of the policemen, who, to his intense disgust, seemed to be unusually numerous in that neighborhood. His bag was exceedingly heavy and he had to shift it frequently from one hand to the other. Ahead of him, perhaps six blocks distant, shone the lights of the Bowery—once there, he would be safe. But his progress was painfully slow—the bag seemed to be growing heavier at every step and, with his thief's conscience, it seemed to him that people were staring at him unduly.

He had just passed the third policeman, who, to his delight, had not even looked at him, and the lights of the Bowery were only two short blocks away, when he heard behind him a shrill, familiar voice crying, with a strong Yiddish intonation:

"Abraham! Abraham!"

Pop Reilly's heart sank. Without turning his head, he strode forward as swiftly as he dared, hoping that the child had not recognized him. But against that Bowery blaze which walled off the end of the street his figure and the familiar bag stood out in unmistakable silhouette, and Isidore, triumphantly waving a silver cup, was running toward him as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"I found it!" he cried. "Come back, Abraham! I found the silver cup! I ran all the way to bring it to you."

The policeman suddenly became interested, hesitated an instant, and then walked rapidly after Isidore. The lad soon overtook the old man and held out the cup. There remained nothing to do but to accept it, glare fiercely at the lad, and walk on as rapidly as he could, leaving Isidore standing abashed on the sidewalk.

"Who's that chap, little boy?" asked the policeman. Isidore burst into a torrent of eloquent Yiddish jargon. Something prompted Reilly to turn. He saw the policeman talking to Isidore. With a curse he dropped

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his bag and started to run. The next instant the whole street resounded with the shrill blast of the policeman's whistle. Bluecoats seemed to spring up out of the earth. Pop Reilly, running like a deer, saw the Bowery only a few steps ahead of him when, like a thunderbolt, a club crashed through his hat and sent him spinning and rolling along the ground.

The grief of Isidore was pitiful. They took him along to the station-house, sobbing as though his heart were breaking.

"Oh, they don't know what they are doing!" he moaned. "They don't know he is Abraham!"

When they brought Pop Reilly before the captain, Pop Reilly grinned and so did the captain. They had met before when the captain presided over another precinct. In fact, it was almost like a meeting of old friends.

"Same game?" asked the captain, quite cheerfully.

"No," replied Pop, in disgust. "I was fool enough to go outside my own line."

They could make absolutely nothing of the boy's lamentations, until it occurred to the captain to send for a rabbi who lived close by.

The rabbi took Isidore into a side-room and held him upon his lap, and after much consoling and coaxing won from him a recital of the whole story. When he had heard it he clasped the boy to his bosom—to hide from him the broad grin that he could not keep from his face. Then, when he had regained control of his features, he called in the captain.

"Whatever you do," he said, "please don't laugh. You'll always be sorry if you let this chap see you laugh at his story."

And he repeated Isidore's story. The captain's face grew redder and redder until, unable to bear it any longer, he rushed from the room.

"Has he gone to set Abraham free?" asked Isidore eagerly.

The rabbi hesitated an instant—just a brief instant. Then he said: "Yes, dear. Come, I will take you home."

And Isidore's face shone with gladness.

"COME BACK, ABRAHAM! I FOUND THE SILVER CUP!"

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SHE KEPT TURNING STEADILY, SINGING TO HERSELF.

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The Stake and the Plumb-Line

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," etc.

Illustration by Allen True

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.—Sally Seabrook, young, beautiful, and the most popular woman in Washington, after rejecting several distinguished suitors, marries Jim Templeton, whom she has always loved but who has lost his place in the world through drunkenness. Templeton's father, who has cast him off, tells Sally that if she keeps her husband from drinking for four years he will give them five million dollars. The two go to Canada, Templeton joins the mounted police, and the struggle begins.

III

"PLEASE, I want to go, too, Jim."

Jim swung round and caught the child up in his arms.

"Say, how dare you call your father *Jim*—eh, tell me that?"

"It's what mummy calls you—it's pretty."

"I don't call her 'mummy' because you do, and you mustn't call me *Jim* because she does—do you hear?"

The whimsical face lowered a little, then the rare and beautiful dark blue eyes raised slowly, shaded by the long lashes, and the voice said demurely, "Yes—Jim."

"Nancy—Nancy," said a voice from the corner in reproof—mingled with suppressed laughter. "Nancy, you mustn't be saucy. You must say 'father' to——"

"Yes, mummy dear. I'll say father to—your Jim."

"You imp—you imp of delight," said Jim, as he strained the dainty little lass to his breast, while she appeared interested in a wave of his black hair which she curled around her finger.

Sally came forward with the little parcel of sandwiches she had been preparing, and put them in the saddle-bags lying on a chair at the door, in readiness for the journey Jim was about to make. Her eyes were glistening, and her face had a heightened color. The three years which had passed since she married had touched her not at all to her disadvantage, rather to her profit. She looked not an hour older; motherhood had only added to her charm, giving it a delightful gravity. The prairie life had given a shining quality to her handsomeness, an air of depth and firmness, an exquisite health and clearness to the color in her cheeks. Her step was light as Nancy's, elastic and buoyant—a gliding motion which gave a sinuous grace to the movements of her body. There had also come into her eyes a vigilance such as deaf people possess, a sensitive observation imparting a deeper intelligence to the face.

Here was the only change by which you could guess the story of her life. Her eyes were like the ears of an anxious mother who can never sleep till every child is abed; whose sense is quick to hear the faintest footstep without or within; and who, as years go on, and her children grow older and older, must still lie awake hearkening for the late footstep on the stair. In Sally's eyes was the story of the past three years: of love and temptation and struggle, of watchfulness and yearning and anxiety, of determination and an inviolable hope. Her eyes had a deeper look than that in Jim's. Now, as she gazed at him, the maternal spirit rose up from the great well of protectiveness in her and engulfed both husband and child. There was always something of the maternal in her eyes when she looked at Jim. He did not see it—he saw only the wonderful blue, and the humor—the humor which had helped him over such difficult places these past three years. In steadying and strengthening Jim's will, in developing him from his Southern indolence into Northern industry and sense of responsibility, John Appleton's warnings had rung in Sally's ears, and Freddy Hartzman's force-

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ful and high-minded personality had passed before her eyes with an appeal powerful and stimulating; but always she came to the same upland of serene faith and white-hearted resolve—and Jim became dearer and dearer.

The baby Nancy had done much to brace her faith in the future and comfort her anxious present. The child had intelligence of a rare order. She would lie by the half-hour on the floor, turning over the leaves of a book without pictures, and before she could speak would read from the pages in a language all her own. She made a fairy world for herself, peopled by characters to whom she gave names, to whom she assigned curious attributes and qualities. They were as real to her as though flesh and blood, and she was never lonely, and never cried; and she had buried herself in her father's heart. She had drawn to her the roughest men in the troop, and for old Sewell, the grim sergeant, she had a specially warm place.

"You can love me if you like," she had said to him at the very start, with the egotism of childhood; but made haste to add, "because I love you, Gri-Gri." She called him Gri-Gri from the first, but they knew only long after that "gri-gri" meant "gray-gray," to signify that she called him after his grizzled hairs.

What she had been in the life-history of Sally and Jim they both knew. Jim regarded her with an almost superstitious feeling. Sally was his strength, his support, his inspiration, his bulwark of defense. Nancy was the charm he wore about his neck—his mascot, he called her. Once, when she was ill, he had suffered as he had never done before in his life. He could not sleep nor eat, and went about his duties like one in a dream. When his struggles against his enemy were fiercest he kept saying over her name to himself, as though she could help him. Yet always it was Sally's hand he held in the darkest hours, in his brutal moments; for in this fight between appetite and will there are moments when only the animal seems to exist, and the soul disappears in the glare and gloom of the primal emotions. Nancy he called his "lucky sixpence," but he called Sally his "guinea-girl."

From first to last his whimsicality never deserted him. In his worst hours, some innate optimism and humor held him steady in his fight. It was not depression that possessed him at the worst, but the violence of an appetite most like a raging pain which men may endure with a smile upon their lips. He carried in his face the story of a conflict, the aftermath of bitter experience; and through all there pulsed the glow of experience. He had grown handsomer, and the graceful decision of his figure, the deliberate certainty of every action, heightened the force of a singular personality. As in the eyes of Sally, in his eyes was a long reflective look which told of things overcome, and yet of dangers present. His lips smiled often, but the eyes said: "I have lived, I have seen, I have suffered, and I must suffer more. I have loved, I have been loved under the shadow of the sword. Happiness I have had, and golden hours, but not peace—never peace. My soul has need of peace."

In the greater, deeper experience of their lives, the more material side of existence had grown less and less to them. Their home was a model of simple comfort and some luxury, though Jim had insisted that Sally's income should not be spent except upon the child, and should be saved for the child, their home being kept on his pay and on the tiny income left by his mother. With the help of an Indian girl, and a half-breed for outdoor work and fires and gardening, Sally had cared for the house herself. Ingenious and tasteful, with a gift for cooking and an educated hand, she had made her little home as pretty as their few possessions would permit. Refinement covered all, and three- or fourscore books were like so many friends to comfort her when Jim was away; like kind and genial neighbors next door when he was at home. From Browning she had written down in her long sliding handwriting and hung up beneath Jim's looking-glass the heartening and inspiring words:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

They had lived above the sordid, and there was something in the nature of Jim's life to help them to it. He belonged to a small handful of men who had control over an empire, with an individual responsibility and influence not contained in the scope of their commissions. It was a matter of moral force and character, and of uniform symbolical only of the great power behind; of the long arm of the State; of the insistence of the law, which did not rely upon force alone, but on the certainty

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HE KNEELED DOWN AND KEPT BOTH HANDS ON JIM'S HEART.

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of its administration. In such conditions the smallest brain was bound to expand, to take on qualities of judgment and temperateness which would never be developed in ordinary circumstances. In the case of Jim Templeton, who needed no stimulant to his intellect, but rather a steadying quality, a sense of proportion,—the daily routine, the command of men, the diverse nature of his duties, half civil, half military, the personal appeals made on all sides by the people of the country for advice, for help, for settlement of disputes, for information which his well-instructed mind could give—all these modified the romantic brilliance of his intellect, made it and himself more human.

It had not come to him all at once. His intellect at first stood in his way. His love of paradox, his deep observation, his insight, all made him inherently satirical, though not cruelly so; but satire had become pure whimsicality at last; and he came to see that, on the whole, the world was imperfect, but also, on the whole, was moving toward perfection rather than imperfection. He grew to realize that what seemed so often weakness in men was tendency and idiosyncrasy rather than evil. And in the end he thought better of himself as he came to think better of all others. For he had thought less of all the world because he had thought so little of himself. He had overestimated his own faults, had made them into crimes in his own eyes, and observing things in others of similar import had become almost a cynic in intellect, while in heart he had remained a boy.

In all that he had changed a great deal. His heart was still the heart of a boy, but his intellect had sobered, softened, ripened—even in this secluded and seemingly unimportant life; as Sally had said and hoped it would. Sally's conviction had been right. But the triumph was not yet achieved. She knew it. On occasion the tones of his voice told her, the look that came into his eyes proclaimed it to her, his feverishness and restlessness, his burning eyes made it certain. How many a night had she thrown her arm over his shoulder, and sought his hand and held it while in the dark silence, wide-eyed, dry-lipped, and with a throat like fire he had held himself back from falling. There was liquor in the house—the fight would not have been a fight without it. She had determined that he should see his enemy and meet him in the plains and face him down—and he was never many feet away from his possible disaster. Yet for three years all had gone well. There was another year. Would he last out the course?

At first the thought of the great stake for which she was playing in terms of currency with the head of Jim's father on every note, was much with her. The amazing nature of the offer of five millions of dollars stimulated her imagination, roused her; gold coins are counters in the game of success, signs and tokens. Money alone could not have lured her; but rather what it represented—power, width of action, freedom to help when the heart prompted, machinery for carrying out large plans, ability to surround with advantage those whom we love. So, at first, while yet the memories of Washington were much with her, the appeal of the millions was strong. The gallant nature of the contest and the great stake braced her; she felt the blood quicken in her pulse.

But, all through, the other thing really mastered her: the fixed idea that Jim must be saved. As it deepened, the other life that she had lived became like the sports in which we shared when children, full of vivacious memory, shining with impulse and the stir of life, but not to be repeated—days and deeds outgrown. So the light of one idea shone in her face. Yet she was intensely human too; and if her eyes had not been set on the greater glory, the other thought might have vulgarized her mind, made her end and goal sordid—the descent of a nature rather than its ascension.

When Nancy came, the lesser idea, the stake, took on a new importance, for now it seemed to her that there was a duty which she owed the child to secure for it its rightful heritage. Then Jim, too, appeared in a new light, as one who could never fulfil himself unless working through the natural channels of his birth, inheritance, and upbringing. Jim, drunken and unreliable, with broken will and fighting to find himself—the waste places were for him, until he was the master of his will and emotions. Once, however, secure in ability to control himself, with cleansed brain and purpose defined, the widest field would still be too narrow for his talents—and the five, yes, the fifty millions of his father must be his!

She had never repented having married Jim; but twice in those three years she had broken down and wept as though her heart would break. There were times when Jim's nerves were shaken in his struggle against the unseen foe, and he had spoken to her querulously, al-

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most sharply. Yet in her tears there was no reproach for him, rather for herself—the fear that she might lose her influence over him, that she could not keep him close to her heart, that he might drift away from her in the commonplaces and monotony of work and domestic life. Everything so depended on her being to him not only the one woman for whom he cared, but the woman without whom he could care for nothing else.

"Oh, my God, give me his love," she had prayed. "Let me keep it yet a little while. For his sake, not for my own, let me have the power to hold his love. Make my mind always quiet, and let me blow neither hot nor cold. Help me to keep my temper sweet and cheerful, so that he will find the room empty where I am not, and his footsteps will quicken when he comes to the door. Not for my sake, dear God, but for his, or my heart will break—it will break unless Thou dost help me to hold him. O Lord, keep me from tears; make my face happy that I may be goodly to his eyes, and forgive the selfishness of a poor woman who has little and would keep her little and cherish it, for Christ's sake."

Twice had she poured out her heart so, in the agony of her fear that she should lose favor in Jim's sight—she did not know how alluring she was in spite of the constant proofs offered her. She had had her will with all who came her way, from governor to Indian brave. Once, in a journey they had made far north, soon after they came, she had stayed at a Hudson Bay Company's post for some days, while there came news of restlessness among the Indians, because of lack of food, and Jim had gone farther north to steady the tribes, leaving her with the factor and his wife and a half-breed servant.

While she and the factor's wife were alone in the yard of the post one day, an Indian chief, Arrowhead, in war-paint and feathers, entered suddenly, brandishing a long knife. He had been drinking, and there was danger in his black eyes. With a sudden inspiration she came forward quickly, nodded and smiled to him, and then pointed to a grindstone standing in the corner of the yard. As she did so, she saw Indians crowding into the gate armed with knives, guns, bows, and arrows. She beckoned to Arrowhead, and he followed her to the grindstone. She poured some water on the wheel and began to turn it, nodding at the now impassive Indian to begin. Presently he nodded also, and put his knife on the stone. She kept turning steadily, singing to herself the while, as with anxiety she saw the Indians drawing closer and closer in from the gate. Faster and faster she turned, and at last the Indian lifted his knife from the stone. She reached out her hand with simulated interest, felt the edge with her thumb, the Indian looking darkly at her the while. Presently, after feeling the edge himself, he bent over the stone again, and she went on turning the wheel, still singing softly. At last he stopped again and felt the edge. With a smile which showed her fine white teeth, she said, "Is that for me?" making a significant sign across her throat at the same time.

The old Indian looked at her grimly, then slowly shook his head in negation.

"I go hunt Yellow-Hawk to-night," he said. "I go fight; I like marry you when I come back. *Howl*" he said and turned away toward the gate.

Some of his braves held back, the blackness of death in their looks. He saw. "My knife is sharp," he said. "The woman is brave. She shall live and eat—go and fight Yellow-Hawk or starve and die."

Divining their misery, their hunger, and the savage thought that had come to them, Sally had whispered to the factor's wife to bring food, and the woman now came running out with two baskets full, and returned for more. Sally ran forward among the Indians and put the food into their hands. With grunts of satisfaction they seized what she gave, and thrust it into their mouths, squatting on the ground. Arrowhead looked on stern and immobile, but when at last she and the factor's wife sat down before the braves with confidence and an air of friendliness, he sat down also; yet, famished as he was, he would not touch the food. At last Sally, realizing his proud defiance of hunger, offered him a little lump of pemmican and a biscuit, and with a grunt he took it from her hands and ate it. Then, at his command a fire was lit, the pipe of peace was brought out, and Sally and the factor's wife touched their lips to it, and passed it on.

So was a new treaty of peace and loyalty made with Arrowhead and his tribe by a woman without fear, whose life had seemed not worth a minute's purchase; and, as the sun went down, Arrowhead and his men went forth to make war upon Yellow-Hawk beside the Nettigon River. In this wise had her influence spread in the land.

Standing now with the child in his arms and

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his wife looking at him with a shining moisture of the eyes, Jim laughed outright. There came upon him a sudden sense of power, of aggressive force—the will to do. Sally understood, and came and laughingly grasped his arm.

"Oh, Jim," she said playfully, "you are getting muscles like steel. You hadn't these when you were colonel of the Kentucky Carbineers!"

"I guess I need them now," he said, smiling, and with the child still in his arms drew her to a window looking northward. As far as the eye could see, nothing but snow, like a blanket spread over the land. Here and there in the wide expanse a tree silhouetted against the sky, a tracery of eccentric beauty, and off in the far distance a solitary horseman riding toward the post—riding hard.

"It was root, hog, or die with me, Sally," he continued, "and I rooted. . . . I wonder —that fellow on the horse—I have a feeling about him. See, he's been riding hard and long—you can tell by the heavy way the horse drops his legs. He sags a bit himself. . . . But isn't it beautiful, all that out there—the real quintessence of life!"

The air was full of delicate particles of frost on which the sun sparkled, and though there was neither bird nor insect, nor animal, nor stir of leaf, nor swaying branch or waving grass, life palpitated in the air, energy sang its song in the footstep that crunched the frosty ground, that broke the crusted snow; in the delicate wind that stirred the flag by the barracks away to the left; hope smiled in the wide prospect over which the thrilling, bracing air trembled. Sally had chosen right.

"You had a big thought when you brought me here, guinea-girl," he added presently. "We are going to win out here"—he set the child down—"you and I and this lucky sixpence." He took up his short fur coat. "Yes, we'll win, honey!" Then, with a brooding look in his face, he added:

> "'The end comes as came the beginning,
> And shadows fail into the past;
> And the goal, is it not worth the winning,
> If it brings us but home at the last?
> While far through the pain of waste places
> We tread, 'tis a blossoming rod
> That drives us to grace from disgraces,
> From the fens to the gardens of God!'"

He paused reflectively. "It's strange that this life up here makes you feel that you must live a bigger life still, that this is only the wide porch to the great labor-house—it makes you want to do things. Well, we've got to win the stake first," he added with a laugh.

"The stake is a big one, Jim—bigger than you think."

"You and her and me—me that was in the gutter."

"What is the gutter, dadsie?" asked Nancy.

"The gutter—the gutter is where the dishwater goes, midget," he answered with a dry laugh.

"Oh, I don't think you'd like to be in the gutter," Nancy said solemnly.

"You have to get used to it first, miss," answered Jim.

Suddenly Sally laid both hands on Jim's shoulders and looked him in the eyes. "You must win the stake, Jim. Think—*now!*"

She laid a hand on the head of the child. He did not know that he was playing for a certain five millions, perhaps fifty millions, of dollars. She had never told him of his father's offer. He was fighting only for salvation; for those he loved; for freedom. As they stood there, the conviction had come upon her that they had come to the last battle-field, that this journey which Jim now must take would decide all, would give them perfect peace or lifelong pain. The shadow of battle was over them, but he had no foreboding, no premonition; he had never been so full of spirits and life.

To her adjuration Jim replied by burying his face in her golden hair, and he whispered: "Say, I've done near four years, my girl. I think I'm all right now—I think. This last six months, it's been easy—pretty fairly easy."

"Four months more, only four months more—God be good to us!" she said with a little gasp.

If he held out for four months more, the first great stage in their life-journey would be passed, the stake won.

"I saw a woman get an awful fall once," Jim said suddenly. "Her bones were broken in twelve places, and there wasn't a spot on her body without injury. They set and fixed up every broken bone except one. It was split down. They didn't dare perform the operation; she couldn't stand it. There was a limit to pain, and she had reached the boundary. Two years went by, and she got better every way, but inside her leg those broken pieces of bone were rubbing against each other. She tried to avoid the inevitable operation, but nature said, 'You must do it, or die in the end.' She yielded. Then came the

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long preparations for the operation. Her heart shrank, her mind got tortured. She'd suffered too much. She pulled herself together, and said: 'I must conquer this shrinking body of mine, by my will. How shall I do it?' Something within her said: 'Think and do for others. Forget yourself.' And so, as they got her ready for her torture, she visited hospitals, agonized cripple as she was, and smiled and talked to the sick and broken, telling them of her own miseries endured and dangers faced, of the boundary of human suffering almost passed; and so she got her courage for her own trial. And she came out all right in the end. Well, that's the way I've felt sometimes. But I'm ready for my operation now whenever it comes, and it's coming, I know. Let it come when it must." He smiled.

There came a knock at the door, and presently entered Sewell. "The Commissioner wishes you to come over, sir," he said.

"I was just coming, Sewell. Is all ready for the start?"

"Everything's ready, sir, but there's to be a change of orders—something's happened somewhere—some bad job up in the Cree country, I think."

A few minutes later Jim was in the Commissioner's office. The murder of a Hudson Bay Company's man had been committed in the Cree country. The stranger whom Jim and Sally had seen riding across the plains had brought the news for thirty miles, word of the murder having been carried from point to point. The Commissioner was uncertain what to do, as the Crees were restless through want of food and the absence of game, and a force sent to capture Arrowhead, the chief who had committed the murder, might precipitate trouble. Jim solved the problem by offering to go alone and bring the chief into the post. It was two hundred miles to the Cree encampment, and the journey had its double dangers.

Another officer was sent on the expedition for which Jim had been preparing, and he made ready to go upon his lonely duty. His wife did not know till three days after he had gone what the nature of his mission was.

IV

Jim made his journey in good weather with his faithful dogs alone, and came into the camp of the Crees armed with only a revolver. If he had gone with ten men, there would have been an instant *mêlée*, in which he would have lost his life. This is what the chief had expected, had prepared for; but Jim was more formidable alone, with power in the distance behind him which could and would come with force and destroy the tribe if resistance was offered, than with fifty men. His tongue had a gift of terse and picturesque speech, powerful with a people who had the gift of imagination. With five hundred men ready to turn him loose in the plains without dogs or food, he carried himself with a watchful coolness and complacent determination which went home to their minds with great force.

For hours the struggle for the murderer went on, a struggle of will, of mind over inferior mind and matter.

Arrowhead was a chief whose will had never been crossed by his own people, and to master that will by a superior will, to hold back the destructive force which, to the ignorant minds of the braves, was only a natural force of defense, meant a task needing more than authority behind it. For the very fear of that authority put in motion was an incentive to present resistance—to stave off the day of trouble. The faces that surrounded Jim were thin with hunger, and the murder that had been committed by the chief had, as its origin, the foolish replies of the Hudson Bay Company's man to their demand for supplies. Arrowhead had killed him with his own hand.

But Jim Templeton was of a different caliber. Although he had not been told it, he realized that, indirectly, hunger was the cause of the crime and might easily become the cause of another; for their tempers were sharper even than their appetites. Upon this he played; upon this he made an exhortation to the chief. He assumed that Arrowhead had become violent because of his people's straits, that Arrowhead's heart yearned for his people and would make sacrifice for them. Now, if Arrowhead came quietly, he would see that supplies of food were sent at once, and that arrangements were made to meet the misery of their situation. Therefore, if Arrowhead came freely, he would have so much in his favor before his judges; if he did not come, then he must be brought by force if need be; and if they raised a hand to prevent it, then destruction would fall upon all—all save the women and children. The law must be obeyed. They might try to resist the law through him, but if violence was shown, he

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would first kill Arrowhead, and then destruction would descend like a wind out of the north, darkness would swallow them, and their bones would cover the plains.

As he ended his words a young brave sprang forward with his hatchet raised. Jim's revolver slipped down into his palm from his sleeve, and a bullet caught the brave in the lifted arm. The hatchet dropped to the ground.

Then Jim's eyes blazed, and he turned a look of anger on the chief, his face pale and hard.

"The stream rises above the banks; come with me, chief, or all shall drown. I am master, and I speak. Ye are hungry because ye are idle. Ye call the world yours, yet ye will not stoop to gather from the earth the fruits of the earth. Ye sit idle in the summer, and women and children die round you when winter comes. Because the game is gone, ye say. Must the world stand still because a handful of Crees need a hunting-ground? Must the makers of cities and the wonders of the earth, who fill the land with plenty—must they stand far off, because the Crees and their chief would wander over a million acres—for each man a million, when by a hundred, aye, by ten, each white man would live in plenty, and make the land rejoice. See! Here is the truth. When the Great Spirit draws the game away so that the hunting is poor, ye sit down and fill your hearts with murder, and in the blackness of your thoughts kill my brother. Idle and shiftless and evil ye are, while the earth cries out to give you of its plenty, a great harvest from a little seed, if ye will but dig and plant, and plow and sow and reap, and lend your backs to toil. Now hear and heed. The end is come. For this once ye shall be fed—by the blood of my heart, ye shall be fed! And another year ye shall labor, and get the fruits of your labor, and not stand waiting, as it were, till a fish shall pass the spear, or a stag water at your door, that ye may slay and eat. The end is come, ye idle men. O chief, hearken! One of your braves would have slain me, even as you slew my brother—he one, and you a thousand. Speak to your people as I have spoken, and then come and answer for the deed done by your hand. And this I say that right shall be done between men and men. Speak."

Jim had made his great effort—and not without avail. Arrowhead rose slowly, the cloud gone out of his face, and spoke to his people, bidding them wait in peace until food came, and appointing his son chief in his stead until his return.

"The white man speaks truth and I will go," he said. "I shall return," he continued, "if it be written so upon the leaves of the tree of Life; and if it be not so written, I shall fade like a mist, and the tepees will know me not again. The days of my youth are spent, and my step no longer springs from the ground. I shuffle among the grass and the fallen leaves, and my eyes scarce know the stag from the doe. The white man is master—if he wills it we shall die, if he wills it we shall live. And this was ever so. It is in the tale of our people. One tribe ruled, and the others were their slaves. If it is written on the leaves of the tree of Life that the white man rule us forever, then it shall be so. I have spoken. Now, behold, I go."

Jim had conquered, and together they sped away with the dogs through the sweet-smelling spruce woods where every branch carried a cloth of white, and the only sound heard was the swish of a blanket of snow, as it fell to the ground from the wide webs of green, or a twig snapped under the load it bore. Peace brooded in the silent and comforting forest, and Jim and Arrowhead, the Indian ever ahead, swung along, mile after mile, on their snow-shoes, emerging at last upon the wide, white prairie.

A hundred miles of sun and fair weather, sleeping at night in the open in a trench dug in the snow, no fear in the thoughts of Jim, nor evil in the heart of the heathen man. There had been moments of watchfulness, of uncertainty, on Jim's part, the first few hours of the first night after they left the Cree reservation; but the conviction speedily came to Jim that all was well; for the chief slept soundly from the moment he lay down on his blankets between the dogs. Then Jim went to sleep as in his own bed, and, waking, found Arrowhead lighting a fire from a little load of sticks from the sledges. And between murderer and captor there sprang up the companionship of the open road which brings all men to a certain land of faith and understanding, unless they are perverted and vile. There was no vileness in Arrowhead. There were no handcuffs on his hands, no sign of captivity; they two ate out of the same dish, drank from the same basin, broke from the same bread. The crime of Arrowhead, the gallows waiting for him, seemed very far away. They were only two silent travelers, sharing the same

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hardship, helping to give material comfort to each other—in the inevitable democracy of those far places, where small things are not great nor great things small; where into men's hearts comes the knowledge of the things that matter; where, from the wide, starry sky, from the august loneliness, and the soul of the life which has brooded there for untold generations, God teaches the values of this world and the next.

One hundred miles of sun and fair weather, and then fifty miles of bitter, aching cold, with nights of peril from the increasing chill, so that Jim dared not sleep lest he should never wake again, but die benumbed and exhausted! Yet Arrowhead slept through all. Day after day so, and then ten miles of storm such as come only to the vast barrens of the northlands; and woe to the traveler upon whom the icy wind and the blinding snow descended! Woe came upon Jim Templeton and Arrowhead, the heathen.

In the awful struggle between man and nature that followed, the captive became the leader. The craft of the plains, the inherent instinct, the feeling which was more than eyesight became the only hope. One whole day to cover ten miles—an endless path of agony, in which Jim went down again and again, but came up blinded by snow and drift, and cut as with lashes by the angry wind. At the end of the ten miles was a Hudson Bay Company's post and safety; and through ten hours had the two struggled toward it, going off at tangents, circling on their own tracks; but the Indian, by an instinct as sure as the needle to the pole, getting the direction to the post again in the moments of direst peril and uncertainty. To Jim the world became a sea of maddening forces which buffeted him; a whirlpool of fire in which his brain was tortured, his mind was shriveled up; a vast army rending itself, each man against the other. It was a purgatory of music, broken by discords; and then at last—how sweet it all was, after the eternity of misery—"Church bells and voices low," and Sally singing to him, Nancy's voice calling. Then, nothing but sleep—sleep, a sinking down millions of miles in an ether of drowsiness which thrilled him; and then—no more.

None who has suffered up to the limit of what the human body and soul may bear can remember the history of those distracted moments when the struggle became one between the forces in nature and the forces in man, between agonized body and smothered mind, with yet the divine intelligence of the created being directing, even though subconsciously, the fight.

How Arrowhead found the post in the mad storm he could never have told. Yet he found it, with Jim unconscious on the sledge and with limbs frozen, all the dogs gone but two—the leathers over the Indian's shoulders as he fell against the gate of the post with a shrill cry, that roused the factor and his people within, together with Sewell, who had been sent out from headquarters to await Jim's arrival there. It was Sewell's hand which first felt Jim's heart and pulse, and found that there was still life left, even before it could be done by the doctor from headquarters, who had come to visit a sick man at the post.

For hours they worked with snow upon the frozen limbs to bring back life and consciousness. Consciousness came at last with half delirium, half understanding; as emerging from the passing sleep of anesthetics, the eye sees things and dimly registers them before the brain has set them in any relation to life or comprehension.

But Jim was roused at last, and the doctor presently held to his lips a glass of brandy. Then from infinite distance Jim's understanding returned; the mind emerged, but not wholly, from the chaos in which it was traveling. His eyes stood out in eagerness.

"Brandy! brandy!" he said hungrily.

With an oath Sewell snatched the glass from the doctor's hand, put it on the table, then stooped to Jim's ear and said hoarsely, "Remember your wife and child. For God's sake, sir, don't drink!"

Jim's head fell back, the fierce light went out of his eyes, the face became grayer and sharper. "Sally—Nancy—Nancy," he whispered, and his fingers clutched vaguely at the quilt.

"He must have brandy or he will die—the system is pumped out. He must be revived." The doctor reached again for the glass of spirits.

Jim understood now. He was on the borderland between life and death; his feet were at the brink. "No—no—brandy, no! I will die first," he moaned. "Sally—Sally, kiss me," he said faintly, from the middle world in which he was.

"Quick, the broth!" said Sewell to the factor, who had been preparing it. "Quick, while there's a chance." He stooped and called into Jim's ear: "For the love of God,

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wake up, sir; they're coming—they're both coming—Nancy's coming. They'll soon be here." What matter that he lied! A life was at stake.

Jim's eyes opened again. The doctor was standing with the brandy in his hand. Half madly Jim reached out. "I must live until they come," he cried; "the brandy—ah! give it! Give it—ah, God, save me from it!" he added, gasping, his lips trembling, his hands shaking.

Sewell held the broth to his lips. He drank a little, yet his face became grayer and grayer; a bluish tinge spread about his mouth.

"Have you nothing else, sir?" asked Sewell in despair.

The doctor put down the brandy, went quickly to his medicine-case, poured into a glass a few drops from a phial, came over again, and poured a little between the lips; then a little more, as Jim's eyes opened again; and at last every drop in the glass trickled down the sinewy throat.

Presently as they watched him, the doctor said: "It will not do—he must have brandy—it has life—food—in it."

Jim understood the words. He knew that if he drank the brandy the chances against his future were terrible. He had made his vow and he must keep it. He must win the stake—for Sally, for Nancy, for himself. He must win it or die. Yet the thirst was on him; his enemy had him by the throat again, was dragging him down. Though his body was so cold, his throat was on fire. But in the extremity of his strength his mind fought on—fought on, growing weaker every moment. He was having his last fight. They watched him with an aching anxiety, anger in the doctor's face—he had no patience with these forces arrayed against him.

At last the doctor whispered to Sewell: "It's no use; he must have the brandy, or he can't live an hour."

Sewell weakened; the tears fell down his rough, hard cheeks. "It'll ruin him—it'll ruin him—it's ruin or death."

"Trust a little more in God, and in the man's strength. Let us give him the chance. Force it down his throat—he's not responsible," said the physician, to whom saving life was more than all else.

Suddenly there appeared at the bedside Arrowhead, gaunt and weak, his face swollen, the skin of it broken by the whips of storm.

"He is my brother," he said, and, stooping, laid both hands, which he had held before the fire for a long time, on Jim's heart. "Take his feet, his hands, his legs, and his head in your hands," he said to them all. "Life is in us; we will give him life."

He kneeled down and kept both hands on Jim's heart, while the others, even the doctor, awed by his act, did as they were bid. "Shut your eyes. Let your life go into him. Think of him and him alone. Now!" said Arrowhead in a strange voice.

He murmured, and continued murmuring, his body drawing closer and closer to Jim's body, while in the deep silence, broken only by the chanting of his low, monotonous voice, the others pressed Jim's hands and head and feet and legs—six men under the command of a heathen murderer.

The minutes passed. The color came back to Jim's face, the skin of his hands filled up, they ceased twitching, his pulse got stronger, his eyes opened with a new light in them.

"I'm living, anyhow," he said at last with a faint smile. "I'm hungry—broth, please!"

The fight was won, and the pagan murderer drew over to the fire, and crouched down beside it, his back to the bed, impassive and still. They brought him a bowl of broth and bread. He drank it slowly, and placed the empty bowl between his knees. He sat there through the night, though they tried to make him lie down.

As the light came in at the windows, Sewell touched him on the shoulder, and said, "He is sleeping now."

"I hear my brother breathe," answered Arrowhead. "He will live."

All night he had listened, and had heard Jim's breath as only a man who has lived in waste places can hear. "He will live. What I take with one hand I give with the other."

He had taken the life of the factor; he had given Jim his life. And when he was tried three months later for murder, some one else said this for him, and the hearts of all, judge and jury, were so moved, they knew not what to do.

But Arrowhead was never sentenced, for, at the end of the first day's trial, he lay down to sleep, and never waked again. He was found still and cold, and there was clasped in his hands a little doll which Nancy had given him on one of her many visits to the prison, during her father's long illness. They found a piece of paper in his belt with these words in the Cree language: "With my hands on his

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heart at the post I gave him the life that was in me, saving but a little until now. Arrowhead, the chief, goes to find life again where is the well at the root of the tree. *How!*"

V

On the evening of the day that Arrowhead made his journey to "the well at the root of the tree," a stranger knocked at the door of Captain Templeton's cottage; then, without awaiting admittance, entered.

Jim was sitting with Nancy on his knee, her head against his shoulder, Sally at his side, her face alight with some inner joy. Before the knock came to the door, Jim had just said: "Why do your eyes shine so, Sally? What's in your mind?" She had been about to answer, to say to him what had been swelling her heart with pride, though she had not meant to tell him what he had forgotten—not till midnight. But the figure that entered the room, a big man with deep-set eyes, a man of power who had carried everything before him in the battle of life, answered for her.

"You have won the stake, Jim," he said in a hoarse voice. "You and she have won the stake, and I've brought it—brought it."

Before they could speak he placed in Sally's hands bonds for five million dollars.

"Jim—Jim, my son!" he burst out, turning to him. Then, suddenly, he sank into a chair, and, putting his head in his hands, sobbed aloud.

"My God, but I'm proud of you—speak to me, Jim! You've broken me up." He was ashamed of his tears, but he could not wipe them away.

"Father, dear old man!" said Jim, and put his hands on the broad shoulders.

Sally knelt down beside him and took both the great hands from the tear-stained face, and laid them against her cheek. But presently she put Nancy on his knees.

"I don't like you to cry," the child said softly; "but to-day I cried, too, 'cause my Indian man is dead."

The old man could not speak, but he put his cheek down to hers. After a minute, "Oh, but she's worth ten times that!" he said, as Sally came close to him with the bundle he had thrust into her hands.

"What is it?" said Jim.

"It's five million dollars—for Nancy," she said.

"Five—million—what——?"

"The stake, Jim. If you did not drink for four years—never touched a drop—we were to have five million dollars for the child or for us."

"You never told him, then—you never told him that?" asked the old man.

"I wanted him to win without that," she said. "If he won, he would be the stronger; if he lost, it would not be so hard for him to bear."

The old man drew her down and kissed her cheek. He chuckled, though the tears were still in his eyes.

"You are a wonder—the tenth wonder of the world!" he blurted.

Jim stood staring at the bundle in Nancy's hands. "Five millions—five million dollars, for her!" he kept saying to himself.

"I said she's worth ten times that, Jim." The old man caught his hand and pressed it. "But it was a —— near thing, I tell you," he added. "They tried to break me and my railways, and my bank. I had to fight the combination, and there was one day when I hadn't that five millions there, nor five dollars! Jim, they tried to break the old man! And if they'd broken me, they'd have made me out a scoundrel to her—to this wife of yours who risked everything for both of us, for both of us, Jim; for she'd given up the world to save you, and she was playing like a soul in Hell for Heaven. If they'd broken me, I'd never have lifted my head again. When things were at their worst, I played to save that five millions—her stake and mine, I played for that. I fought for it as a man fights his way out of a burning house. And I won—I won! And it was by fighting for that five millions I saved fifty—fifty, son! They didn't break the old man, Jim. They didn't break him—not much!"

"There are giants in the world still," said Jim, his own eyes full as he squeezed his father's hand. He knew now his father and himself, and he knew the meaning of all the bitter and misspent life of the old days. He and his father were on a level of understanding now.

"Are you a giant?" asked Nancy, peering up into her grandfather's eyes.

The old man laughed, then sighed. "Perhaps I was once, more or less, my dear—" saying to her what he meant for the other two. "Perhaps I was; but I've finished. I've had my last fight."

He looked at his son. "I pass the game on

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to you, Jim. You can do it. I knew you could do it as the reports came in this year. I've had a detective up here for four years—and I knew all. I had to do it. It was the devil in me. You've got to carry on the game, Jim; I'm done. I'll stay home and potter about. I want to go back to Kentucky, and build up the old place and take care of it a bit—your mother always loved it! I'd like to have it as it was when she was there long ago— But I'll be ready to help you when I'm wanted, understand."

"You want me to run things—your colossal schemes? You think——?"

"I don't think. I'm old enough to know!"

He knew. Fifteen years have gone since then, and Jim Templeton, masterful, daring, and human, has preserved his inheritance, has kept the pledge that saved him. Sally—as she was, so she is, and her old lovers are her lovers still. Jim has no jealousy, for the world knows their story—and she may yet live in the White House.

Life and Labor

By ARTHUR STRINGER

HERE on a languid deck how tranquilly we float!
Seafaring now seems easy, thanks to—call it coal!—
Who blames us all for idling, on an idle boat?
Fools, stand and watch one moment in the stokers' hole!

March

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

A HALF-WILD creature cast from Winter's lap;
A vagrant reveler in Nature's courts;
With wind-disheveled hair she wildly sports
With twig and bough, surcharged with rising sap.
In scant and freely flowing raiment drest,
Her slim brown arms upflung to greet the rain,
She screams her challenge to the silent plain
And makes of every day a crazy jest!
She rushes fiercely down the hillsides steep,
And dashes through forsaken forest aisles
Where last year's leaves lie deep in somber piles,
And gaunt-limbed trees their endless vigils keep.
And so for days her reckless reign extends;
Teased and tormented Nature groans outright;
Until, at last, the madcap thing takes flight,
And gentle April comes to make amends.

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"I HAF FORGOT."

Calling Ribs Mock to Mind

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrations by Will Crawford

"FUNNY how the Dutch likes pea-knuckle, hain't it?" observed Limpy Hawes as he polished his trainer's badge on the knee of his velveteen trousers, casting his eye quizzically toward the corner of the circus canteen-coach where three German acrobats and a musician who was at least Pennsylvania German were engrossed with a pinochle deck. The veteran "critter-walloper" allowed a faint, reminiscent smile to play a moment over his keen features, then he pinned on his badge, and tossed his quid out of the window. I settled myself for one of those rare yarns this last action announced.

"Seein' folks play pea-knuckle allus makes me think of pore old Ribs Mock and the time he had the whole show crazy all season—him 'n' the Curtin boys. I mean Bob and Jerry—not Ed, for he come of another breed, what couldn't pack grub to a hungry b'ar. I've heard tell Ed was a great clown, but I wanta say right now when you hear a man say 'Curtin' and 'fine joey' in the same breath, he's talkin' about Bob and Jerry, if he knows his business. Ribs was a joey, too—funny by reason a-bein' thin as a hat-pin, but too slow to dodge a fallin' feather.

"Well, sir, one night in winter quarters at

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Bridgeport, 'long in March, when the show was gittin' ready to start out, in comes Bob and Jerry, who'd been playin' variety houses all winter, 'n' we walks over to Mike Kerry's place. We meets Ribs on the way 'n' takes him back; an' after we'd had a couple a' schooners apiece, Ribs wanted to play pea-knuckle. As I look back, I kin jest see Fate hangin' on ta the shandyleer over his head. Wantin' a fourth man, Ribs sees a feller sleepin' over behind the stove, a man he calls Frank and has knowed for a long time. He wakes him up, and while I goes back to the critters, they all sets down to play.

"Now, this don't seem very axcitin', my boy, but it meant a gol-blame big pile later on, as I'm goin' to show you, so you jest mind everything that I tell you they did. Mind ye, they didn' do no boozin'; this all come about without licker. Few queer things do these days. Now, as I hear tell of it about ten thousand times after when they was wrasslin' it over and debatin' the question and callin' names at each other, they had been settin' there about ten minnits when in come a feller what'd been bustin' about town a week 'r two makin' friends, spendin' a lot a' money in Mike's, 'n' so on. He buys the house a drink, then he backs up agin the bar, put his left heel on the step-rod and both elbows on the rail, 'n' says:

"'Say, Frank, how'd you like to take a little chanct on a Honduras lottery ticket?'

"Now Ribsey was jest makin' misery and Frank sits ready to play the ten a' clubs, as he looks up. Frank wiggles the ten a' clubs up 'n' down, spits 'n' rubs the back a' his hand 'crost his lower lip, 'n' says, 'Don't keer ef I do. How much, 'n' what do I stand to git?'

"'Twenty dollars a whole ticket. Drawin' for one hundurd thousand dollars on the first a' June. You can split a ticket up, you know, So-and-so.' Right there he called Frank by his last name.

"'Five's my limit,' says Frank.

"'Ve is goot vrents, Frank. I vill buy five tollahs' vort,' says Ribs Mock, foldin' up his cards.

"'Reckon me 'n' Jerry can win half a' that hundurd thousand with these sinkers,' says Bob Curtin, chuckin' ten silver dollars on the table.

"So the four of 'em makes up the twenty dollars, 'n' the lottery ticket feller draws out a' his pocketbook a little yaller slip 'bout three inches long 'n' one wide, all kivered with engravin' curlicues. They passes it around the table a couple a' times. Frank, lookin' careful-like at the number, says: 'Number two-eleven, twenty-one, twenty-one. Say, by Judas, that sounds lucky—them odds 'n' evens laid together that-a way. Ribsey, you old Dutch goat, I bet you a quarter we win the hundurd thousand.'

"'I goes you,' says Ribs, opening up his hand, and they goes on playin' pea-knuckle. The lottery ticket man watched the game a while, sold a ticket to Mike Kerry, then walked out, 'n' nobody hain't ever seen him sence.

"Well, sir, April come 'n' we got out on the road 'n' I reckon ev'rybody forgot about that hundurd thousand axceptin' one person, 'n'

"SAY, FRANK, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE CHANCT ON A LOTTERY TICKET?"

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that was a woman. Y' see, soon's ever Ribs Mock had laid his eyes on Sal Martin, second costume woman, who joined that year, he'd gone plumb sooty in the chimney. She's the widder a' Ollie Martin what got killed in Philadelphy settin' on a loaded mortar to fire sky-rockets. Old Man said he didn' see how that feezed him after livin' with Sal Martin. Ribs Mock asts her six times the first day she come to marry him. Sixth round she whales him with a coat-stretcher. Ribs sits up from where he lit on the floor 'n' says:

"'Make me a yes answer, Mis' Martin, und I calls dis a lofe tap. I vill say I vas getting a black eye running a door against.'

"Sal Martin was a keen one, sharp's a tack and chilly as a ice-pick, so I kind a sensed what'd happened when she got oily all to wunct with Ribs. He must a' told her right away that he stood a show to get a quarter of a hundurd thousand. By jingy hickles, she'd grip a dollar till the eagle'd squawk, 'n' she's afeared to be pleasant lessen it might grow on her. Anyhow, she knowed about the ticket, 'n' Ribs, Bob, 'n' Jerry fergot it.

"WELL, BOB, YOU MAY'S WELL GIT THE TICKET 'N' SEND FOR THE LONG GREEN."

"One day we was showin' in Altoony, and jest before supper I was ambulatin' down the road from the lot tords town when I seen somebody I thought I knowed comin' rickoshayin' 'long through the dust—a fat woman tryin' to run like a jack-rabbit. Her skirts was grabbed up in both hands. Sweat was cascadin' over her cheeks 'n' double chin. Her eyes was poppin' out, 'n' her face's as red as a beet pickle. In her teeth was a yaller printed sheet. When she come nearder I seen it was Sal Martin, been down town 'n' now makin' for the lot like a foogitive cow.

"Seein' me, she slows down, drawin' in wind she couldn' keep, and says in a whistlin', busted-boiler sort of way:

"'*We got it, we got it!*'

"'Got what?'

"'Man alive, don't you know what *day* this is?'

"'Wednesday, I reckon,' says I, scratchin' my head.

"'Hit's the first of June, the lottery drawin', and my darlin' Mister Mock *has win the money*. Whoo—op-ee! Oh, lawks, I'm so flustered. I must find him, *I must find him.*' She had been pointin' to the number of the ticket printed as the grand prize winner in big black letters on the yaller sheet, but now she goes plungin' on up the road raisin' more dust 'n a hay waggin.

"Well, sir, it's the onexpected that happens, they say. Many a man wouldn' git killed by the cars if it didn'. I knowed darn well all the boys had clean forgot the drawin', but Sal, she'd been keepin' close tab on day, number of the tickit, 'n' the whole caboodle. Even knowed where the agencies was. To save me, I couldn' walk on down that pike peaceful. Hot 'n' cold flashes, like it tells about in the kidney almanacks, kept runnin' up 'n' down my spine. Then far off I hears the King callin' me with that shrill holler in his trunk, you know the way he does. That was elephant way of tellin' me there was ax-citement on the lot an' he was nervous an' wanted me. So I goes after Sal, goin' faster 'n' faster while I 'uz thinkin' 'bout that hundurd thousand.

"Sal must a' got side-tracked 'mongst the people round the front gate, for I heard a crowd cheerin' over there jest as I cut through the short way 'n' come on Bob and Jerry still in their spot-sacks out under a tree ahind the main tent workin' up some new funny business, while Ribsey Mock set ten rod away on a soap box drinkin' a bottle a' beer. Jest then Sal kiyited around the side-show ticket wagon, the Old Man pullin' at her elbow tellin' her to be ca'm, and razorbacks,

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performers, 'n' the devil knows what else jammin' close up behind, all huntin' the three joeys—peaceful 'n' ignerant of bein' all-fired rich.

"The news was broke before I got clost, 'n' the most I seen was the boys throwin' Bob 'n' Jerry up 'n' down on a hoss-blanket and Sal kissin' Ribsey on the back a' the neck while he's yellin' murder 'n' tryin' to break her holt. Then the boys throwed Sal and Ribs up in the blanket, and Sal swore she didn' care a bit when she fell out on her neck. By en by things got kind a' quieter 'n' Jerry Curtin says:

"'Well, Bob, you may's well git the ticket 'n' me 'n' you 'n' Ribsey go down to the Wells-Fargo 'n' git 'em to send for the long green.'

"'Why, *you* got that ticket, hain't you, Jerry?' says Bob, gittin' a little scared. 'I haven't,' says he.

"'No, I haven't seen it since we bought it,' says Jerry. 'Ribs must have it.'

"Ribs was holdin' Sal off with a long-arm collar twist. 'By Moses, I don't got der ticket,' says he.

"You could a' heard a grasshopper wink. They looked at each other kind a' sick 'n' silly and Sal Martin quit her foolin'.

"'By the everlastin' horse-collar,' says Bob, 'if we hain't none of us got it, then that friend of Ribs that was playin' cards with us in Mike Kerry's must have it. We must wire him. What is his name, Ribs?'

"'Frank.'

"'Frank what?'

"'Oh, Frank—Frank—you know dot feller Frank——'

"Now, mind ye, I'm jest tellin' you what the *boys* was sayin'. I'm not relatin' the runnin' off at the mouth that begun to afflic' Sal Martin. They is things she was sayin' on the side which it ain't necessary for me to repeat an' I am glad they hain't. She was cuttin' loose, oh, my gorry, how she was cuttin' loose. All pore Ribs could say, though, was:

"'Ach, Himmel, I knowed it, but I haf forgot, by Moses, I haf forgot; wait me a minnit, chust wait me a minnit.'

"By en by Bob and Jerry got him off by himself under a tree and tried to call him to mind quiet like, makin' all the rest go away. Early Jim Butts and Tom Sayres got all bunged up gittin' Sal Martin round on the t'other side a' the chuck tent.

"Well, sir, take m' oath, when the fat all simmered down, the lay of the land was this: Ribs only knowed Frank from seein' him round Mike Kerry's, and he'd allus called him Frank and forgot his other name. The whole show couldn' hardly eat no supper. The Old Man was cussin' 'n' swearin' 'n' actin' like a hot-corn popper full a' pop-corn, but it didn' do no good—show went like a lame pullet that night. When they's through, the boys all got round Ribsey in the train, 'n' tried talkin' over old times in Mike Kerry's, but it didn' do no good. By en by Ribs got hot under the collar, 'n' jest about daybreak, when we was pullin' into Huntington, he slapped Jiggers Dolman in the jaw, jumped off the train, and when we next seen him he was drunk as a night-watchman in a brewery, and so he stayed a whole week.

"Bob 'n' Jerry, actin' on the Old Man's advice, writes a hurry-up letter to Mike Kerry, describin' Frank an' tellin' Kerry to find him, and offerin' a reward of fifty dollars. Mike wrote two letters back in a hurry. First said he'd try hard. Second said that the feller called Frank *wasn't in Bridgeport no more.*

"Then the Old Man sent a fly cop what used to travel with the show, to Bridgeport from New York, jest to git the show folks quieted down, and when he didn' find him, advertisements was put in all the papers. It didn' do no good and cost the Old Man an' Bob 'n' Jerry a pile a' money. Some fool told Sal Martin to write the Sec'atary a' War, 'n' she *done* it.

"Ev'rythin' bein' done to find Frank, and all fallin' through, the only thing was to make the pore Dutchman remember Frank's other name 'n' then try to find him. We jest *had-ta* call him to mind.

"Night after night 'n' day after day Jerry 'n' Bob would git Ribs 'n' some other feller, mostly me or Early Jim Butts, to pertend to sit down with them 'n' play pea-knuckle jest like they did in Mike Kerry's an' play up to where Ribs was makin' misery 'n' Frank was sittin' wigglin' the ten a' clubs up 'n' down ready to slap it on, when the lottery ticket feller mentions Frank's name. By the jumps a' Juno, I played with them myself, I know, six thousand games. 'No good,' says Ribsey; 'I can't do't; I haf forgot.'

"Now, nobody'd never noticed Ribs Mock didn' have no mem'ry till this thing come up, then the whole show bein' all tore up, they's so anxious to see the boys git the money, they all jined in callin' to mind things he'd done which showed he was shorely weak-minded.

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"WE GOT IT, WE GOT IT! MY DARLIN' MISTER MOCK *HAS WIN THE MONEY.*"

An' ev'rybody had some idear of how to call him to mind agin. When the card-playin' didn' work, they begun exercisin' the alphybet on him, first gittin' him quiet in a corner with a switzer sandwich and a bottle a' beer and beginnin' at A, givin' him time to think over each letter. 'No good,' says Ribsey; 'I can't do't; I haf forgot.'

"Next some fool 'lowed that if Ribs was to try to tell who picters looked like, by en by he would hit one that looked like Frank and he would say the name. Next town we showed in, the boys got a whole raft a' old photygraphs an' tintypes from some picter 'stablishmint and showed 'em to Ribsey, one by one. On the second lot Ribs begun to go bad, and he got so bumfuzzled that all he could say was that they looked like 'Fadder, Onkel Hans, leedle Katie, Brudder Yoe, mine grossmudder, 'r Aunt Tracy,' and so on. They was devilin' him so, tryin' to git Frank's other name, that he begun to be strong after firewater, and somebody had to be with him all the time. He was one of the few thin Dutch I ever see, and he kept gittin' skinnier 'n' skinnier 'n' skinnier. Got so's he could hardly coax a shadder to foller him.

"Sal Martin blowed hot, then she blowed cold, jest however strong the chances looked for gittin' the coin. When they had somethin' new to try on pore Ribs, she was sweet as taffy on a stick 'n' would sit feedin' him klabber-cheese and things he liked, jest as if he's a baby. When the scheme didn' work, she would git up on a high horse and rare and tear; beat him with whatever come handy if the boys didn' stop her.

"One day Doc Jones found a item in the paper sayin' that the grand prize in the June drawin' of the Honduras lottery had never been claimed, and the directors had voted to turn it back inta the prize fund if somebody didn' perjuce the ticket by the first a' September. That jest set the whole show wild agin,

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to think a' the boys' losin' that money cause that Dutch zebra couldn' call a man's name to mind. Some fool medical student heard about it, and one day I jest got to a shed on the fair grounds where we was showin' in time to stop him from sawin' Ribs's head open, with Sal Martin sittin' on Ribs's chist eggin' the kid on to loosen up the pore feller's brain.

"Then some woman that Sal Martin met in the Davenport depot explained to Sal how she could call Ribs to mind by absent treatment. Sal borried ten dollars from Ribs to give her, but when a week come around, Ribs said all the treatment he had noticed was the absence of the ten.

"Charley Groot had been in a puzzle-factory onct and said the way the doctors and keepers cured some a' the forgitful was to shut 'em up away from ev'rybody 'n' give 'em two slices a' bread 'n' a quart of water ev'ry day till they got cleared in the garret. Bob and Jerry didn' want Sal Martin to go that far with Ribs, but she would do it, so they fooled Ribs inta goin' inta a critter cage in a extry car we carried for breakdowns, and Sal slammed the door 'n' locked it. Ribs howled wurse'n any critter I ever see, but he didn' git nothin' but bread 'n' water 'n' chewin' terbacker for five days; then they give it up as a bad job. Also, Ribs was jest gittin' his toes ready to kick the southwest corner of the everlastin' buckit. As the hymn feller says, he was purt near gone:

> "'Over the darksome river
> To the land a' Beulah bright.'

"Tak' m' oath, I thought he was shorely goin' on. Well, sir, when he got strong enough they give him a course a' these mem'ry lessons by mail. 'No good,' says Ribsey; 'I can't do't; I haf forgot.'

"Ribs had got so he couldn' eat ner he couldn' sleep, and Sal wouldn' let him drink. After they tried soakin' his feet in boneset tea to draw the cloudiness away from his head, and got his feet so sore he couldn' walk for a week, all hands jest about give up. Looked like there wasn' no more chanct a' gittin' that hundurd thousand than a' slicin' down the moon with a case-knife.

"One day Sal picks up the *Omaha Bee* and sees how a man who had fell in the water come purty near drowndin', and when they brung him to, he said that he *had remembered ev'rythin' in his past life.*

"She goes kiyitin' to find Bob and Jerry. They fixes up a scheme, and after while the boys strolls round where pore Ribs is sittin' on a prop' tumblin' bar'l lookin' like a thirsty geranium.

"'I like to go swimmin', don't you, Jerry?' says Bob.

"'You bet your belt, I do,' says Jerry. 'Do you like it, Ribs?'

"'No, I nefer swimt much. I can't do't.'

"Well, sir, that bein' jest what they wanted, they fixed up a scheme that had ta wait till we struck Kansas City on Sunday, when they could all go on a fishin' trip. Early Jim Butts su'gested it to Ribs.

"'I dondt ketching no fishes,' says Ribs kind a' fretful like. He never smiled, ner laughed, ner played pea-knuckle no more. Jest set round lookin' dry and sad.

"'Oh, well, it's jest a picnic. We are going to have some cold Pilsener——'

"'I guess I goes,' says Ribs.

"It was a dirty shame to do it. Course they didn' know how it was goin' to turn out, but anyhow they had a couple a' boat-hooks ready with grapples on 'em, and after lunch, when Ribsey wasn' suspicionin' anythin', Jerry starts to row Ribs across the creek they's fishin' in, leavin' Sal and t'others on the bank. Jest when he gits over a nice quiet hole, Jerry, who could swim like a seal, up tips the boat. Down went Ribsey out a' sight. Jerry got ketched in a sunk tree top 'n' was jest about drowndin' hisself if Bob hadn' come in after him. Up comes Ribsey the first time, flounders a little, floats down some, strikes a sand-bar, and wades out. Jerry was purt near gone when Early Jim Butts reached Bob a grapple-hook. Ribsey was kind a' botherin' 'em some by standin' on the t'other bank heavin' barnicks as big as your fist at 'em as fast 's he could pick 'em up. When he got tired cussin' 'n' throwin' stones he starts to walk back to town.

"Well, sir, by jingy hickles, that Dutchman was all woke up. He was mad and he stayed mad. Nothin' easy-goin' about *him* no more. He borried a gun from a razorback, sharpened up his clasp-knife till it would split a cat hair, then he swore he'd do harm to anybody that even said 'Frank' around where he was. He wouldn' lissen to no palaver, 'n' all the soft-sodder you could give him didn' smooth him down a bit. Says he:

"'I haf not dot man's name got in mein hedt und I vill not have got it again, so, und by hell-dam I vill split oop any fools vat makes 'bout it monkey-doodle roundt me vunce more yet.'

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"THE KING JAMS RIBSEY, KICKIN' AND SQUIRMIN', DOWN INTA THE SEAL TANK."

"Even Sal Martin had no more chanct to boss him. First she'd cry 'n' hang on his neck, then she'd turn up her nose at him and say edgy things, but Ribsey jest laffed at her. He made up for lost time in the licker way. Kept goin' it stronger 'n' stronger. One day, jest four days before the first a' September, we was in St. Paul and he got bilin', snortin', yellin', rarin', tearin' soused, and come back to the lot after the afternoon performance wavin' his knife 'n' gun and scatterin' ev'rybody in front of 'm. Nonesuch Rafferty got his smoke-bang away from him, but he hung on ta the sticker and chased Nonesuch inta the critter tent. Gosh—it was a tight race, Nonesuch boundin' right over waggin' tongues and bales a' hay. I yelled at Ribs real sharp as he was goin' by, and he whirls round and made for me.

"I didn' have nothin' but a short mahout stick and was standin' right between two elephants, so I didn' have no chanct to dodge. I was lettin' the critters take some of the fresh water jest bein' turned inta the forty-foot long, five-feet deep seal tank, and squirt it over themselves as elephants is fond a' doin' in hot weather. Ribs had me cornered, and they was murder in his eye. I broke my stick on him without feezin' him. Jest as he's makin' a slash at me the Old King here slaps his trunk around, grabs Ribs by the middle, lifts him twenty feet inta the air, and jest as the Old Man, the fly cops, 'n' t'others come runnin' up, the King jams Ribsey, kickin' and squirmin', down inta the seal tank.

"'Hold him under, hold him under,' yells the Old Man.

"'Hold him under, boy,' says I to the King.

"When the Old Man seen Ribs was givin' his last wriggles, he tells me to let 'm up. Doc Jones had got a prop' bar'l, and first he pumped Ribsey out on double strokes, then put him on the bar'l. By gosh a'mighty, when the Old King laid that drippin', droopin' Dutchman out on a pile a' hay, I vummed he was gone *from* us. By this time all the show was there—Sal Martin cryin' inta a pink handkerchief out a' one eye and watchin' for signs a' life with the t'other. Purty soon while Doc Jones was workin' the Dutchman's arms, Ribsey begun to pant a little, then took a breath 'r two, opened his eyes, and raised his head. First he wiggles his mouth a little, then he says in a wet whisper:

"'Frank Smit', dot is his name, Frank Smit'.'

"Just plain Frank Smith.

"Say, my boy—my boy—you ought a' heard them people yell and see Sal Martin doin' a fat woman's fling.

"Next mornin' Ribs was all right. Sal Martin couldn' do enuff for 'm. The Old Man 'lowed that the time bein' so short, and Bridgeport bein' the only possible place to

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start to find Frank Smith, Jerry, Bob, and Ribs better start East right away. Sal Martin was bound to go 'long and was plumb sot on marryin' Ribs to wonct. She got a squire before she et any breakfast and they got hitched.

"The Old Man comes to me and says:

"'Did ye ever see the like? I allus wanta do the best by my people, Limpy; so seein' as how I need some changes made in winter quarters in Bridgeport, I want you to take these plans I've drawed up, and go 'long with this bunch a' Indians. Treat 'em jest like childurn, for that's what they ack like. All goin' well, the crowd can jine the show in Buffalo in a week, that is if they hain't feelin' too rich to come back,' and he shoves a roll a' yeller-backs in my hand.

"Mornin' a' the first a' September we lands in Bridgeport, jumps inta carryalls and drives lickety split for Mike Kerry's, for there didn' seem to be no place else to go. Jest a kind of a hit-and-miss grab. Sal Martin had the yaller announcement-sheet with her, all greasy and wrinkled now, and toted it right in her hand. She was jest bustin' with excitemint on the way up. Ev'ry now 'n' then she'd put her hand over her mouth to keep from yellin' 'r sayin' somethin' foolish. Pity she didn' have an extry hand for stiddy use.

"When we drawed near Mike's we seen the summer swingin' door blinds was up yet and the whole block 'peared to be asleep. Out we piles and goes a-blusterin' in. The barkeep was shinin' glasses on the boofay. Mike Kerry was asleep on a pool-table in the back room, and settin' at the same table that momenchus game a' peaknuckle was played at, was Frank Smith playin' solitaire.

"We walks over as if we was dreamin' and lines up in front a' the table. He puts a black eight on a red nine, looks up, and says:

"'Hello, back so soon?'

"Sal Martin was so full a' words she was speechless. Jerry steps to the front, puttin' his hand in his buzzum, and says impressive like and ca'm:

"'Mr. Smith, if you happen to have that lottery ticket we bought last April, come let us go and git a hundurd thousand dollars for the four of us. No. 2112122 won the grand prize.'

"A funny kind of a red-and-blue look went over Frank Smith's face. He spit, rubbed his lower lip with the back of his hand, and laid a seven on the six of diamonds in the upper row.

"'For mercy's sake, wake up,' screams Sal, bustin' forth at last. '*There* it is, *there* it is. Look at it,' and she slams the yaller sheet down on the table.

"'Ve got yust twelf hours to git de money, Frank,' says Ribsey in a choky sort a' way.

"'Well, gents, in the first place, I hain't got the ticket,' says Frank Smith.

"I thought Jerry was goin' to jump over the table after him.

"'Whoo-opee, lawks,' gasps Sal Martin, tumblin' agin me, tryin' to faint.

"'I give the ticket to Ribs and he put it inside the band of that very old brown hat he's got on.'

"Off comes the hat! Out comes the ticket!

"'Pity the King didn't hold you under till you called *that* to mind,' growls Bob, awful bitter.

"Frank Smith lays down his deck, takes the ticket and the yaller sheet.

"'Also, gents, the grand prize goes to No. 2112122, and this ticket is 2112121.'

"Nobody did nothin', nobody said nothin'. All's so still, Mike Kerry's snores sounded like blastin'.

"Then says Ribsey:

"'Frank, I vin dot quarter side pet.'

"Frank rolled a silver quarter acrost the table. Sal woke up at the sight of it and snatched it out of Ribsey's hand.

"'Give it to me, you fool,' says she, and grabs him by the collar and stomps out through the blinds. We kind a' follers her out inta the fresh air, leavin' Frank Smith playin' solitaire."

Proverbial Assurance

By CAROLYN WELLS

Only a fool never changes his mine.
It is not good for man to make a loan.
He grafts best whose graft lasts.
The wages of syndicate is debt.

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"Hear My Dollies' Prayer"

By BURGES JOHNSON

O LORD, I pray Thee, hear my dollies' prayer,
And teach them how to ask for what is right;
But if it's going to give You extra care,
Then You might skip *my* blessings for to-night.
Please make them all more loving and polite;
I pray Thee not to let their covers tear,
But keep their sawdust stuffings out of sight,
And please help Anne to grow a head of hair.

I wish poor Bella's knees were made to bend,
I truly am as sorry as can be.
I hope that You won't mind, and that You'll send
The blessings that each dolly asks of Thee.
And, Lord, I pray that You will just pertend
This is my dollies talking, 'stead of me.

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THE SPIRITUALISTS' HEADQUARTERS IN HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON.

The Invisible World

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with Photographs

A SKEPTICAL age; we do not believe in much of anything—unless, indeed, it bears the trade-mark of science. The intellectual fashion is all for materialism. For the rest there is only an easy incredulity. And yet—the paradox is curious—never was the world so ghost-ridden. Never has it turned so wistfully to the occult. Never has it listened with an expectation so painful at that closed door behind which mysterious silences stretch away—the door of the tomb. I dare say it is natural enough. Always in epochs of unbelief, when the conservative forms of faith are weakened, there is an immense growth of vague supernaturalism. It was in the cynical eighteenth century, when Voltaire had sneered religion out of fashion, that sorcerers, fortune-tellers, magicians—all the Mesmers and Cagliostros—ruled the world. Our new century, quite as skeptical, is equally in love with the marvelous. Only the fashion in wizards has changed. The modern magician comes from the laboratory. He speaks in the name of science, for there is a science of the immaterial—a science of witchcraft—a science which has its professors and learned societies, its journals and magazines. The very ghosts that haunt the societies for psychical research have taken on a scientific air; they walk no more in windy corridors, clanking spectral chains; in a practical, modern way they exhibit themselves to scientific congresses. World over, psychic phenomena are being studied by trained scientists. Dismissing theories, they give themselves to the observation of scientifically established facts. Their labors range from the study of hysteria, of hypnosis and the transmission of psychic forces, to the time-old mysteries of enchantment and apparitions.

And what do they know?

One learned man will assure you that fluidic filaments bind the living to the dead; and then there is the genial discovery of Durand de Gros, spinal souls—aye! "The vertebrate animal is not simple, but composite—

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a congeries of souls, an association of a certain number of individualities which are indicated by the various vertebræ——"

One night—a night of wind and rain—I came out of that great hall in the rue d'Athènes where the seers of the world were gathered; strange, very strange these prophets and scientists of the occult, of theosophy, of spiritism—hope-merchants, one and all; stranger, it may be, the cohort of eager mystics who had come there to buy a little hope of immortality and hear voices of the dead.

Charlatans and their dupes?

Even so, it had been immensely pathetic; but this congress was more serious; men of unquestioned scientific repute, like Richet and Maxwell and Grasset, had brought the latest word from the clinic and the laboratory. To the poor wandering ghost—him who raps tables and can get no hearing—they gave the passport of science. A weighty passport ponderously worded, as those of science should be, it read something like this: "Ghosts exist; they are intelligent personalities, extrinsic, autonomous, like human individuals; in fact, they are disembodied human beings and they effect and direct what are known as psychic phenomena in order to manifest themselves to the living." This decree was issued by scientists assembled from all the world. It must have been a glad, proud moment for the poor ghosts who had been so derided for their poor psychic attempts to tip tables and rap misty messages from the other world. These things I thought, as I waited for a cab in front of the great hall in the rue d'Athènes. And the rain fell. Came an old professor. He was the delegate from the New York Society for Psychical Research. I gave him the hospitality of my umbrella.

He said: "Apparitions—I prefer that word to ghosts—change with the times. They seem to know everything. For instance, in these days of science—of wireless telegraphy

THE GREAT HALL IN THE RUE D'ATHÈNES.

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CAMILLE FLAMMARION LECTURING ON SPIRITUALISM.

and psychiatric clinics—when there is a tendency to class them as mere subjective phenomena, as hallucinations, as diseased nerves, as a clot in the brain, they seem to have understood every one of the objections that science could bring against their real existence. Their battle for recognition was splendidly waged. They knew that science ignored them. All their manifestations went for nothing.

"'All this,' said science, 'is outside the realm of my researches. I ignore it.'

"What happened?

"The more persistently science ignored them, the more terrible the psychic phenomena became—the more widely popular faith in them spread. They even pretended to be scientific in order to attract the scientists. Nowadays many apparitions deny, or rather pretend to deny, their own existence. They appear with a mocking smile and say: 'Do not mind me—I am only a hallucination!'

MAJOR DARGET, DISCOVERER OF THE N RAYS.

"Ah, they are terrible," said the learned man, "far more terrible than the homely ghosts of the good old days."

And that is true.

The ghosts that wander in the modern, occult world are terrible and strong.

We shall see a little of their works and, it may be, a glimpse of their livid faces and shadowy hands; but first (if you will) we shall ask of science its explanation.

And does science know?

Perhaps you will be convinced that science—far from having banished the phantom from our workaday world—has itself become mystic, phantasmal, hag-ridden; and that were curious.

SCIENCE AND THE OCCULT

The scientists, physicians, experimenters, those who are interested in psychic phenomena, are grouped in the various societies for psychical research. A yearly congress is held. The last was held in London—at 20 Hanover Square, W.

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—and Dr. Charles Richet, of Paris, was chosen president, succeeding men so diversely eminent as the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour and Sir William Crookes. The purpose of the association is to study by positive methods the phenomena called mysterious and abnormal. Dr. Richet is an admirable type of the psychical researcher. He is leagues away from mysticism. An experimenter, a vivisectionist, a savant, cold-blooded, dubious, he represents capitally these men of science who have taken up the study of the invisible world. So eager are they to escape from any taint of supernaturalism that they have discarded the old phrases —spiritualism, spiritism, and the like—and have decreed the existence of a new science, scientifically considered. When we have heard what he has to say—he will say it, the bearded, pipe-smoking man, in his library in the rue de l'Université—we shall know exactly what science thinks of the invisible world.

"Everything is possible; nothing is proved."

This, I think, would sum up his thought.

During the last forty years a great number of experiences have been recorded; they furnish cumulative proof, but the *experimentum crucis*, as the old alchemists said—the irrefutable proof—has yet to be found. Each year, however, with its new record of experiences, adds to the evidence. It should be borne in mind that this work is in the hands of men like Lombroso, Zoellner, Crookes,

DEVIL WORSHIPERS IN THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

metapsychics. The word is not inapt. Properly enough it has succeeded to the outworn study of metaphysics. As president of the amalgamated societies for psychical research, Dr. Richet is an authority—certainly the highest authority—on the subject of the occult, Lodge, de Rochas, Gibier of the Pasteur Institute in New York, and scores of others, who are not deceived by unrealities. Science, then, has reached the point where it does not ignore the unseen world. That is a great step. Science has rarely blundered when it

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set out to establish facts; it has almost always gone wrong when it proclaimed negations—old Lavoisier declaring that meteorites could not come from the sky, because there were no stones there, to cite a historic example. Modern science has reached the state of grace where it has ceased to deny the apparition of phantoms and seeks to explain them. The appearance of a ghost in open clinic would not run counter to any of the known facts of physiology, chemistry, or physics.

What definite facts has science acquired?

The change of personality; that is classic now. The evidence for telepathy is indubitable. That may seem a bold statement; it is a commonplace for those who are in touch with the latest experiments of the metapsychic clinics. Only a few years ago—before Pasteur came—it would have been deemed sheer idiocy to talk of studying typhoid fever or cholera or erysipelas in a laboratory. Telepathy is an acquired certainty—as much as Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, which three academies of physicians declared impossible.

And the explanation of the strange phenomena: are they hints and instigations from another world—the intervention of spirits of the dead, of angels or demons? This is the opinion held by almost all the sects of the occult, those who worship in the hundred and one little religions of mysticism. Science does not go quite so far. It declares:

First—There exist in nature certain unknown forces capable of acting on matter.

(This covers all the objective phenomena of metapsychics, such as the transport of bodies from one place to another, luminosity, etc.)

Second—We possess other means of knowing than those of reason or the senses.

(This applies to the subjective phenomena of metapsychics, including telepathy, second sight, clairvoyance.)

In other words, science recognizes the existence of an invisible world, wherein unknown forces flit to and fro; what ghostly things they are it knows not, but they are very real, very strong and terrible. They are not material; they are the masters of matter. Occult forces, but no longer unknown; science has given them passports and names. And then, following Lombroso and Maxwell, science admits the reality of the transmission

FERNAND DESMOULINS, THE ETCHER, DRAWING THE REMARKABLE SPIRIT PICTURES WHICH MADE A SENSATION A FEW YEARS AGO.

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PROFESSOR DURVILLE, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE MAGNETIC SCHOOL.

of psychic force. It admits second sight. I knew a Scot who had that power. It was in the Hebrides. He showed me a man walking in the street; dressed in black, a schoolmaster, I think he was. And the Scot told me that the man in black was lying dead awash on a sandy beach. And in twenty-four hours the thing he saw became the true thing; the schoolmaster's body was carried home dead from the seashore; but such things are common in Skye. Second sight, and the telepathy by which personality communicates with personality across infinite space—an old acquirement of the magi—and the clairvoyance that reads the sealed letter or the document hidden in the black heart of an iron safe—these are psychic phenomena licensed now by science.

It was well said, I think, that science itself is becoming mystic, phantomic, ghost-ridden.

BLACK MAGIC AND LUCIFER

The investigators of psychic phenomena are plotting the curves—to use a mathematical phrase—of a new science which will supplement and not conflict with the observed facts in biology, chemistry, and physics. The occult world is not content to wait. Now as always—since the first childhood of the human race—it deals in its own way with the dark and terrible forces that swarm on the border-land of life. It calls to them, summoning them now and then across the misty frontier to perform strange deeds in the world of men. This collaboration with the unknown psychic forces our ancestors rightly called magic. To-day as then it is a dangerous practise — the most perfidious psychic intoxicant. In Paris I had an opportunity of studying some of these dark exploits of modern magic. Among those who dabbled in it were men so eminent as Paul Adam — the greatest living novelist, were not Meredith alive—Laurent Tailhade, the poet Edouard Dubus,

A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH VOUCHED FOR BY COLONEL DE ROCHA.

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PROFESSOR MOISSAN, OF THE INSTITUTE OF PARIS, A MODERN ALCHEMIST.

Jules Bois, Suzanne Gay, the actress, and Stanislas de Guaita. De Guaita risked his life and his reason in his conflicts with the unknown. His astral body was detachable, as the occultists say; that is, his soul possessed the power of leaving his body, without breaking entirely the fluidic cord that attached it to the body. This, by the way, was an accomplishment of the medieval sorcerers. This dangerous practise led de Guaita to madness and death; it led the poet Dubus to madness and death; and, at one time, Laurent Tailhade was cared for in a madhouse. My memory goes back to those strange nights when de Guaita sent his soul out to fight strange battles. His chief enemy was a renegade priest, Boullan by name, who dwelt in Lyons. Now, the curious thing is that Boullan began to utter wild complaints down there in Lyons; he averred that de Guaita was sending him from Paris subtle poisons that stifled him and burned him to the quick. Jules Bois, I remember, took sides for the priest of Lyons and he and de Guaita fought a duel out near Meudon. One of the seconds was Victor Hugo's nephew, Paul Foucher. Laurent Tailhade was another. They will tell you, as I, that though the pistols came from an expert gunmaker's and were loaded by an army officer, yet only one went off — it was that of de Guaita and his bullet found its mark. Jules Bois fired, but the bullet never left his pistol; and the sorcerer, a lean man with eyes blue as steel, laughed, laughed——

Photograph by Pirou, Paris, France.

THE GREAT CHARCOT.

And that evening he said: "Oh, I had made my pact with the people across the frontier!"

He believed that in exchange for certain teachings and assistance and the gift of certain powers, his body and soul were mortgaged to those people, as he called them, across the frontier. So far as the body was concerned he meant the sudden death—that

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pseudo *angina pectoris*—which carried off so many sorcerers ancient and modern; Irving Bishop, for example, and the great Charcot himself. Well, that sudden death took him, and took, as well, the blithe actress Susanne Gay, whom he married and led with him into the vertigo of sorcery and death. These are not pleasant memories. They may, however, lift for you a corner of the veil that hides the occult life of this modern Paris, the city of enigma. Would you look farther? I have come close to stormy and mystic adventures in this occult world of Paris; I have seen men die and men go mad in their attempts to explore the land beyond the frontier, that cloudy land of superstitions, of hopes and terrors, where the unknown forces flit to and fro. It is not well to adventure there. The practise of magic is dangerous. It is the most perfidious of psychic intoxicants.

The dark forces which science recognizes, but does not define, exercise marvelous attraction on minds of a certain order. In scores of temples they are worshiped under different names. I know a little temple in Bruges where the followers of Lucifer gather, and not far from the Pantheon in Paris there is an altar to Pandœmon. This may seem grotesque; perhaps it is, but it is formidable.

It need hardly be said that the rites wherewith Lucifer is worshiped are hid in much mystery. A couple of years ago I visited one of the "chapels"; it was in the rue Rochechouart. The Black Mass, which I have no desire to describe, was celebrated. It was Friday at three o'clock. Over the altar was a winged figure of Lucifer, amid flames; he trampled under foot a crocodile—symbol of the Church. A few days ago I found the chapel closed. Only after patient research did I find the new abode of the Satanists. Their chapel now is in a great new apartment-house at No. 22 rue du Ruisseau, within the shadow of the cathedral of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre. As of old, Satan is worshiped; every Friday the Luciferians gather. I could name many of them—men not unknown in the learned professions. Some of them have influence enough to secure, now and then, a right of midnight entry to the catacombs; there amid skulls and bones, with orgies I do not care to describe, they have worshiped the spirit of evil—calling upon Baphomet, upon Lucifer and Beelzebub and Ashtoroth and Moloch, with cries and wailing hysteria. This attempt to reestablish the worship of the Fallen Archangel is, I think, the most remarkable manifestation of modern occultism.

HOPE-MERCHANTS; AND THE SPIRITISTS

Palmists, star-gazers, somnambulists, fortune-tellers by cards, clairvoyants—these are the humble dealers in hope; for a silver dollar or a *louis d'or* they retail little fragments of futurity to the curious. Never have they swarmed so in the great cities. The poorest hamlet has its witch. The parlor-maid is no more believing than the queen. The Czar was not the only disciple of Philippe, the hypnotic prophet; others he found in the courts of Austria and England. Where of old royalty kept its court fool, it keeps to-day its fortune-teller. Sometimes men, usually women, these prophets and prophetesses have at their tongue's end all the jargon of the new science of the marvelous. The old play with the cards is complicated with magnetic lethargy. Second sight and clairvoyance are dignified with theories of the exteriorization of intelligence. Astrology has found new scientific apologists. Dr. Gillespie and Mr. Balfour have constated the effects of the constellations upon bodily health; it is only one step back to the belief of the old astrologers; the moon, which has so potent an influence on the tides, on madmen and lovers, is a cousin of the stars. And the world throngs to the star-gazer; robed in blue he stands near his sphere of the heavens—the room is painted blue, the hangings, the furniture, all things there are blue, the color of the sky; in a dull whisper he recites the warnings of the stars. One evening I met the star-gazer (stripped then of his professional garb) at the house of the magnetizer Jacob. One of Jacob's "subjects" was a black-eyed little woman. She wanted to know what was in the future for her. She gave the star-gazer the date of her birth; and for a while he mused. At last he said:

"Madame, beware of wild beasts!"

The little woman was the first to laugh, her black eyes snapping; for there are many dangers in the Batignolles, but the panther does not prowl there nor do tigers stroll casually abroad. We mocked the star-gazer, and he, being a strange, visionary peasant, had no repartee at hand. It was nearly a year later that I read of that ghastly performance at the Cirque d'Hiver. A hypnotic subject in a state of trance had been exhibited in a cage of wild beasts. For some nights the

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animals had respected the deathlike catalepsy. Then, inexplicably and all together, they had rushed upon the wretched woman and torn her with teeth and claws. She was carried to the hospital—rags and ribbons of flesh. I do not know if she died; but the star-gazer's warning came to mind. Coincidence? If you like.

It recalls the "coincidence" of the old scientist Chevreul, who lived one hundred skeptical years. "I believe only in facts," was his favorite phrase; and it was into his matter-of-fact life that one of those modern, scientific ghosts, of which the American professor spoke that night in the rue d'Athènes, came—not without irony. M. Chevreul had been working late. He started to leave his study for his bedroom. He saw—distinctly saw—the door of his chamber barred by a sort of phantom. There it stood, immobile. The old scientist was not frightened. He looked at his watch.

"A quarter of three in the morning."

Then, examining the phantom, he went back to his table and wrote:

"A sort of truncated cone surmounted by a sphere."

Having made this note he walked through the ghost and went to bed; the next morning he learned that at the hour he had noted the spectral thing, a friend, unseen for years, had died, leaving him his library.

"Coincidence," old Chevreul said.

The modern necromancers deal most in hope and consolation; they fill the future with bright expectations and useful warnings; they bring messages from the dead whom love has not forgotten; it is hard to see that they do much harm. Paris, the city of light and laughter, is dotted over with spiritualistic temples—there is a notable one in the rue Saint Jacques; another is in the rue des Martyrs. One and all they derive from the Fox sisters who amazed New York a half-century ago. Among the faithful are such men as Sardou—himself a medium—and Saint-René Taillandier, the French envoy to Morocco, and Camille Flammarion. If they are to be believed—and why not?—the ghosts are more active in unbelieving Paris than in any other city at this present moment. Jean Lorrain, the novelist, assures me that their activity is a menace to workaday life. For a long time he called them and they came; now they come unbidden; cold hands are laid upon him in the dark. And Paul Adam, that great, serene man, was troubled for a year by the attacks of larvæ, which whispered disturbing suggestions to him.

Spiritualism is the successor of the mediæval occultism and of the older magic. Today science, without accepting its manifestations, studies them; and in these troubled waters almost all the facts upon which the new metapsychics is founded have been fished up. Like magnetism it has drawn the attention of physicians to the phenomena of induced sleep and has given many of the data for the study of hypnosis and suggestion. The mediums, who believe, like the ancient pythonesses, that they are possessed by foreign spirits, have served for the study of the change of personality and telepathy. And it has shown that the prodigies, diabolic and divine, recorded in all early religions were not so fabulous as the critical fancied. At all events science admits that there is a force—call it psychic as Crookes does, neuric with Baretz, vital with Baraduc, or the odic force of Reichenbrach—a force which can be measured and described, which leaves its mark on the photographic plate, which emanates from every living being, which acts at a distance, which saves or destroys. Plato knew it. Great wizards like Cardan made use of it. The charlatans like Cagliostro blundered upon it. The scientists have the last word.

A force, I have said, which leaves its mark upon the photographic plate.

Sir William Crookes photographed his ghostly visitant, Katie King; and there lies before me a very curious photograph of a young woman, sitting at table over a book, while behind her looms a vague phantasmal figure of a hooded woman. Colonel de Rochas, of the Polytechnic School of France, vouches for its authenticity. He was one of a committee of scientists appointed to investigate this curious case. More interesting in a scientific way is the work of Major Darget, of the Third Cuirassiers, stationed at Tours. He is the discoverer of the N rays. It is worthy of remark that at first the theory of N rays was not accepted by the French Academy of Science, presented as it was by M. Blondlot with insufficient proof. The experiments of Major Darget have forced its acceptance. Without entering into a long explanation, it may be said that science expects a great deal from fluidic photography. And what are these N rays? A light, of course; Major Darget calls it human magnetism. In a dark room by pressing to his forehead a photographic film—and even without

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contact—he has procured a picture of the object on which his thoughts were bent—for example a satyr's head. Coins laid upon a film in a dark bath have been photographed by the touch of his magnetic fingers. And I have seen a very strange photograph of anger—a gray and swirling storm, cut with livid lines.

What is acquired?

This much: the magnetic, or vital, fluid makes its mark on a photographic film; laid upon the body of the dead the film is unaffected. (And in this way by use of the N-ray test premature burial is done away with.) The deductions drawn by Major Darget are these: The vital fluid seems to have its reservoir, as it were, in the brain; thence it circulates through the body by the nerve-canals, notably to the fingers; it seems to be both positive and negative; it envelops the body as mineral magnetism does steel, and it is this envelope which constantly absorbs the universal fluid, digests and vitalizes it. Now, the atmosphere, which is a mineral, also absorbs the universal fluid and releases it as electricity. The same thing is true of the vegetable world. Major Darget has magnetized plants, forcing them to a growth far greater than that of their neighbors of the same soil and sun. Investigation along these lines may lead the scientist to stranger truths.

In France it was Allan Kardec who gave to spiritualism a philosophy and a creed, declaring for the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the persistence of individuality and multiple existences—an ascent through many lives to ultimate perfection; and notably, affirming the certitude of communication between the living and the dead. His most conspicuous disciple was P. G. Leymarie, whose son is to-day at the head of the spiritualistic organization. The headquarters are at No. 42 rue Saint Jacques. A board of spirit experts is connected with this institution and passes upon the genuineness of spiritual manifestations of all kinds—apparitions, spirit rappings, spirit photographs, etc. M. Leymarie has discovered many a rogue; more than once a flashlight photograph has recorded the discomfiture of a "medium," dressed in a phosphorescent shroud or manipulating a mask. French spiritualism is a positive science; and if it aims to furnish material and palpable proofs of the existence of the soul, it is merciless in its exposure of fraud.

An important sect of occultists is that of the Martinists, of which Dr. Encausse ("Papus") is the head. The order was founded by Claude de Saint-Martin. Its temple is at No. 13 rue Seguier in the Latin quarter; a strange temple with a presiding sphinx and cabalistic inscriptions. The society has spread world-over. There are branches of it throughout the United States, where the Delegate General is Mrs. Peake, of Sandusky, Ohio. Dr. Encausse is not only a proficient in occult magic; he is also a magnetic experimenter. The École Magnétique of Dr. Durville is in the rue Saint Merri—at No. 25; there, by the laying on of hands, men and women are cured. It is the practical application of Major Darget's theory of magnetic fluids—N-ray healing.

These are strange days to live in.

Ghosts affront the camera, as M. Sardou attests; unto M. Fernand Desmoulins ghosts come, as he sits blindfolded in his studio, and guide his unwitting hand while it draws their ghostly faces; to another man this thing happened—upon the soft plaster laid before him and others, ghosts impressed their hands and faces, leaving—not death-masks—but ghost-masks. Strange days to live in; and all one can say is that these phenomena and others—for which in old days sorcerers were burned at the stake—are now, admittedly, within the sphere of scientific investigation.

It was in the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street; they were talking of the Cock Lane ghost—so it was long ago.

Squire Boswell asked a question.

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul, sir?"

Dr. Johnson nodded his wise old head.

"Sir, I should like more evidence of it," he replied.

In the same spirit the modern scientists have approached the question of the invisible world and the play of occult forces; they are collecting evidence; one thing only they know—everything is possible.

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AN ITALIAN RAI
WAY STATION- FRONTIE
GUARD WAITING FOR THE T. A. S.

Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The great opportunity of Italy, to free herself and encourage the world, is here set forth by Mr. Russell in the course of his powerful series. Italy has been starved by brutal, avaricious financiering, but it is a nation of irrepressible resourcefulness. The worst exponent of Italy's financial suffering is its railroad system, hitherto privately owned; the brightest sign of relief is the recent action of the Government in taking over these railroads with intent to manage them honestly and efficiently. At this appropriate place, Mr. Russell tells of the Irish railroad situation, which nullifies all well-meant efforts to cheer the lot of that "most distressful country the world has ever seen." He discusses the British railroad situation and celebrates the far-sighted policy of France, where railroads are governmentally controlled, not owned—on the theory that they are public highways like the streets, and where, moreover, government acquisition almost automatically results from greedy or shiftless management.

CHAPTER IX

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP FACES A SEVERE TEST IN ITALY

ONE morning at Florence, two or three years ago, they were trying to start the train for Genoa. All trains were hard to start at Florence, but this train seemed possessed of an evil and perverse spirit of delay beyond ordinary calculations. The day was hot, the station crowded, and the fierce scramble in the baggage-room, the jostling and shouting of passengers struggling to get their baggage registered, the mad racing up and down the platform to find a car with a seat in it, the incessant running footsteps of trainmen and porters, and the confusion that seemed as

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hopeless as purposeless added unnecessarily to the temperature. The train was made up at Florence, its destination was only 102 miles away, by some misconception of speech it was termed "rapid," and yet it was tardy in starting, and every experienced traveler knew that it would be tardier with the passing hours. The station was like an oven, the cars were filthy and unventilated, the uproar and too evident lack of order and mastery would have been trying to the most serene composure. A full half-hour after the scheduled leaving time, with a final outburst from excited guards, conductors, station men, and soldiers, the thing got under way. And then, in a corner of my compartment a weary citizen, I think from Indiana, polished his steaming forehead, looked out upon Giotto's tower, now growing slighter in the distance, and said:

"Well, we mayn't know a heap about art, but we can railroad."

And his friend and compatriot glanced at the sagging racks overhead from which tottering valises threatened him with imminent loss of his life, at the unkempt car and ancient upholstery, and from the depths of a solemn conviction panted:

"You bet!"

They were of a mind with the rest of us. Of all the countries of Europe wherein Americans make pilgrimage, Italy had (in those days) the most abominable railroad service. Nothing was good about it; it was not even quick enough to get you with merciful speed out of your misery, and a needlessly irritating feature was the inveterate lateness of the trains. Americans amused themselves by speculating on the occult purpose of making time-tables, since no one heeded them. I kept a record during three months of residence in Italy and noted but one train that did anything on time. That was a train from Como to Milan, which left as advertised.

In those days all Italy was divided into three parts so far as the railroad loot was concerned. A company called the Rhætia-Mediterranean took about half of the peninsula, another company called the Rhætia-Adriatic took the other half, and a third company owned all the lines in Sicily. That was all. It was a good thing—for the companies. Originally the roads had been built, equipped, and operated by the Government, but after a time, for some reason, Italy abandoned the railroad business and turned the lines over to private capital. The companies having this gold-mine thus cleanly prepared for them did nothing but work it—at the public expense. With no vestige of competition anywhere, they did as they pleased. Persons that lived in Texas when Jay Gould got the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain railroads will appreciate the situation in Italy. So will some other persons.

INTERIOR OF A UNITED STATES POSTAL CAR.

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AN ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAIN.

The equipment on the Italian roads was generally inferior. These are not the words usually applied to it by an indignant public, but they will convey the idea. Some of the locomotives in use were museum curiosities and some were so much junk. The magnificent machines of the French roads or the new American-type engines of the Swiss Government used to whirl the through trains down to the Italian frontier, and a special Providence cared for them the rest of the way. Coming north the French railroad officers always expected the trains to be delivered to them late and made according arrangements that were seldom unjustified.

The stations in Italy were mostly antique and inconvenient, and except in the main through lines the road-beds were like those we have out West in those unlucky regions where the Milwaukee and the Northwestern come to an agreement about skinning the people. Usually trains moved so slowly that the most one could say with confidence was that they were better than walking. I lived for a time in a town eighteen miles from Naples, and we used to go up to the city by fast express trains in an hour and a quarter; other trains, two hours. The idea seemed to be barely to beat the time of a carriage and pair, but the race must have been close. I have seen performances in making up and switching Italian trains that were far funnier than vaudeville. Once I waited thirty-five minutes on a station platform while the engineer amused himself in alternate conversations with a friend at the water-tank and delib-

ARRIVAL OF A FRENCH TRAIN AT CALAIS, SHOWING PORTERS COLLECTING HAND LUGGAGE.

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COMPARTMENT IN AN ENGLISH RAILWAY-COACH, FIRST CLASS.

erate preparations to pick up two cars on a sidetrack. No one seemed to care. All men understood that the companies existed to gouge what they could and for no other purpose. Robberies of travelers' baggage occurred daily; they had grown to a national scandal, and persons going to Italy were solemnly warned by Baedeker and others to keep their belongings constantly in sight. The only way to be sure that your trunks would not be forced and plundered in transit was to send them through a forwarding agency, which insured them against theft and sent an armed man to guard them to their destination. If you sent your baggage in the ordinary way, you had one chance in five that it would go through unrobbed. The train service was insufficient as well as slow and uncomfortable. In winter first-class cars were supposed to be heated by a can of hot water placed upon the floor. On this you were to place your feet, the apparent design being that if the rest of your body froze your feet at least might be rescued—possibly for identification. The idea seems somewhat vague, but in any case it was fallacious for the reason that the water-cans were invariably cold. Those of merry soul used to say that they were iced, and the cars had some function in cold-storage or refrigeration. The Italian people, who are just as honest, capable, and desirous of good as any of the rest of mankind, chafed under all these inflictions which they were powerless to remedy. The tripartite division of the graft blocked every reform. It was a "gentlemen's agreement" of the perfect kind; it was a "traffic arrangement" and a "harmonious understanding about territory" carried to the logical limit of such things. If the Italians did not like the service they could leave it, and often in that respect the situation used to remind us of home.

All this, of course, relates chiefly to passenger traffic, and has bearing on the comfort, satisfaction, and purses of individuals whose troubles were not always compulsory. Hence they are considerations of little moment compared with the status of the nation in the life-and-death struggle of industrial development. Far more important were the complaints of shippers and consumers incessantly raised against the delays, the slow deliveries, the high rates,* and the maddening annoyances of poor service. Italy in the last seven years has had a notable business awakening, but I think it has been more hampered by bad railroad service than by any other cause. Not even the heavy taxes were a burden comparable with that.

From the straight path of my narrative I have digressed here a little to make plain the most interesting problem of the day concern-

* About the rates some allowance should be made. The cost of construction of some of the Mediterranean lines, for instance, was enormous. The road from Spezia to Genoa was hewn through solid rock most of the way. In fifty-seven and a half miles there are twenty-two tunnels, a piece of construction unparalleled in the world.

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AN ITALIAN RAILWAY TRAIN. IT MAY BE SEEN THAT THE QUALITY OF EQUIPMENT IS NOT FAR ABOVE THAT OF OUR BAGGAGE-CARS.

LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY TRAINS IN THE RUNNING-SHEDS.

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ing public and private ownership. The Italian people grew very weary of the tripartite sharing of their country, the leases expired, and early last year the Italian Government rather astonished the world by taking over the whole railroad system. And now the question is whether a government, poor, not very capable, burdened by enormous expenditures in other directions, with a huge armament astride its neck, with archaic and feudal forms clogging its feet—whether it can master the financial and physical difficulties involved. The price paid for the rolling stock, improvements, and claims was $120,000,000.

The Socialists instantly began the Government's troubles by a fierce assault upon this price, which they declared was monstrously extravagant and amounted to an appropriation of the public funds for private profit. They declared that the Government had played into the hands of the companies, which for years had enjoyed too great opportunities for plunder. Unluckily they had some demonstrations of facts and figures of an unanswerable kind, and the Government did not make a particularly gallant showing under the assault.

But the thing is done, and now the Government is on trial with its use of the system it has acquired.

On the answer it makes much depends for Italy. It is strange, and to many observers it has been perplexing, but the old vital principle is so strong in the Italian race that year by year, against the burden of the most untoward conditions, it rises in the scale of wealth, progress, and material success. In spite of the great tide of emigration, in spite of taxes calculated to crush to earth any other people, in spite of a ridiculous clinging to medieval ideas of government, the population increases, the general wealth grows.

If now there could be a system of transportation for the great agricultural products and increasing manufactures of Italy, a system that would give the thrifty farmers a chance to get their produce handled promptly, cheaply, and without discrimination, in the next ten years the Italians would show a development to make the world marvel. A nation that can carry their present load and still thrive under it has enormous possibilities if ever it win anything like a fair chance. And in the fulness of time the fair chance must come to the most tried of nations.

CHAPTER X

GREED AND THE STARVING PEASANTS

THE Italian railroad service illustrates one extreme of private ownership in Europe, and the best systems of France and of England illustrate the other. All the English railroads and ninety per cent. of the French are privately owned. In this respect England and France stand almost alone; practically all the rest of Europe has gone over to public ownership in the matter of railroads. Three in four Englishmen will predict to you that in a few years, five, ten, twenty at the most, their Government will absorb all the English roads. I do not know; but the public-ownership movement in England is so tremendous that the prophecy seems safe. After observing for a time its most radical phases I should not think extravagant any prediction about that movement. It might achieve almost any development.

But when the English Government undertakes to gather these railroads it will have its hands full of the task, as you shall see.

It is very much the custom in our country to regard our problems as peculiar to ourselves. We are not accustomed, for instance, to think that any other country has its struggles with corporations, money mania, the "System," corruption, political debauchery, influence, the monstrous cruelty, rapacity, and savagery of awakened and organized greed; but in truth these conditions are world-wide. Some differences of names, some of methods are to be seen here and there, but the essential principle of the contest between the decent instincts of man and his gainful appetites remain the same under whatsoever sophistical disguise. We do not officially admit that human slavery exists on the Kongo and in the South African mines, but we know perfectly well that it does exist in those regions and differs nothing from the human slavery that we suppressed by our Civil War. We do not hear much about political and official corruption in other countries, Italy and Russia, for instance, but sometimes it is as richly developed abroad as here. In the same way, to come to the instances I have in mind, the recent Cunard Line contract in England, the contract by which the Government used the national funds to supply a private corporation with new ships, was as rank an example of pull and influence as anything we have achieved—as rank, and somewhat ranker. It outdoes our fat mail

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subsidies to Mr. Morgan's American Line, or our Government's tenderness for the Beef Trust. Nothing could make it worse except the defense offered for it. We are told it was advisable to help a British company to compete with the fast new German boats. If that argument were good for anything you could defend with it any perversion of government functions for private profits.

Or consider that singular alliance between the British Government and the British Telephone Trust, a thing that has a hall-mark both familiar and evil. The Telephone Trust has certain lines and the Government has certain other lines, and the agreement, as reported in the London newspapers, is "to prevent rate-cutting and provide a division of territory." It is hard to see what more any trust could ask of any government. The British Telephone Trust is an offensive and grasping monopoly; it exacts exorbitant rates and it meddles with politics for its own great gains, and now it seems to have secured the Government for its partner. We have seen in the story of the fight at Tunbridge Wells how the Trust manipulated elections and how in its schemes against the citizens it had the national post-office department for accessory. These things do not look as if the British corporations needed instruction from our own nor as if the situation in Great Britain were essentially different from the situation in the United States. No, nor anywhere else. What are all these terrible revelations of the so-called "Labor Trade" in the Pacific Islands but so much evidence of the universal struggle? There is no corner of the world in which the problem of keeping greedy hands from the throat of free government is not chronic and growing.

The British railroad companies have shown that in these matters they are at least as acute and intelligent as other corporations. Some years ago a movement reached Parliament to compel the railroads to furnish their cars with automatic safety-couplers, like ours. You must know that almost the only persons killed on the ably managed British railroads are employees, and most of these are killed while coupling cars. I may observe in passing that the only place in the world where such killings are regarded as very important is Switzerland. But some humane Englishmen did agitate for improvement, as they so often do, and the necessary bill was introduced. The companies opposed it because of the expense involved; killing employees is always cheaper than providing safety appliances. The companies pulled two or three wires in Parliament, and the bill was killed. I suppose the methods of its killing were similar to those that the Standard Oil Company has used successfully whenever the British Parliament has attempted to raise the "flash-point" test for oil. Not necessarily bribery, practical or moral, but the kind of manipulation and subtle influence that keeps the American Congress from dealing with the American railroad question. We have our "Guardians of the Passes" in the United States Senate, and Great Britain has its Parliamentary good friends of the corporations.

Or to take another illustration. The weight limit of a parcel you can send through the American mails is four pounds; that of a parcel you can send through the British mails is eleven pounds. In America, Mr. Platt and the express companies (owned by railroad directors) for their own profit keep down the limit; anything more than four pounds you must send by the express companies. In Great Britain the railroad companies keep down the limit for the same reason; anything more than eleven pounds you must send by railroads. We agitate for an enlarged parcels post; so do our British friends. The express companies defeat us, and the railroad companies defeat them.

I conclude, therefore, that if the sanguine British prediction is ever fulfilled and the British Government is ever so transformed that it will seriously purpose to dispossess the British railroad companies, it will have enough of a job to keep its interest from flagging. When the British Government absorbed the telegraph lines it paid for them just ten times the amount invested in them. The British railroad companies are powerful enough and clever enough to do at least as well as that.

The privately owned railroad system of Great Britain is excellent; it affords speedy and efficient transportation; the service is extensive and safe. British railroad trains are generally fast, and accidents are few; even in such a tremendous traffic as that out of Waterloo Station in London the accidents are amazingly few. Rates are high. Merchants and shippers complain much about the freight tariffs, which are pretty steep, but the cost of building the English roads was great. I do not know that the rates are unreasonable in view of the fact that grade crossings are rare and so much of the lines is constructed through towns and cities on great masonry

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arches. The restraint of the railroad companies is in the hands of the Government Board of Trade, which has some genuine jurisdiction over rates and management: it does what that comical and fatuous body, the Interstate Commerce Commission, is supposed to do for us and does not. Hence, in Great Britain rebates, discriminations, and secret contracts are hard to get. Yet they are to be had and are had. Wherever in this world two railroad companies are scrambling for the same shipments there will be rebates or something answerable to them. Their absence would be like a vacuum, a thing abnormal. The human mind has not yet been ingenious enough to prevent these things. Shippers do not choose one line or another because of scenic attractions. I have heard railroad men assure the Interstate Commerce Commission that this was the basis for the shippers' preference, but everybody except the commission knew they were lying.

Where the rebate enters the English railroad system is chiefly through the convenient loophole called "underbilling," a thing extremely common in our own country when railroad companies wish to grant secret favors to heavy shippers. Underbilling, you understand, is shipping goods under one classification when they belong under another. The American Beef Trust underbills about one-third of the freight it ships. Dressed beef has a higher rate by the hundred pounds than the rates charged for lard and the other things called "packing-house products." Therefore, whenever it can, the Trust ships its dressed beef as "lard" or "packing-house products." * The same thing is done in England and wherever else are railroad companies competing for business. We have much more of it than England has and for a simple reason. Both countries seek to suppress the practise; but in England the law is enforced upon offenders when they are caught; with us it is not. While I was in London one of the courts had before it a citizen of an eminent respectability charged with shipping bird-cages as "hardware"—hardware taking a lower rate. He was convicted in less than an hour, if I remember correctly, and the fine assessed upon him would make an American rebate-grabber gasp.

The English Government insists upon regulating the railroads, not being regulated by them. It can order the railroads to reduce any rate that seems excessive, and the reduction goes without any injunction tagged to it.

I have in mind now a hearing by the Interstate Commerce Commission of some charge involving the whole great principle of transport equality—keeping the highways open, you know. One of the commissioners slumbers gently, his mouth agape, his head tilting rearward. Mr. Marchand, the attorney for the commission, has on the stand a witness that, having committed perjury five times in the last ten minutes, has fleeting glimpses of the penitentiary and is exceedingly uneasy in consequence. The course of the examination drives toward the extent of the rebate system. Mr. Marchand is extracting it bit by bit. We are on the verge of finding out why the highways are not open, when some commissioner suddenly pipes up:

"Mr. Marchand, what do you expect to prove by all this?"

Mr. Marchand says he expects to prove so-and-so.

"Well," says the commissioner, "I think it is unimportant. The witness has already answered your questions. We will proceed to something else."

They would not understand that in England where the useful use of making a loud noise and doing nothing would seem to lack the development and finish we have given to it. In England inquiries about railroad charges are conducted in the manner of an English court—short, sharp, thorough, and impartial. The Government not only believes that the highways of the nation's commerce should be kept open to all on equal terms, but with the deeds that back up words it keeps them open in that fashion. Hence the British public fares with its railroads immensely better than we fare. The British railroad system has its faults, but they look like virtues when compared with the knock-down and drag-out methods we tolerate from American railroads.

And yet, strangely enough, this subject embraces one of the most instructive examples I have ever found of the huge evils wrought by corporation greed, an example that shows once more how needless is poverty, how wanton and inexcusable is the suffering inflicted by man upon man.

For many years the state of the people of Ireland has caused great concern to the thoughtful in England and elsewhere. The soil of Ireland is very fertile, the climate is good, the inhabitants are industrious. The

* See Official Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission Hearing, Chicago, October 12–16, 1904. Nothing was ever done about the revelations made at that hearing.

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country should be very rich; it is very poor. The population should increase; it dwindles alarmingly. Ireland could support forty million people; it does support only five millions. The first causes of these conditions, forming on the whole the most frightful story in history, are outside of my present province. Years of agitation and appeal, backed by the too eloquent census figures and other eloquent things, have forced some small measure of relief. The terrible pressure of landlordism has been a little relaxed; the old system of ruling Ireland like a conquered and rebellious province has been reformed; the more humane purpose seems at last to have prevailed; in Michael Davitt's excellent phrase, feudalism has met a tardy downfall; for the first time in centuries there is some recognition of the simplest ideas of justice.

And now, what?

And now the greed of corporations and the thirst for gain among the powerful step in to nullify these benefits. It is true. By a kind of fiendish malignity, just as poor old Ireland, so long held to the grindstone, plundered, maltreated, and garroted, sees now a glimpse of some possible prosperity, the railroad companies bar the way with extortions. Legislation that would have released the railroad clutch at her throat would have been more useful to Ireland than this Land Purchase Act that everybody praises and nobody understands. "At last Ireland has a chance!" cried the world's press when that act was passed. The bitterest irony in the world is of unconscious phrase. The chance thus rapturously hailed for the Irish people, or for most of them, was a chance to starve.

Let us see. In present conditions the one opportunity for the Irish farmer is in dairy products. For these he has exceptional advantages, a moist, moderate climate, and rich pastures. Irish butter is probably the best in the world; its flavor is marvelous, to quote Jeremy Stickles. Here is an enormous market for dairy products right at Ireland's door; for London and most of England must import butter. The distance is short, the transit is quick. Ireland can raise almost unlimited quantities of dairy products—and yet Irish butter, for all its excellence, is rare in England. Of what use is land to the Irish farmer if he cannot get his products to market? He might as well be on a coral reef in the Pacific. It is the rates charged on the Irish railroads that shut him in like walls. Here are a multiplicity of small lines, separate companies, all owned in England. The stockholders have no concern except to get their dividends regularly and in large sizes. The arrangements for through transportation are defective. Each little road maintains its own gouging tariff, each insists upon its own pound of flesh; the resulting charges are probably without a parallel except in some remote and mountainous regions.

In the markets of England the Irish farmer must compete with the dairymen of Denmark and Holland. He is prepared to do that if he can have any fair chance. But a Danish farmer thirty miles from Copenhagen can transport his butter from his farm to London for less than the average Irish farmer must pay to the nearest seaport in Ireland. You can send Danish butter from Copenhagen to Cork more cheaply than you can send Irish butter thirty miles by rail in most parts of Ireland. You can even bring Danish butter by steamer to an English port and then deliver it by rail to any city in England for less than the Irishman often pays to his seaboard. Naturally the Hollander, being nearer than the Dane, has a still greater advantage, and naturally, also, Dutch and Danish butters dominate the English butter imports. In these conditions the Irish farmer is tied hand and foot and delivered to his enemies; for what is true of his butter is true of everything else he can produce for sale. He is, therefore, reduced to the primitive state of raising things only for his own consumption, which in a country like Ireland, of narrowly limited products, means that he lives on potatoes and milk—an exceedingly thin diet whereon to rear men and women.

In the meantime, kind souls in England favor the unlucky peasant with much suggestion as to what he should and should not do. Why doesn't he go in for sugar-beets? They are so profitable. A French farmer cleared £4 an acre with sugar-beets. Why doesn't he raise tobacco? The soil of Ireland is exactly suited to tobacco. And then there is always flax—flax is the thing for Ireland. And if he would only try a diversity of crops he would do well. Let him try rutabagas; there's a fine, rich vegetable. And none of these prescriptions being taken, the doctors presently give up the patient and announce that if the Irish peasant is poor his poverty is his own fault, for he will make no effort to better himself. I have observed that this comfortable doctrine is of wide and varied application. Are there any poor anywhere in

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the world? Well, why don't they get rich? All they need is the right spirit and proper application. They do not get rich? Then it is no concern of mine. Perhaps they enjoy poverty. And besides, Providence knows what is best for them. Shall I fly in the face of Providence?

An Irish friend of mine has made a collection of pamphlets, editorials, articles, newspaper letters, addresses and lectures, showing how easily Ireland can be made prosperous if the peasants will only do this or the other or something else. It is a sweet showing. None of these doctors seems ever to have reflected that it would do an Irish peasant no good to have a million sugar-beets if he could move them nowhere, nor that very likely the Irish peasant could take care of himself if he had some kind of a chance in the world.

You can see now how wise was the German Government when it said "whoever controls the transportation service of a country controls that country." Very little of the world's struggle escapes the notice of the astute helmsmen of German fortunes. When all has been said that can be said against the German system, at least this remains, that in no corner of the German Empire could a community be throttled by the overgreed of a railroad corporation, as the Irish dairy farmers are throttled.

Of course the stockholders of the little Irish railroads are not consciously trying to oppress the peasants. But they must have their sacred dividends; and how the dividends are secured is, after all, you know, the affair of the managers, who would promptly lose their places if the dividends were not forthcoming. I suppose most of the stockholders in the Rand gold-mines are not consciously establishing human slavery in South Africa; the stockholders of American railroads are not deliberately violating the law to help the American Beef Trust. But the oppression is there, the slavery is there, the Beef Trust thrives, and all these things come about through corporation iniquity, which we have agreed to regard as something very different from individual crime.

Yet you see that poverty, want, destitution, misery, darkness, bad air, bad food, stunted bodies, stunted minds, are not the normal conditions of mankind. The soil of Ireland is fertile enough to support in comfort eight times the Irish population. Around London is enough land to give every tallow-face in Stepney a decent home. *The starving peasant of Ireland and the starving creature in the subcellars of Stepney are alike the products of the abnormalities of greed, in one case of the grasping railroad companies, in the other of the feudal land system. Let us shut our eyes to both and, plunging cheerily along our accustomed way, trust to luck. After us the deluge. Nothing in this world so sure as the revenge of the slum upon the race that tolerates it. But our children must pay the bill, not we.*

CHAPTER XI

A SYSTEM OF STREET CONTROL WITHOUT OWNERSHIP

THEY order these matters better in France.

In these days the real measure of any nation's success is what it does to protect the weak from the strong, to defeat greed, and to secure for its citizens freedom and opportunity. Of the resulting contest are a thousand aspects that might be considered with as much profit, but I take the transportation system as a type, and still more because it is through the miscontrol of our transportation system that we have suffered most. The heart of our Trust troubles is there; the birth of the "System" was there, and the origin of all our colossal and menacing fortunes.

In France nearly all the railroads are owned by private corporations. Of a total trackage of 30,000 miles the companies own about 26,500 miles, the Government only 3,407 miles. Those that believe that the solution of our troubles lies in government control and not in government ownership can find much to interest them in the examples of France and England. In both countries the Government controls but does not operate, but the methods of control are different. In England there is general supervision and regulation; in France the Government takes part in the actual direction, supervises the workings of the lines, and can interfere at any time in any way it sees fit to modify rates or make any other changes it may desire. The French railroads operate under the eye of the National Minister of Public Works; they are essentially attached to his department, and are subject to severe regulations and restrictions that for a very good and sufficient reason they cannot disregard.

There are no perpetual franchises in France, and the Government can for cause forfeit any railroad company's charter and take possession of its property.

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The railroads, therefore, operate with extreme circumspection, the Government's word is final, and there is no chance to manipulate congress or commissions, no federal judges to interfere, no lobbies, and no weird performances by legislatures.

The plan seems to work well.

Eventually all the French railroads will pass into the Government's hands. That is settled by statute. A growing party in France demands that the time be hastened, and their efforts do not add to the confidence of the railroad companies. Hence the railroad problem in France is not acute.

When the time limit shall have expired and the railroads become public property, France will be the richest nation in the world—if, meantime, all goes well.

The present national debt of France is $5,861,800,000. The cost of constructing the railroads the nation is to acquire has been, up to date, $3,800,000,000. Hence when the railroads become the national possession they will almost obliterate the national debt, for they will be acquired without effort and almost without expenditure.

All this is provided for. The first railroad franchises in France were granted in 1823. The experiments were not wholly successful, and the Government took hold to help, for it perceived that railroads would be necessary to public welfare if they could be made to work. In some cases the Government made loans to the companies. In others it guaranteed the interest on their obligations. By 1842 the railroad projects had advanced to a condition in which a network of lines was in sight, nine main railroads, all to center in Paris. To these the national Government contributed substantial aid; it built stations and constructed some of the road-beds. It also obliged the local governments often to assist by contributing needed land.

Partly on the basis of these contributions, and partly because railroads in France are regarded as occupying public highways which can never be alienated from public use, the Government granted each franchise with the stipulation that after ninety-nine years the railroad and all its immovable belongings of whatever description should become the property of the nation without further proceedings and without expense. These belongings are carefully enumerated. They include tracks, road-beds, rights of way, stations, offices, workshops, factories, foundries, all machinery for the installation of power, and storehouses for supplies. The Government is to purchase the rolling-stock at an appraised valuation—provided the company does not owe anything to the Government; if it does the debt is deducted. The company must maintain the standard of its equipment. These were the original franchises. All latter-day provisions have been so made that rolling-stock, tools, and all other possessions of the company shall pass to the Government without purchase.

There are now six great railroad companies in France. The franchises of their main lines will expire at different times between 1950 and 1960, the franchise of subsidiary lines from 1980 to 1985, and the franchises of the Algerian railroads from 1975 to 1978.

In the meantime if the Government be in any haste it can take over any railroad it has appetite for in either of two ways.

It can forfeit the franchise or redeem it, and the Government has done both. Forfeiture is a workable device for failure to fulfil obligations, for becoming a public nuisance, or for other causes. Grave failure in obligations, either as to construction or operation, is a good enough reason to forfeit franchises in France. But in case of forfeiture the state does not seize the offending railroad out of hand. The property is first put up at auction. If no satisfactory bids are made at two offerings the Government assumes the property. The law does not compel it to buy the rolling-stock, but usually it makes the purchase on a valuation fixed by experts.

Forfeiture is the last resource of the offended Government, and not welcomed, though it has been used at times. But the hanging of it over the heads of the companies is a highly beneficent terror, like the similar threat that the city of Boston holds over the Boston street-car lines. A club like that is a handy thing in the governmental house. The decision about forfeiture or no forfeiture rests with the Minister of Public Works. It strikes an American as odd that no courts take a hand in the proceedings and no lawyers hand up choice offerings of verbiage in the shape of briefs. If the railroads think they are badly treated they can appeal, but the appeal is not to the courts, but to the Council of the Prefecture, or to the Council of State. Whatever the Council decides is the final word. The Minister of Public Works is slow to pronounce forfeiture on extensive enterprises, but with good will when there is

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occasion he lays upon the companies heavy monetary fines.

When the redemption weapon is used, the state makes sure that the honest investor does not lose. The schedule of clauses and conditions in the franchises usually indicates the manner of calculating the price of the redemption, which merely means that the Government buys back the franchise it granted. If there is no stipulation, the price is fixed by a commission of award. Hence the Government is in this position: it can wait until the franchise term expires and the fruit falls from the tree, or it can buy back the franchise at an appraised value before the date of expiration. This makes the Government extremely independent and enables it to boss instead of being bossed, which is much more comfortable. In France you would actually think that the railroads were the servants of the country and not its masters. I suppose the French do not know what is good for them.

An odd little feature of this redemption or buying back is that when the price is determined there is no payment of a lump sum, but an annual contribution to the ousted owners until the time when the franchise would have expired. This is estimated on the results of the last seven years of the company's workings, omitting the two worst years and without going below the profits of the last year. Moreover, the company receives whatever would be due it, on the expiration of its franchise, for rolling-stock and tools. The upshot of this is that the stockholder loses nothing, and the Government takes no undue advantage.

By forfeiture and by redemption of franchises the Government has acquired the 3,407 miles of railroad that it now operates. It can redeem, if it should wish, the franchises of any or all of the six great companies, for their original franchises gave it that right after fifteen years, and the fifteen years expired long ago. It is the absolute master of the situation. It can do as it pleases; there is no railroad company in the world that can terrify it or any member of it. If there is any terrifying to be done the Government does it, not the railroads.

The Government of France, which is to say, the people of France, extract many solid advantages from this arrangement.

The railroads must carry free of charge all officers of the national customs and all their assistants when they travel on government business. The Government has representatives of its own connected with the management of each railroad owned by private capital. Their duty is to see that the conduct of the road is in accordance with the instructions of the Minister of Public Works, to whom all the railroads are responsible. These officers not only travel free, but the railroads must bear the cost of their services, the Government being reimbursed in lump charges or by fixed sum for every kilometer traveled by the government officers. The railroads must grant certain concessions in the interest of the public welfare and not connected with government service. Thus all soldiers and sailors, whether traveling in troops or singly, and whether on service or on leave of absence, are charged only one-fourth of the regular fare for themselves, their baggage, and their horses. As in France military service is compulsory and universal, the tax thus imposed upon the companies is rather startling. When the armies are mobilized or concentrated for transporting them and all required war material the entire resources of all the railroads are at the disposal of the Government at half price.

With the pass bribery nuisance France deals in summary fashion. Railroads have no chance to win the good-will of French deputies and senators by surreptitious favors. Every French senator and deputy has by law an annual pass on every railroad. This the Government compels the railroads to furnish. Then the Government deducts for the pass ten francs a month from the pay of the senator or deputy. The railroads get nothing. That is the extent of that performance. The passes are provided to afford the senators and deputies opportunity to acquaint themselves with conditions in the country and every part of it.

The president of the republic must be transported on public business at the expense of the railroads. That is the law, and the service entails no kind of obligation on the president's part. Even if the companies were to furnish him with a special train of beautiful cars, that would mean nothing, because they are obliged to transport him with their best devices anyway.

The railroad companies must operate their trains to suit the Government, and they must build branch and connecting lines wherever and whenever the Government directs. Often the companies groan in anguish over this provision, because the Government is continually ordering the building of branch lines

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to places where there is no profitable traffic. The pained companies sometimes accuse deputies of bringing in bills for these extensions for the sole purpose of increasing their popularity with their constituents, just as an American Congressman moves for new rural free delivery routes. I do not know how true this may be. In the view of the Government it is unimportant whether true or false. In the Government's view no unnecessary lines are ever constructed. If they are not profitable now, they will be profitable hereafter. And besides the companies gouge enough profits from their main lines to enable them to contribute something to the public welfare. You will observe that the widows and orphans of the French Wall Street get very little consideration from this Government.

The railroads must give every facility for placing and operating the Government's telegraph lines that run beside every railroad track, and must carry free of charge all officers charged with the direction and maintenance of the telegraph service.

They must also do one other thing of notable and instructive interest to every American.

They must transport the mails practically free of charge.

I suppose I have not the space here to go fully into that rottenest of all American grafts, the swindles perpetrated by the railroads in their mail contracts, but to the uninitiated I can at least give an outline of the iniquity.

The United States Government loses every year millions of dollars to the railroads of the country by a process that is till-tapping on a huge scale—till-tapping with a touch of stealing from the person and something of the "kinchin lay" exploited in Mr. Fagin's school of crime.

In the United States, I need hardly say, the Government pays the railroads for transporting the mails, and every mail contract with every railroad is a fraud and a steal.

The railroads charge the Government of the United States two and one-half times as much as they would charge any private person or corporation for exactly the same service. And the Government pays the thieving charge. Year after year it pays it. And not a Congressman will dare to raise a protest against the robbery.

The whole thing is of record. In 1896 the whole swindle was laid bare before a committee of the House of Representatives. Nothing has been done, and nothing will be done so long as in this country we regard a thief as anything but a thief.

From the mass of available illustrations of these matters, I select these:

1. I had in my possession once the affidavit of a Colorado railroad man explaining part of the mail contract game. Once every four years the Government weighs the mail carried on each railroad. The weighing goes on every day for thirty days, and on the resulting average the price is made for the next four years. The time of the weighing is well known to all concerned. This witness, a station agent, swore that at weighing time on his road he used to send old city directories, pieces of coupling-pins, old bolts, and bits of paving stone day by day to the division headquarters of his road and get them all back. A slice of a grindstone, he said, had made the round trip thirteen times in the thirty days. All the stations on his road performed the like tricks, with the result that for the next four years the Government paid for a weight of mails more than ten times as great as was ever carried.

2. The case is well known of a Western Congressman who, in the weighing season of the railroad that elected him, used to frank 50,000 copies of his speeches to St. Louis one day and back to his home the next.

3. A few years ago the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was charging the Government $80,000 and the American Express Company $30,000 a year for the use of its cars in South Dakota. The accommodations given to the Government and the express company were exactly the same. But the weight hauled for the express company was ten times the weight hauled for the Government.

4. The railroad companies own the postal cars and the express cars. They charge the Government from twice to four times as much for hauling a postal car as they charge the express companies for hauling an express car the same distance, and express cars are usually the heavier.

These are mere examples. You can pick up a hundred like them if you go to Washington. The Government is a good thing to the railroads.

Not in France. The French people do not care to have the taxes they pay diverted to the pockets of money-grabbers.

In the April instalment of ***"Soldiers of the Common Good,"*** Mr. Russell will continue his reports to this railroad-ridden people on European progress in the mastering of railroads.

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Marie The Hun

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Sa'-Zada Tales," "The Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrations by Adrien Machefert

THIS is a story of love, and courage, and caste; a man's love, a woman's courage, the caste of the Whites.

In October the Viceroy, who is the *Lat Sahib*, and the "Father and Mother of all India," locked the cool deodar wind of the Himalayas in his despatch-box and brought it to Calcutta. Indigo planters came down from scorched Tirhoot; the racing men came up from Bangalore; Rajas Derbungha and Jhodepore and Patialla filled the smooth, red-marled streets of the city with their barbaric retinues; the circus reared its white walls on the greensward of the maidan; the band played at sundown in Eden Gardens; a moth-eaten company homed at the Corinthian Theatre; the Hungarians fiddled at the "Esplanade"; and John Brainard came up from Phrang.

That Michelangelo might have chiseled something of effect from Brainard's physical excellence didn't matter; that he had chased dacoits for three years, driving the fear of the British Raj deep into the Burma jungles, didn't matter—much, for that was duty; but that his sister was the Commissioner Memsahib *did* matter. And now he had come by his step and was Superintendent of Police at Phrang.

He had killed or transported all the dacoit *Bohs* (chiefs) of his district, and this month in Calcutta he was eating the laurel. For three years the policeman had been deprived of all these many things of *Batalus*, so he had a score to wipe out, with Hammond's help.

Perhaps Brainard *might* have met "Marie the Hun" by Kismet; however, it was Hammond's doing; but had Hammond known what was coming he would have shanghaied Brainard and sent him back to Phrang instead.

Marie was first violin in the Hungarian Band.

The night Brainard and his friend first entered the "Esplanade" they were checked at the door by the low wail of a violin that had hushed to silence the clinking glasses, the shuffle of feet, and the patter of tongues.

On a platform stood a petite figure clad in a medieval German frock; but the dowdy thing of straw-colored silk looped away at the elbows, and along the slim neck of the violin lay a sweet-curved line of ivory. And from the fussy frill at the neck rose an oval face, in which were big, soft, gray eyes that looked across the cedar-shell at Brainard. It is often arranged just that way by the gods.

"That's Marie," Hammond said; "she can touch a man's soul with that old fiddle—she's really a fine musician. She's as sweet as her music, too."

The violin sang itself to sleep with a sigh; and Hammond, taking a vacant table, sent a *khitmutgar* with his salaams to Marie. "There's an intermission," he said to Brainard, "and I've invited Marie and her mother, Frau Theresa, for a sip of wine. Here they come."

Even men who hated Brainard said he was a corking-made one; and when he thrust his magnificent, broad-shouldered strength up from his chair and stood, straight and tall, Marie's eyes lifted in admiration till they met his; then they drooped, and her cheek flushed as though it had been glazed with rose madder. That was the checkmate in this game of life-chess; Psyche finding the love grail of strength in Apollo.

Marie sipped a little of the wine, while Frau Theresa drank it with wise appreciation. Then the leader of the band tapped on the back of his violin, the players hurried to their places on the platform, and the "Turkish Patrol" rose and fell, as though battalions trooped past in the Oriental night; and Brainard, sitting over his wine, saw neither Hammond, nor Host Gruener who came and spoke to his friend, nor anything but the blue-gray jewels that were set in the oval face above the first violin. Like a rare cameo the olive face looked to Brainard.

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As the friends walked home through the broad street that was a lane for the moon, Hammond said: "It's a pity that girl is but a Hungarian fiddler; she's a rare treat—she's like an edelweiss. A dozen of the fellows are daffy over Marie—but it's no use. She's too clean for anything but the love of a good man, and, of course—well, if she were the sister of some bounder in the Service she'd be snapped up quick. I fancy it would take a pretty classy man to win her even as she is—that is, outside of her own caste. She'll wind up by marrying that beery-headed son of Herr Otto, the proprietor of the band."

Brainard said little, but he was thinking unwise things. Being a Brainard, he was streaky. There never was a streak yet, except the yellow, that had not shown in some Brainard. The weird, strange, pleading music had thrilled him with a hungry yearning for something that seemed to live in the dreamy eyes of the girl; and her voice lingered in his memory like an echo of the vibrant strings. It was an awakening from the harsh squeal of the Burmese pipes—the groaning tum-tums; and this, because of the other, was like the music of a heavenly choir.

It was just six days later when Hammond delivered himself of this other speech that was also of "Marie the Hun." They were on the veranda of Hammond's bungalow, after dinner.

"My God, Jack! you can't do this," he said; "it will mean—hell for the girl. She's not your caste, old boy. She's good—too good for the curdling process of caste prejudice she'll find in Anglo-Indian society."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Hammond. A jungle Station isn't like Calcutta!"

"The Station's worse, Jack—a sight worse! Goodness in a woman is a handicap. It's family first, position next,—the Military, next the Civil Service, then the Burra Sahibs of Commerce—and beyond that, white, black, and green are all of the coolie caste. Don't tell me—I know."

"Don't croak, Tom; Marie'll win out. If she doesn't I'll cut the Service. I don't have to stay in the bally old jungle—there is plenty at home."

"Cut the Service! that's rich, from Jack Brainard. What's money to a Brainard!—you talk like a bounder, Jack. Any of your breed cowards? I never heard of one—they might play the bally garden goat, but not the other."

"But why shouldn't I clear out, if I want to?"

"Because it would ruin your life; no *man* does that, not till he has lost his nerve, or they nip him with the 'fifty-five-year service rule.' Besides, what would the folks at home say, Jack? If the gods are kind you'll be Sir John some day, and somebody will be Lady Brainard. It won't do! Cut away by the first boat; go back to Phrang—Heavens! what would your sister, the Commissioner Memsahib, say if you brought a wife that had played a fiddle in the Esplanade Hotel? Good heavens, man! the Station would laugh, and you'd hammer somebody to death."

"You're like one of those all-night *poays* [plays], Tom; you've got a dozen more reasons up your fat old sleeve——"

"And you're not listening to reason, Jack, eh?"

"I'll leave your advice with you, Tom. You're a fat old bachelor, and don't know what you're talking about. I'm not going to marry Marie for diplomatic reasons. I've seen too many of those stuffy official alliances—a man might as well be in hell as joined to a woman diplomat."

Hammond's talk had the wonderful result of accelerating matters. It brought Brainard and Frau Theresa together in a little room in the Esplanade within an hour. Iron bars might have held Brainard; but advice—"By Jove!" He stretched his big muscles, and asked the night wind: "Am I a griff—a sub—a cad in a hairdresser's at a quid a week?" And the answer was what he said to Frau Theresa.

"Ach, Gott! Herr," Theresa cried, "there's a contract on leetle Marie, and Herr Otto, who is a Jew from Berlin, will want much gelt."

That didn't matter. He had satisfied the good Frau that there was income beyond need. "And of you, Frau Theresa?" he asked.

"I stay me mit der music, und play der leetle snare-drum. Herr, you marry leetle Marie to-morrow—say dot, und Gott is hear you."

"Yes—on my word of honor."

"Goot! Now I told you somedings."

And Frau Theresa did; something that if it hadn't been true, that if Marie had not carried the sign manual of it in her patrician face, would have sounded like melodrama. Brainard listened, and wonderment held him silent. And he looked at the fat, kindly Frau who was of the labor caste, and was glad.

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THE LOW WAIL OF A VIOLIN HUSHED TO SILENCE THE CLINKING GLASSES.

"And you?" he asked after a little.

"I was Marie's nurse. Yah, der poor two peoples! Yah, dey vas married. Und he—he vas a captain—vas killed in der big battle, und der mudder couldn't go back to der castle, und she died. Den I vas Marie's mudder—dond you see, Herr? Der vas some gelt, und I make mit it the good school on Marie. Und now I t'ink I yust t'ank Gott; und ven my heart cry a leetle, I plays hard on der snare-drum—I drown him mit der noise. I laugh sometime dot peoples think Marie is Theresa's leetle girl. Look! is she like Frau Theresa? Ach, Gott! she is der princess. But never speak dot vat I told you."

So Brainard came by the whole old, sad, sweet story which meant nothing to anybody now; for Marie was already of high caste in his heart, and her parents were dead, unforgiven, and the story were better dead than called a living lie. So Brainard shut it up in his memory, paid Herr Otto five thousand rupees for the broken contract, married "Marie the Hun"—only she wasn't a Hun but an Austrian—and dreamed back, to Phrang in the black-walled iron thing that was like the "Floating Garden of Indore," or Paradise.

The iron prow of the steamer clove a somnolent desert of emerald glass that rippled with murmuring laughter; and at night, when the girl called her violin to share in her happiness, the stars drew the sky down to the sea to hear; and in their wake the children of the deep ran with phosphorescent lights to find the sweet-voiced singer that passed.

One morning a fretwork of palms cut the gold-smothered sky in the East, and, like a deep-toned cello, breakers boomed at a guarding coral reef, sending a gauzy veil of silver to hang in the leaves of the palms. Through a door in the hills came the perfume of spice, and champac, and jungle flowers; and as they slipped through the gateway of waters, gay flags fluttered from a signal staff on the left. Dark-brown boulders of iron clung to the bleached sandstone of an island like a pack of tawny wolves. Beyond the gateway of waters a white-walled revenue cutter rode at anchor in a harbor the color of blue-green jade.

From the crescent of shore-sand, hills terraced back to the sky-line, clothed in the deep olive of peepul-trees and tamarind; and here and there the richer green of a mango tope cradled a lime-washed bungalow that gleamed like a pearl. A pagoda, a tapering shaft of gold, jeweled the apex of a high hill, its slender plinth, rich in sun-kissed splendor, pointing forever to the unfathomable place of Nirvana.

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That "evil news travels fast" was invented in India—and Phrang knew—knew all about the Esplanade, and about things that were to be found only on the Greek Kalends.

Brainard's telegram to his sister Ethel that he would arrive by that steamer brought his own *gharry* (carriage) to the landing—nothing more. This was a writing on the wall.

Very tenderly he handed Marie into the box-like vehicle, and almost silently they were whirled away over the hard metallic road toward his bungalow in the edge of the hills.

At the turn into Pagoda Road the red-wheeled dog-cart of the Civil Surgeon blocked the way, while that official chatted with the Station Engineer. In the dog-cart sat the Doctor Memsahib; and as Brainard's brown helmet thrust through the *gharry* door she drooped her parasol to shield her eyes from—"It's hot, Fred—please hurry!" she said to her husband.

The men greeted Brainard in a way that was as if they had said, "Good morning, sir

"That little *soor* of a pill-roller," he muttered, "and I saved his life once—which was a bad thing for the Service."

That afternoon Brainard drove to his sister's bungalow for a talk—he got it.

As his sister she held out her hand and said, "Jack, I'm glad to see you." When he spoke of the other, she answered as the Commissioner Memsahib, first lady of the Station.

What Jack had to do was like putting a hunter at seven fences as close together as the walls of an "in-and-out." In the first place he should have married Frances Herbett, sister of the Chief Commissioner. Ethel had harbored Frances for a month in Phrang for no other earthly reason. This would have been a sane, diplomatic union, that would have helped both Ethel's husband, the Commissioner, and Jack up the official hill. The arrangement would have been good form, and everything in India is regulated by form; originality is very properly discouraged—it

"I'LL LEAVE YOUR ADVICE WITH YOU."

—you who are our Superintendent of Police." And in the eyes of the Sahibs and the Memsahib was an illuminating light which caused Brainard to read on the door of his bungalow in big letters of red, "Taboo." It wasn't there, really, but he wiped it off with an oath.

throws sand in the oiled joints of official machinery.

There was precedent for what Brainard had done, but the records carried the same verdict in every case—taboo.

"Better to have gone to Government House

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and pulled the Great Man's nose, Jack," the Commissioner Memsahib said. "He would have sent you home, but the next Viceroy might have brought you out again. Now—" The Memsahib shrugged her shoulders, and called Abdul to bring tea and cheroots.

"But you haven't seen Marie," pleaded Brainard.

"So, you see, I'm not prejudiced," the Memsahib answered.

"She's a good, pure little woman."

"You wouldn't have married her otherwise, Jack. But why discuss that?"

"Ethel."

"Yes."

"You are my sister——"

"Still, Jack."

"And you won't do anything?"

"Yes, as your sister—we'll be just the same. Don't ask me to use the position Henry gave me to countenance your foolishness—it is impossible."

"Foolishness?"

"Yes. And to do a foolish thing in India is fatal. If you had been simply vicious—well, that's a different matter—you know that. You might have broken your caste if you were a Hindu, and got it back by eating the unpalatable; but when an Englishman loses caste it is gone forever."

"If you'd give them a lead, Ethel."

"I won't; it would only hurt her. You have just got to sit tight and bury everything but your work—or go home— But you can't do that without—well, you know what that leads to—oblivion."

"Who told Phrang?" he asked petulantly.

"Somebody in Calcutta sent a wire to somebody in Phrang."

"Frances is in Calcutta—I saw her. It's her doing."

"It doesn't matter, Jack. You'll be kind to this woman by just not giving anybody a chance to snub her. It's better to sit in solitude than in humiliation. There was a case, Jack, when Belton married that Burmese girl who nursed him through cholera. It took ten years, and I don't know the how of it, but now she's all right with everybody. Take my advice—if the gods want it to be it will be. You can't hurry them any more than you could the Viceroy, and you know that's impossible. Perhaps something will happen —I don't believe it will—I won't help—I'm too sore over Frances and the way you've wrecked your own chances, to help this woman who is the cause of it all. Don't let anybody get hold of that opera-bouffe story of Theresa's—they'll laugh at you; and that—well, you'd better be dead than laughed at in India."

So Brainard went back to little Marie, knowing that sentence was passed. He scratched out the word "Taboo" that was on his door (in fancy), and wrote "Not at Home." Then he swore at the Station for a lot of prigs, and tortured his mind for excuses, and perjured himself with lies, so that Marie should not know what nothing on earth could hide.

But the Memsahib's words, harsh, uncompromising, saved the little woman many a heartache. And when the ostracism commenced to hurt, she cried about it to the violin, and said to Brainard that she did not care.

Then one day he spoke of a land where grew oaks instead of palms; where thrushes and larks sang instead of harsh-voiced parrakeets and the plaintive, maddening "fever bird"; and where people were all of one caste, if they were clean—which was the biggest kind of a lie. But when he said, "We will go to that land which is Old England," Marie answered, "No! You must send me back to Theresa, John."

"You are tired of me?" he asked.

"No; it is because I love you more than ever. But to do this you speak of will ruin your life. I will go to Theresa and wait until you have finished your life here. Ach, Gott! yes, it will be a thousand years; but I will wait, if you wish."

"I won't do that," Brainard said. "We must stay here then—I don't care."

"If you wish, John—I am happy. Listen, here is a love song."

Marie brought forth the violin, and it sang of a queer, weird, paining love that brought tears to the gray eyes of the player, and knowledge to the heart of the listener that what the girl had said of the going back to Theresa, or anywhere, was just madness.

So six months passed; and more than one man in the Station had come to wish that the little sweet-faced woman who drove with Brainard in his dog-cart, and who spoke with soft grace, was of their own caste. If it had not been for the memsahibs, the men would have emulated the One who "looked down and wrote in the sand"; but it is always the memsahibs in these matters, and the sahibs must let them have their own way, for the heat breeds a desire for peace. But not even

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the memsahibs can thwart the wish of the gods; when they play, the pieces fall as they should.

So Commissioner Ireton was called by the C. C. to Rangoon for a conference, and the Commissioner Memsahib came to her brother's bungalow to dwell for the week of her husband's absence.

A COOLIE CAME PANTING WITH NEWS OF A BLACK PANTHER.

She had hesitated when Brainard said: "You must come, Ethel; you can't remain in the bungalow with only native servants."

Jack coaxed hard. He felt that if his sister came to know Marie closely there might be an end of the ostracism. The named billets that the other Athenians threw in the square would count for little if the Burra Memsahib spoke the magic word. Also Commissioner Ireton was a stickler for official dignity; it would never do to give one of the minor officials the slightest claim for preference by accepting the hospitality of his bungalow for the Memsahib. So Ethel went to her brother's bungalow, clad in an armor of courtly reserve.

And on the second day a coolie, possessed of large-eyed fear that made drunken his speech, came panting to Brainard with news of a black panther that was holding a love-feast in the tea-garden on Pagoda Hill. The panther had killed three, or ten, or perhaps it was twoscore of coolies; and he was the size of the Sahib's horse, and killed only to drink the blood of his victims.

"I know that black devil—it's 'The Dweller on the Threshold,'" Brainard said, turning to his sister. "He's a sneaking coward. He'll stalk a coolie woman in the dusk, as she drives up her cow, or pick her off from her very doorway. That's how he got the name. A man-eating tiger is a gentleman compared with this devil—he kills for the fun of it."

"Hah, Sahib," added Baloo, the coolie, "it is 'The Dweller on the Threshold' beyond doubt. And if Mahthee hunts with him to-day, not even the Sahib will kill this evil *bagh* (tiger)."

"Who is Mahthee?" Brainard asked.

"'The Dweller' killed Mahthee at the time of the Water *poay* last year; and she now rides between the *bagh's* ears, and calls to him where is an easy kill, and where are the guns of the *shikarees;* and until Mahthee goes back to rest, 'The Dweller on the Threshold' will pass unharmed."

"Mathhee is dead, and you are an old fool, Baloo."

Brainard took down his Express rifle, and to Lathu, the *shikaree*, he said: "Because of

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this bazaar talk of a spirit the beaters will be like cowardly jackals; so you must take many men. Go to the far side of Pagoda Hill and drive up through the tea-garden, tapping always. The panther won't break back to the town side, and I'll bag the black devil. I know his haunt—the elephant-grass in the *kala nulla;* he hid there for a week once."

Brainard was as original in tiger hunting as in all else, and simple in his method and equipment: a good Express and nerve, and the unpretentious method of going steadily up to an animal and driving an expanding bullet through his brain or heart at twenty paces.

"As long as you keep coming on," he used to say, "a tiger will wait and watch; and if your nerve holds, it's a poor shot who can't hit a mark the size of your hand at twenty paces."

This plan had worked out very well so far, for Brainard had a score of twenty-two—twenty-two tawny-striped skins with a little round hole between the ears just above the eye-line, or back of the shoulder. He called it a safe plan; others said it was all right—for Brainard.

"Don't be rash, Jack," Ethel said, as he was starting. "A panther isn't a tiger; he's like some men—he won't play fair."

"There's no danger—only of losing him. Perhaps he may maul a beater, breaking back through the line, for they're so full of this spirit business they'll fall on their faces. Wounded, he might show fight, but I won't wound till I'm close enough to settle him; that's why my plan is the only safe one."

Marie said not a word, but she kissed him as though she would keep his soul with her.

"I'll be back before sundown with 'The Dweller on the Threshold's' black-rosetted hide for a foot-rug for you, little woman," Brainard laughed, as he passed between the row of crotons to the road.

He posted his orderly on the town side of the tea-garden, saying: "If the *bagh* breaks cover this way, blow your whistle."

The tea-garden was as silent as a grave; the panic-stricken coolies had fled to the town; even the tea-house and the coolie-lines were deserted.

Up a *nulla* Brainard stalked with leisurely caution, at his heels Lathu with a spare rifle. Beyond, to the east, there was an articulate semicircle as the beaters, working up, tapped with their bamboos on trees and rocks. As Brainard topped a small hill that was like a garden of currant bushes with its holding of growing tea, Lathu stopped him with a sibilant "Hist!"

Over his shoulder Brainard followed the line of Lathu's set, rigid face. In a *nulla* at the foot of the hill the elephant-grass wavered as though stirred by wind. Once Brainard caught the shimmer of velvet as the trembling grass parted, and his blue eye sighted steadily along the barrel of his Express, waiting for another glint of black. But the rustling grass hushed to silence, and the brown-crested *nulla* seemed as desolately empty as though a spirit had taken form for an instant and then melted into air.

"The sly devil'll lie close, Lathu," Brainard whispered; "but when the men beat that cover he'll break back this way, and we'll bag him."

So, possessed of an expectant exhilaration, they waited; and, just as the beaters came with their tum-tums and their taps to the grass, the shrill call of the orderly's whistle sang that the leopard had outwitted them and was gone to the town side.

And in the bungalow the two women waited; the Burra Memsahib pacing the veranda, torturing her mind with thoughts that never formed words. What was the gentle compelling power of that small oval face and big

ONCE BRAINARD CAUGHT THE SHIMMER OF VELVET.

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"GO, MADAM, AND BRING JOHN—I AM NOT AFRAID."

gray eyes that made her fight to preserve a studious indifference? It was the subtle something that had broken her brother's caste; but he was a man, and had always put other things before pride. And when Marie drew from the soulless cedar shell cries of weariness, why did she feel a desire to put her arms about the girl and say: "Your eyes are red—you've been crying; you'll grow a fright if you do that in India."

The violin was crying now—a strange, plaintive strain, that must be a love-song of the Huns.

"If there were no such thing as memory, and we lived but in the present, that girl could bring the Station to tears or to laughter as she wished," the Memsahib whispered to herself, as she passed from the veranda, and slipped into a chair near the player.

"Don't stop—please continue—it's very sweet and sad," she said, as Marie poised the bow reluctantly. "That sounded familiar—what were you playing?"

"I was talking to my little friend." The girl rubbed her cheek against the shell. "When I am sad it cries with me, and when I laugh it laughs."

"And makes you forget?"

"Ach, Gott! no; better than that—I remember."

"What?"

"We go together to a place that is in a fairy book—there is a castle, and a blue river running through a plain, and knights in armor fight, and women love. Listen, please, madam."

Then the violin sang a song of battle, that came to an end soft and low, as though women wept for warriors slain. And as the strings hushed to a whisper a dark shadow grew along the matted floor, and cast a broad flat head across the Memsahib's feet.

The Brainard courage held the Memsahib quiet. She turned her head slowly and looked into the big yellow eyes of "The Dweller on the Threshold"; the eyes were full of a stupid curiosity.

The music had ceased. The sudden silence—the dying out of this strange voice—puzzled the leopard. He turned his snarling face over his shoulder suspiciously; from the peepul-tree crows cawed angrily. He swung his head back, and thrust one big, soft pad over the threshold of the room.

The bass of the violin broke out like the hoarse roar of a cello; the air vibrated with the

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intense note. The yellow eyes shifted uneasily, and the leopard's paw drew back with a slipping crunch of the cane mat.

The girl's voice, mingling with the drone of the strings, carried to the Memsahib's ears: "Go, madam, and bring John—I am not afraid. The tiger is afraid. Please, madam," the voice persisted, as the Memsahib hesitated.

Slowly the Englishwoman rose, and, facing the leopard, walked backward to the other door; outside, she ran.

And in the low cane chair Marie the Hun sat all alone, and held "The Dweller on the Threshold" with this strange voice that thrilled him with a new dread.

Up the wind he had followed the beckoning call of his scent that had whispered of an easy kill—one of the women kind. If the kill had tried to flee, or, covering up the eyes, had fallen down in fear, he would have made his spring. His slow brain groped hopelessly between desire and fear. And curiosity, that is always with the dwellers in the jungle, held him blinking his yellow eyes at this that was perhaps a trap. In the end he would spring, of course; but now it was a cautious stalk as was the manner of his kind.

And in Marie's mind the memory of the time she first stood forth to play a solo came to her with startling vividness; now she had the same first dizzy feeling of nervous fear. It had passed that time, as the people sat hushed to silence by her power; and now she saw fear in the restless eyes that turned away when her violin called loud and harsh, and she grew brave. The leopard was like Herr Otto's big boar hound that would shrink away when she crashed her violin at him.

Twice a big black pad was thrust with a soft thud to the floor of the room; twice the ever-swinging tail drooped; but as Marie drew the bow in angry rebuke, strong and firm, across the bass, the snarling face turned sideways in dread, the foot was withdrawn, and again the tail swung from side to side like a pendulum.

It seemed so long; would her overlord never come! If her arm numbed in dread, if the strain smothered her senses for an instant, it would be too late. And to die without the press of her overlord's lips on her own!

"I am not afraid," she cried angrily to herself.

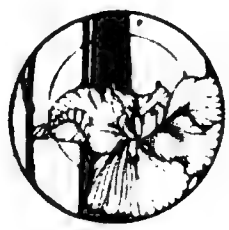
To "The Dweller on the Threshold" the music meant nothing but fear; nothing of charm, nor magnetism, nor anything but just dread of the unexperienced. The walls, the one opening, the eyes that never wavered nor fell away from his own, suggested a trap—a something that his jungle cunning warned him against. But his nostrils held a scent that woke memories of hot blood, of paws that he had licked as he rolled in the jungle grass possessed of a joyous fulness. The tantalizing blood-hunger spurred him to an angry growl; stealthily he slipped first one paw, and then the other, through the door, and crouched, head and shoulders in the room. The strange call of the violin was losing its dread.

Now the strong tail lashed the black-rosetted sides. The "Dweller's" neck grew rigid, his flat head thrust forward angrily, and his lip twitched till his teeth showed in a snarl. The yellow eyes had shifted from the girl's face—they were fixed on something beyond.

A voice came to her ears, almost a whisper: "Steady, Marie! Keep playing—back up slowly—keep to the side—don't be afraid!"

Slowly the girl rose. She saw the leopard gather his powerful legs under him for a charge; the tail grew rigid and stiff; the claws of his feet ground into the matting; something brushed her shoulder. There was the roar of a rifle, and she was swept from her feet by a strong arm. Her eyes closed, and the sunlight was gone. And then warm lips were on her own, and on her eyes; and a voice—ah, God! it was John's voice. He was saying: "Brave little woman!"

Even an Indian station can't hold taboo against the wife of the Burra Police Sahib when she saves the life of the Commissioner Memsahib and the Commissioner gives a dinner in her honor.



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THE SPOILERS*

By REX E. BEACH

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Glenister and Dextry, co-owners of the "Midas," the richest mine in Alaska, are about to board the ship Santa Maria, at Unalaska, in order to reach Nome at the opening of the mining season. Helen Chester, niece of Judge Stillman and the innocent agent of a great political conspiracy to defraud the mine owners of Nome, ask their help in escaping from the smallpox-infested ship, the Ohio. The two men, ignorant of the significance of her errand, gallantly fight and defeat her pursuers, smuggle her on board their own ship, and protect her until she arrives in Nome and delivers the secret papers entrusted to her. Glenister, who has fallen in love with the girl, saves her life in a street brawl at the risk of his own. Judge Stillman and McNamara, political boss of Dakota and leader of the conspiracy, arrive in Nome and begin their machinations. This new faction shortly assumes control of all the mines in Nome, including the Midas. Cherry Malotte, a beautiful woman, notorious in this region, discovers Glenister's love for Helen and determines to combat it. A successful sluice robbery at the Midas is carried through by Glenister and Dextry who thus secure part of their own gold. With this they send the lawyer, Bill Wheaton, to San Francisco, whence he returns with a writ of *supersedeas* which Stillman and McNamara refuse to recognize, thus making their position plain. Through an exciting series of stratagems the miners succeed in despatching Wheaton a second time. Glenister, persuaded by Cherry Malotte that Helen Chester has been a conscious accomplice of "the Spoilers," spends a desperate night playing faro. The Bronco Kid, who is the banker, plots to ruin Glenister, Cherry Malotte, who is in the secret, acting as case-keeper. At the crisis of the game, Glenister risks his entire fortune.

CHAPTER XIII (*Continued*)

EVIDENTLY the Bronco Kid knew what card lay next below, for he offered her no sign, and as Glenister leaned back he slowly and firmly pushed the top card out of the box. Although this was the biggest turn of his life, he betrayed no tremor. His gesture displayed the nine of diamonds, and the crowd breathed heavily. The king had not won. Would it lose? Every gaze was welded to the tiny nickeled box. If the face card lay next beneath the nine-spot, the heaviest wager in Alaska would have been lost; if it still remained hidden on the next turn, the money would be safe for a moment.

Slowly the white hand of the dealer moved back; his middle finger touched the nine of diamonds; it slid smoothly out of the box, and there in its place frowned the king of clubs. At last the silence was broken.

Men spoke, some laughed, but in their laughter was no mirth. It was more like the sound of choking. They stamped their feet to relieve the grip of strained muscles. The dealer reached forth and slid the stack of bills into the drawer at his waist without counting. The case-keeper passed a shaking hand over her face and when it came away she saw blood on her fingers where she had sunk her teeth into her lower lip. Glenister did not rise. He sat heavy browed and sullen, his jaw thrust forward, his hair low upon his forehead, his eyes bloodshot and dead.

"I'll sit the hand out if you'll let me bet the 'finger,'" said he.

"Certainly," replied the dealer.

When a man requests this privilege it means that he will call the amount of his wager without producing the visible stakes, and the dealer may accept or refuse according to his judgment of the bettor's responsibility. It is safe, for no man shirks a gambling debt in the North, and thousands may go with a nod of the head though never a cent be on the board.

There were still a few cards in the box, and the dealer turned them, paying the three men who played. Glenister took no part, but sat bulked over his end of the table glowering from beneath his shock of hair.

Cherry was deathly tired. The strain of the last hour had been so intense that she could barely sit in her seat, yet she was determined to finish the hand. As Bronco paused before the last turn, many of the bystanders made bets. They were the "case players" who risked money only on the final pair, thus avoiding the chance of two cards of like denomination coming together, in which event ("splits" it is called) the dealer takes half the money. The stakes were laid at last and the deal about to start when Glenister spoke: "Wait! What's this place worth, Bronco?"

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"What do you mean?"

"You own this outfit?" He waved his hand about the room. "Well, what does it stand you?"

The gambler hesitated an instant while the crowd pricked up its ears and the girl turned wondering, troubled eyes upon the miner. What would he do now?

"Counting bank rolls, fixtures, and all, about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Why?"

"I'll pick the ace to lose, my one-half interest in the Midas against your whole damned layout."

There was an absolute hush while the realization of this offer smote the onlookers. It took time to realize it. This man was insane. There were three cards to choose from—one would win, one would lose, and one would have no action.

Of all those present only Cherry Malotte divined even vaguely the real reason which prompted the man to do this. It was not "gameness," nor altogether a brutish stubbornness which would not let him quit. It was something deeper. He was desolate and his heart was gone. Helen was lost to him, worse yet—was unworthy, and she was all he cared for. What did he want of the Midas with its lawsuits, its intrigue, and its trickery? He was deathly sick of it all—of the whole game—and wanted to get away. If he won, very well. If he lost, the Land of the Aurora would know him no more.

When he put his proposition, the Bronco Kid dropped his eyes as though debating. The girl saw that he studied the cards in his box intently and that his fingers caressed the top one ever so softly during the instant the eyes of the rest were on Glenister. The dealer looked up at last, and Cherry saw the gleam of triumph in his eye; he could not mask it from her, though his answering words were hesitating. She knew by the look that Glenister was a pauper.

"Come on," insisted Roy hoarsely. "Turn the cards."

"You're on!"

The girl felt that she was fainting. She wanted to scream. The triumph of this moment stifled her—or was it triumph after all? She heard the breath of the little man behind her rattle as though he were being throttled, and saw the lookout pass a shaking hand to his chin, then wet his parched lips. She saw the man she had helped to ruin bend forward, his lean face strained and hard, an odd look of pain and weariness in his eyes. She never forgot that look. The crowd was frozen in various attitudes of eagerness, although it had not yet recovered from the suspense of the last great wager. It knew the Midas and what it meant. Here lay half of it, hidden beneath a tawdry square of pasteboard. With maddening deliberation the Kid dealt the top card. Beneath it was the trey of spades. Glenister said no word nor made a move. Some one coughed, and it sounded like a gunshot. Slowly the dealer's fingers retraced their way. He hesitated purposely and leered at the girl, then the three-spot disappeared and beneath it lay the ace as the king had lain on that other wager. It spelled utter ruin to Glenister. He raised his eyes blindly, and then the deathlike silence of the room was shattered by a sudden crash. Cherry Malotte had closed her checkrack violently, at the same instant crying shrill and clear:

"That bet is off! The cases are wrong!"

Glenister half-rose, overturning his chair; the Kid lunged forward across the table, and his wonderful hands, tense and talonlike, thrust themselves forward as though reaching for the riches she had snatched away. They worked and writhed and trembled as though in dumb fury, the nails sinking into the oilcloth table-cover. His face grew livid and cruel, while his eyes blazed at her till she shrank from him affrightedly, bracing herself away from the table with rigid arms.

Reason came slowly back to Glenister, and understanding with it. He seemed to awake from a nightmare. He could read all too plainly the gambler's look of baffled hate as the man sprawled on the table, his arms spread wide, his eyes glaring at the cowering woman, who shrank before him like a rabbit before a snake. She tried to speak, but choked. Then the dealer came to himself, and cried harshly through his teeth one word:

"Christ!"

He raised his fist and struck the table so violently that chips and coppers leaped and rolled, and Cherry closed her eyes to lose sight of his awful grimace. Glenister looked down on him and said:

"I think I understand, but the money was yours, anyhow, so I don't mind." His meaning was plain. The Kid suddenly jerked open the drawer before him, but Glenister clinched his right hand and leaned forward. The miner could have killed him with a blow, for the gambler was seated and at his mercy.

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The Kid checked himself, while his face began to twitch as though the nerves underlying it had broken bondage and were dancing in a wild, ungovernable orgy.

"You have taught me a lesson," was all that Glenister said, and with that he pushed through the crowd and out into the cool night air. Overhead the arctic stars winked at him, and the sea smells struck him, clean and fresh. As he went homeward he heard the distant, full-throated plaint of a wolf-dog. It held the mystery and sadness of the North. He paused, and, baring his thick, matted head, stood for a long time gathering himself together. Standing so, he made certain covenants with himself, and vowed solemnly never to touch another card.

At the same moment Cherry Malotte came hurrying to her cottage door, fleeing as though from pursuit or from some hateful, haunted spot. She paused before entering and flung her arms outward into the dark in a wide gesture of despair.

"Why did I do it? Oh! *why* did I do it? I can't understand myself."

CHAPTER XIV

A MIDNIGHT MESSENGER

"My dear Helen, don't you realize that my official position carries with it a certain social obligation which it's our duty to discharge?"

"I suppose so, Uncle Arthur; but I would much rather stay at home."

"Tut, tut! Go and have a good time."

"Dancing doesn't appeal to me any more. I left that sort of thing back home. Now if you would only come along."

"No—I'm too busy. I must work to-night, and I'm not in a mood for such things, anyhow."

"You're not well," his niece said. "I have noticed it for weeks. Is it hard work or are you truly ill? You're nervous, you don't eat, you're growing positively gaunt. Why—you're getting wrinkles like an old man." She rose from her seat at the breakfast-table and went to him, smoothing his silvery head with affection.

He took her cool hand and pressed it to his cheek while the worry that haunted him habitually of late gave way to a smile.

"It's work, little girl—hard and thankless work, that's all. This country is intended for young men and I'm too far along." His eyes grew grave again and he squeezed her fingers nervously as though at the thought. "It's a terrible country—this— I—I—wish we had never seen it."

"Don't say that," Helen cried spiritedly. "Why, it's glorious. Think of the honor. You're a United States judge and the first one to come here. You're making history—you're building a State—people will read about you." She stooped and kissed him; but he seemed to flinch beneath her caress.

"Of course I'll go if you think I'd better," she said, "though I'm not fond of Alaskan society. Some of the women are nice, but the others—" She shrugged her dainty shoulders. "They talk scandal all the time. One would think that a great, clean, fresh, vigorous country like this would broaden the women the way it does the men—but it doesn't."

"I'll tell McNamara to call for you at nine o'clock," said the judge as he arose. So, later in the day she brought forth her long unused finery; to such good purpose that when her escort called for her that evening he believed her the loveliest of women.

Upon their arrival at the hotel he regarded her with a fresh access of pride, for the function proved to bear little resemblance to a mining-camp party. The women wore handsome gowns, and every man was in evening dress. The wide hall ran the length of the hotel and was flanked with boxes, while its floor was like polished glass and its walls effectively decorated.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Helen as she caught her first sight of it. "It's just like home."

"I've seen quick-rising cities before," he said, "but nothing like this. Still, if these Northerners can build a railroad in a month and a city in a summer, why shouldn't they have symphony orchestras and Louis Quinze ballrooms?"

"I know you're a splendid dancer," she said.

"You shall be my judge and jury. I'll sign this card as often as I dare without the certainty of violence at the hands of these young men, and the rest of the time I'll smoke in the lobby. I don't care to dance with any one but you."

After the first waltz he left her surrounded by partners and made his way out of the ballroom. This was his first relaxation since landing in the North. It was well not to become a dull boy, he mused, and as he

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THE KID LUNGED FORWARD AS THOUGH REACHING FOR THE RICHES SHE HAD SNATCHED AWAY.

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chewed his cigar he pictured with an odd thrill, quite unusual with him, that slender, gray-eyed girl, with her coiled mass of hair, her ivory shoulders, and merry smile. He saw her float past to the measure of a two-step and caught himself resenting the thought of another man's enjoyment of the girl's charms even for an instant.

"Hold on, Alec," he muttered. "You're too old a bird to lose your head." However, he was waiting for her before the time for their next dance. She seemed to have lost a part of her gaiety.

"What's the matter? Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" she returned brightly, "I'm having a delightful time."

When he came for his third dance, she was more *distraite* than ever. As he led her to a seat they passed a group of women, among whom were Mrs. Champian and others whom he knew to be wives of men prominent in the town. He had seen some of them at tea in Judge Stillman's house, and therefore was astonished when they returned his greeting but ignored Helen. She shrank slightly, and he realized that there was something wrong, he could not guess what. Affairs of men he could cope with, but the subtleties of women were out of his realm.

"What ails those people? Have they offended you?"

"I don't know what it is. I have spoken to them, but they cut me."

"Cut *you?*" he exclaimed.

"Yes." Her voice trembled, but she held her head high. "It seems as though all the women in Nome were here and in league to ignore me. It dazes me—I do not understand."

"Has anybody said anything to you?" he inquired fiercely. "Any man, I mean?"

"No, no! The men are kind. It's the women."

"Come—we'll go home."

"Indeed, we will not," she said proudly. "I shall stay and face it out. I have done nothing to run away from and I intend to find what is the matter."

When he had surrendered her, at the beginning of the next dance, McNamara sought for some acquaintance whom he might question. Most of the men in Nome either hated or feared him, but he espied one that he thought suited his purpose and led him into a corner.

"I want you to answer a question. No beating about the bush. Understand? I'm blunt and I want you to be."

"All right."

"Your wife has been entertained at Miss Chester's house. I've seen her there. To-night she refuses to speak to the girl. She cut her dead, and I want to know what it's about."

"How should I know?"

"If you don't know, I'll ask you to find out." The other shook his head amusedly, at which McNamara flared up.

"I say you will, and you'll make your wife apologize before she leaves this hall, too, or you'll answer to me, man to man. I won't stand to have a girl like Miss Chester cold-decked by a bunch of mining-camp swells, and that goes as it lies." In his excitement, McNamara reverted to his Western idiom.

The other did not reply at once, for it is embarrassing to deal with a person who disregards the conventions utterly and at the same time has the inclination and force to compel obedience. The boss's reputation had gone abroad.

"Well—er—I know about it in a general way, but of course I don't go much on such things. You'd better let it drop."

"Go on."

"There has been a lot of talk among the ladies about—well, er—the fact is, it's that young Glenister. Mrs. Champian had the next stateroom to them—er him—I should say—on the way up from the States, and she saw things. Now, as far as I'm concerned, a girl can do what she pleases, but Mrs. Champian has her own ideas of propriety. From what my wife could learn there's some truth in the story, too, so you can't blame her." With a word McNamara could have explained the gossip and made this man put his wife right, forcing through her an elucidation of the silly affair in such a way as to spare Helen's feelings and cover the busy-tongued magpies with confusion. Yet he hesitated. It is a wise skipper who trims his sails to every breeze. He thanked his informant and left him. Entering the lobby, he saw the girl hurrying toward him.

"Take me away, quick! I want to go home."

"You've changed your mind?"

"Yes, let us go," she panted, and when they were outside she walked so rapidly that he had difficulty in keeping pace with her. She was silent, and he knew better than to question, but when they arrived at her house he entered, took off his overcoat, and turned up the light

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in the tiny parlor. She flung her wraps over a chair, storming back and forth like a little fury. Her eyes were starry with tears of anger, her face was flushed, her hands worked nervously. He leaned against the mantel, watching her through his cigar smoke.

"You needn't tell me," he said at length. "I know all about it."

"I am glad you do. I never could repeat what they said. Oh, it was brutal!" Her voice caught and she bit her lip. "What made me ask them? Why didn't I keep still? After you left I went to those women and faced them. Oh, but they were brutal! Yet why should I care?" She stamped her slippered foot.

"I shall have to kill that man some day," he said, flecking his cigar ashes into the grate.

"What man?" She stood still and looked at him.

"Glenister, of course. If I had thought the story would ever reach you I'd have shut him up long ago."

"It didn't come from him," she cried, hot with indignation. "He's a gentleman. It's that cat, Mrs. Champian."

He shrugged his shoulders the slightest bit, but it was eloquent, and she noted it. "Oh, I don't mean that he did it intentionally—he's too decent a chap for that—but anybody's tongue will wag to a beautiful girl! My lady Malotte is a jealous trick."

"Malotte? Who is she?" Helen questioned curiously.

He seemed surprised. "I thought every one knew who she is. It's just as well that you don't."

"I am sure Mr. Glenister would not talk of me." There was a pause. "Who is Miss Malotte?"

He studied for a moment while she watched him. What a splendid figure he made in his evening clothes. The cozy room with its shaded lights enhanced his size and strength and rugged outlines. In his eyes was that admiration which women live for. He lifted his bold, handsome face and met her gaze.

"I had rather leave that for you to find out, for I'm not much at scandal. I have something more important to tell you. It's the most important thing I have ever said to you, Helen." It was the first time he had used that name, and she began to tremble while her eyes sought the door in a panic. She had expected this moment, and yet was not ready.

"Not to-night—don't say it now," she managed to enunciate.

"Yes, this is a good time. If you can't answer, I'll come back to-morrow. I want you to be my wife. I want to give you everything the world offers, and I want to make you happy, girl. There'll be no gossip hereafter—I'll shield you from everything unpleasant, and if there is anything you want in life I'll lay it at your feet. I can do it." He lifted his massive arms, and in the set of his strong, square face was the promise that she should have whatever she craved if mortal man could give it to her—love, protection, position, adoration.

She stammered uncertainly till the humiliation and chagrin she had suffered this night swept over her again. This town—this crude, half-born mining camp—had turned against her, misjudged her cruelly. The women were envious, clacking scandal-mongers, all of them, who would ostracize her and make her life in the Northland a misery, make her an outcast with nothing to sustain her but her own solitary pride. She could picture her future clearly, pitilessly, and see herself standing alone, vilified, harassed in a thousand cutting ways, yet unable to run away, or to explain. She would have to stay and face it, for her life was bound up here during the next few years or so, or as long as her uncle remained a judge. This man would free her. He loved her, he offered her everything. He was bigger than all the rest combined. They were his playthings, and they knew it. She was not sure that she loved him, but his magnetism was overpowering and her admiration intense. No other man she had ever known compared with him, except Glenister— Bah! The beast! He had insulted her at first, he wronged her now.

"Will you be my wife, Helen?" the man repeated softly.

She dropped her head, and he strode forward to take her in his arms, then stopped, listening. Some one ran up on the porch and hammered loudly at the door. McNamara scowled, walked into the hall, and flung the portal open, disclosing Struve.

"Hello, McNamara. Been looking all over for you. There's the deuce to pay!" Helen sighed relievedly and gathered up her cloak while the hum of their voices reached her indistinctly. She was given plenty of time to regain her composure before they appeared. When they did the politician spoke sourly:

"I've been called to the mines and I must go at once."

"You bet! It may be too late now. The

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news came an hour ago, but I couldn't find you," said Struve. "Your horse is saddled at the office. Better not wait to change your clothes."

"You say Voorhees has gone with twenty deputies, eh? That's good. You stay here and find out all you can."

"I telephoned out to the Creek for the boys to arm themselves and throw out pickets. If you hurry you can get there in time. It's only midnight now."

"What is the trouble?" Miss Chester inquired anxiously.

"There's a plot on to attack the mines to-night," answered the lawyer. "The other side are trying to seize them, and there's apt to be a fight."

"You mustn't go out there," she cried aghast. "There will be bloodshed."

"That's just why I *must* go," said McNamara. "I'll come back in the morning though, and I'd like to see you alone. Good night!" There was a strange new light in his eyes as he left her. For one unversed in woman's ways he played the game surprisingly well, and as he hurried toward his office he smiled grimly into the darkness.

"She'll answer me to-morrow. Thank you, Mr. Glenister," he said to himself.

Helen questioned Struve at length, but gained nothing more than that secret-service men had been at work for weeks and had to-day unearthed the fact that vigilantes had been formed. They had heard enough to make them think the mines would be jumped again to-night, and so had given the alarm.

"Have you hired spies?" she asked incredulously.

"Sure. We had to. The other people shadowed us, and it's come to a point where it's life or death to one side or the other. I told McNamara we'd have bloodshed before we were through, when he first outlined the scheme—I mean when the trouble began."

She wrung her hands. "That's what uncle feared before we left Seattle. That's why I took the risks I did in bringing you those papers. I thought you got them in time to avoid all this."

Struve laughed a bit, eying her curiously. "Does Uncle Arthur know about this?" she continued.

"No, we don't let him know anything more than necessary; he's not a strong man."

"Yes, yes. He's not well." Again the lawyer smiled. "Who is behind this vigilante movement?"

"We think it is Glenister and his New Mexican bandit partner. At least they got the crowd together." She was silent for a time. "I suppose they really think they own the mines."

"Undoubtedly."

"But they don't, do they?" Somehow this question had recurred to her insistently of late, for things were constantly happening which showed there was more back of this great, fierce struggle than she knew. It was impossible that injustice had been done the mine-owners, and yet scattered talk reached her which was puzzling. When she strove to follow it up her acquaintances adroitly changed the subject. She was baffled on every side. The three local newspapers upheld the court. She read them carefully, and was more at sea than ever. There was a disturbing undercurrent of alarm and unrest that caused her to feel insecure, as though standing on hollow ground.

"Yes, this whole disturbance is caused by those two. Only for them we'd be all right."

"Who is Miss Malotte?"

He answered promptly: "The handsomest woman in the North and the most dangerous."

"In what way? Who is she?"

"It's hard to say who or what she is—she's different from other women. She came to Dawson in the early days—just came—we didn't know how, whence, or why, and we never found out. We woke up one morning and there she was. By night we were all jealous and in a week we were most of us driveling idiots. It might have been the mystery or perhaps the competition. That was the day when a dance-hall girl could make a homestake in a winter or marry a millionaire in a month, but she never bothered. She toiled not, neither did she spin on the waxed floors, yet Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a tramp beside her."

"You say she is dangerous?"

"Well, there was the young nobleman, in the winter of '98, Dane, I think—fine family and all that—big yellow-haired boy. He wanted to marry her, but a faro dealer shot him. Then there was Rock of the mounted police, the finest officer in the service. He was cashiered. She knew he was going to pot for her, but she didn't seem to care—and there were others. Yet, with it all, she is the most generous person and the most tender-hearted. Why, she has fed every 'stew bum' on the Yukon, and there isn't a busted prospector in the country who wouldn't swear by her, for

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she has grubstaked dozens of them. I was horribly in love with her myself. Yes, she's dangerous, all right—to everybody but Glenister."

"What do you mean?"

"She had been across the Yukon to nurse a man with scurvy and coming back she was caught in the spring break-up. I wasn't there, but it seems this Glenister got her ashore somehow when nobody else would tackle the job. They were carried five miles down stream in the ice-pack before he succeeded."

"What happened then?"

"She fell in love with him, of course."

"And he worshiped her as madly as all the rest of you, I suppose," she said scornfully.

"That's the peculiar part. She hypnotized him at first, but he ran away, and I didn't hear of him again till I came to Nome. She followed him finally and last week evened up her score. She paid him back for saving her."

"I haven't heard about it."

He detailed the story of the gambling episode at the Northern Saloon and concluded: "I'd like to have seen that 'turn,' for they say the excitement was terrific. She was keeping cases and at the finish slammed her case-keeper shut and declared the bet off because she had made a mistake. Of course they couldn't dispute her, and she stuck to it. One of the bystanders told me she lied, though."

"So, in addition to his other vices, Mr. Glenister is a reckless gambler, is he?" said Helen with heat. "I am proud to be indebted to such a character. Truly this country breeds wonderful species."

"There's where you're wrong," Struve chuckled. "He's never been known to bet before."

"Oh, I'm tired of these contradictions!" she cried angrily. "Saloons, gambling halls, scandal, adventuresses. Ugh! I hate it! I *hate* it! Why did I ever come here?"

"Those things are a part of every new country. They were about all we had till this year. But it is women like you that we fellows need, Miss Helen. You can help us a lot." She did not like the way he was looking at her and remembered that her uncle was up-stairs and asleep.

"I must ask you to excuse me now, for it's late and I am very tired." The clock showed half past twelve, so, after letting him out, she extinguished the light and dragged herself wearily up to her room. She removed her outer garments and threw over her bare shoulders a negligee of many flounces and bewildering, clinging looseness. As she took down her heavy braids, the story of Cherry Malotte returned to her tormentingly. So Glenister had saved *her* life also at risk of his own. What a very gallant cavalier he was, to be sure! He should bear a coat of arms—a dragon, an armed knight, and a fainting maiden. "I succor ladies in distress—handsome ones," should be the motto on his shield. "The handsomest woman in the North," Struve had said. She raised her eyes to the glass and made a mouth at the petulant, tired reflection there. She pictured Glenister leaping from floe to floe with the hungry river surging and snapping at his feet while the cheers of the crowd on shore gave heart to the girl crouching out there. She could see him snatch her up and fight his way back to safety over the plunging ice cakes with death dragging at his heels. What a strong embrace he had! At this she blushed and realized with a shock that while she was mooning that very man might be fighting hand to hand in the darkness of a mountain gorge with the man she was going to marry. In a moment more some one mounted the front steps below and knocked sharply. Truly this was a night of alarm. Would people never cease coming? She was worn out, but at the thought of the tragedy abroad and the sick old man sleeping near by, she lit a candle and slipped downstairs to avoid disturbing him. Doubtless it was some message from McNamara, she thought, as she unchained the door.

As she opened it, she fell back amazed while it swung wide and the candle flame flickered and sputtered in the night air. Roy Glenister stood there, grim and determined, his soft white Stetson pulled low, his trousers tucked into tan half-boots, in his hand a Winchester rifle. Beneath his corduroy coat she saw a loose cartridge-belt, yellow with shells, and the nickeled flash of a revolver. Without invitation he strode across the threshold, closing the door behind him.

"Miss Chester, you and the judge must dress quickly and come with me."

"I don't understand."

"The vigilantes are on their way here to hang him. Come with me to my house where I can protect you."

She laid a trembling hand on her bosom and the color died out of her face, then at a slight noise above they both looked up to see Judge Stillman leaning far over the banister. He had wrapped himself in a dressing-gown

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and now gripped the rail convulsively while his features were blanched to the color of putty and his eyes were wide with terror, though puffed and swollen from sleep. His lips moved in a vain endeavor to speak.

CHAPTER XV

VIGILANTES

On the morning after the episode in the Northern, Glenister awoke under a weight of discouragement and desolation. The past twenty-four hours with their manifold experiences seemed distant and unreal. At breakfast he was ashamed to tell Dextry of the gambling debauch, for he had dealt treacherously with the old man in risking half of the mine, even though they had agreed that either might do as he chose with his interest, regardless of the other. It all seemed like a nightmare, those tense moments when he lay above the receiver's office and felt his belief in the one woman slipping away, the frenzied thirst which Cherry Malotte had checked, the senseless, unreasoning lust for play that possessed him later. This lapse was the last stand of his old untamed instincts. The embers of revolt in him were dead. He felt that he would never again lose mastery of himself, that his passions would never best him hereafter.

Dextry spoke. "We had a meeting of the 'Stranglers' last night." He always spoke of the vigilantes in that way, because of his early Western training.

"What was done?"

"They decided to act quick and do any odd jobs of lynching, claim-jumpin', or such as needs doing. There's a lot of law sharps and storekeepers in the bunch who figure McNamara's gang will wipe them off the map next."

"It was bound to come to this."

"They talked of ejectin' the receiver's men and puttin' all us fellers back on our mines."

"Good. How many can we count on to help us?"

"About sixty. We've kept the number down and only taken men with so much property that they'll have to keep their mouths shut."

"I wish we might engineer some kind of an encounter with the court crowd and create such an uproar that it would reach Washington. Everything else has failed and our last chance seems to be for the Government to step in; that is, unless Bill Wheaton can do something with the California courts."

"I don't count on him. McNamara don't care for California courts no more'n he would for a boy with a pea-shooter—he's got too much pull at headquarters. If the 'Stranglers' don't do no good, we'd better go in an' clean out the bunch like we was killin' snakes. If that fails, I'm goin' out to the States an' be a doctor."

"A doctor? What for?"

"I read somewhere that in the United States every year there is forty million gallons of whisky used for medical purposes."

Glenister laughed. "Speaking of whisky, Dex—I notice that you've been drinking pretty hard of late—that is, hard for you."

The old man shook his head. "You're mistaken. It ain't hard for me."

"Well—hard or easy, you'd better cut it out."

It was some time later that one of the detectives employed by the Swedes met Glenister on Front Street, and by an almost imperceptible sign signified his desire to speak with him. When they were alone he said:

"You're being shadowed."

"I've known that for a long time."

"The district attorney has put on some new men. I've fixed the woman who rooms next to him, and through her I've got a line on some of them, but I haven't spotted them all. They're bad ones—'up-river' men mostly—remnants of Soapy Smith's Skagway gang. They won't stop at anything."

"Thank you—I'll keep my eyes open."

A few nights after Glenister had reason to recall the words of the sleuth and to realize that the game was growing close and desperate. To reach his cabin, which sat on the outskirts of the town, he ordinarily followed one of the plank walks which wound through the confusion of tents, warehouses, and cottages lying back of the two principal streets along the water-front. This part of the city was not laid out in rectangular blocks, for in the early rush the first comers had seized whatever pieces of ground they found vacant and erected thereon some kind of buildings to make good their titles. There resulted a formless jumble of huts, cabins, and sheds, penetrated by no cross streets and quite unlighted. At night, one leaving the illuminated portion of the town found this darkness intensified.

Glenister knew his course so well that he could have walked it blindfolded. Nearing a

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"I'VE COME TO SAVE YOU. DON'T STOP TO ARGUE."

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corner of the warehouse this evening he remembered that the planking at this point was torn up, so, to avoid the mud, he leaped lightly across. Simultaneously with his jump he detected a movement in the shadows that banked the wall at his elbow and saw the flaming spurt of a revolver-shot. The man had crouched behind the building and was so close that it seemed impossible to miss. Glenister fell heavily upon his side and the thought flashed over him, "McNamara's thugs have shot me."

His assailant leaped out from his hiding-place and ran down the walk, the sound of his quick, soft footfalls thudding faintly out into the silence. The young man felt no pain, however, so scrambled to his feet, felt himself over with care, and then swore roundly. He was untouched; the other had missed him cleanly. The report, coming while he was in the act of leaping, had startled him so that he had lost his balance, slipped upon the wet boards, and fallen. His assailant was lost in the darkness before he could rise. Pursuit was out of the question, so he continued homeward, considerably shaken, and related the incident to Dextry.

"You think it was some of McNamara's work, eh?" Dextry inquired when he had finished.

"Of course. Didn't the detective warn me to-day?"

Dextry shook his head. "It don't seem like the game is that far along yet. The time is coming when we'll go to the mat with them people, but they've got the age on us now, so what could they gain by putting you away? I don't believe it's them, but whoever it is, you'd better be careful or you'll be got."

"Suppose we come home together after this," Roy suggested, and they arranged to do so, realizing that danger lurked in the dark corners and that it was in some such lonely spot that the deed would be tried again. They experienced no trouble for a time, though on nearing their cabin one night the younger man fancied that he saw a shadow glide away from its vicinity and out into the blackness of the tundra, as though some one had stood at his very door waiting for him, then became frightened at the two figures approaching. Dextry had not observed it, however, and Glenister was not positive himself, but it served to give him the uncanny feeling that some determined, unscrupulous force was bent on his destruction. He decided to go nowhere unarmed.

A few evenings later he went home early and was busied in writing when Dextry came in about ten o'clock. The old miner hung up his coat before speaking, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, then amid mouthfuls of smoke began:

"I had my own toes over the edge to-night. I was mistook for you, which compliment I don't aim to have repeated."

Glenister questioned him eagerly.

"We're about the same height an' these hats of ours are alike. Just as I come by that lumber pile down yonder, a man hopped out and throwed a 'gat' under my nose. He was quicker than light and near blowed my skelp into the next block before he saw who I was, then he dropped his weepon and said:

"'My mistake. Go on.' I accepted his apology."

"Could you see who he was?"

"Sure! Guess."

"I can't."

"It was the Bronco Kid."

"Lord!" ejaculated Glenister. "Do you think he's after me?"

"He ain't after nobody else, an' take my word for it, it's got nothin' to do with McNamara nor that gamblin' row. He's too game for that. There's some other reason."

This was the first mention Dextry had made of the night at the Northern.

"I don't know why he should have it in for me—I never did him any favors," Glenister remarked cynically.

"Well, you watch out, anyhow. I'd sooner face McNamara an' all the crooks he can hire than that gambler."

During the next few days Roy undertook to meet the proprietor of the Northern face to face, but the Kid had vanished completely from his haunts. He was not in his gambling hall at night nor on the street by day. The young man was still looking for him on the evening of the dance at the hotel when he chanced to meet one of the vigilantes, who inquired of him:

"Aren't you late for the meeting?"

"What meeting?"

After seeing that they were alone, the other stated:

"There's an assembly to-night at eleven o'clock. Something important, I think. I supposed, of course, you knew about it."

"It's strange I wasn't notified," said Roy. "It's probably an oversight. I'll go along with you."

Together they crossed the river to the less

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frequented part of town and knocked at the door of a large, unlighted warehouse, flanked by a high board fence. The building faced the street, but was enclosed on the other three sides by this ten-foot wall, inside of which were stored large quantities of coal and lumber. After some delay they were admitted and, passing down through the dim-lit, high-banked lanes of merchandise, came to the rear room, where they were admitted again. This compartment had been fitted up for the warm storage of perishable goods during the cold weather, and, being without windows, made an ideal place for clandestine gatherings.

Glenister was astonished to find every man of the organization present, including Dextry, whom he supposed to have gone home an hour since. Evidently a discussion had been in progress, for a chairman was presiding, and the boxes, kegs, and bales of goods had been shoved back against the walls for seats. On these were ranged the threescore men of the "Stranglers," their serious faces lighted imperfectly by scattered lanterns. A certain constraint seized them upon Glenister's entrance; the chairman was embarrassed. It was but momentary, however. Glenister himself felt that tragedy was in the air, for it showed in the men's attitudes and spoke from their strained faces eloquently. He was about to question the man next to him when the presiding officer continued:

"We will assemble here quietly with our arms at one o'clock. And let me caution you again not to talk or do anything to scare the birds away."

Glenister arose. "I came late, Mr. Chairman, so I missed hearing your plan. I gather that you're out for business, however, and I want to be in it. May I ask what is on foot?"

"Certainly. Things have reached such a pass that moderate means are useless. We have decided to act and act quickly. We have exhausted every legal resource and now we're going to stamp out this gang of robbers in our own way. We will get together in an hour, divide into three groups of twenty men, each with a leader, then go to the houses of McNamara, Stillman, and Voorhees, take them prisoners, and—" He waved his hand in a large gesture.

Glenister made no answer for a moment, while the crowd watched him intently.

"You have discussed this fully?" he asked.

"We have. It has been voted on and we're unanimous."

"My friends, when I stepped into this room just now I felt that I wasn't wanted. Why, I don't know, because I have had more to do with organizing this movement than any of you, and because I have suffered just as much as the rest. I want to know if I was omitted from this meeting intentionally."

"This is an embarrassing position to put me in," said the chairman gravely. "But I shall answer as spokesman for these men if they wish."

"Yes. Go ahead," said those around the room.

"We don't question your loyalty, Mr. Glenister, but we didn't ask you to this meeting because we knew your attitude—perhaps I'd better say sentiment, toward Judge Stillman's niece—er—family. It has come to us from various sources that you have been affected to the prejudice of your own and your partner's interest. Now, there isn't going to be any sentiment in the affairs of the vigilantes. We are going to do justice, and we thought the simplest way was to ignore you in this matter and spare all discussion and hard feeling in every quarter."

"It's a lie!" shouted the young man hoarsely. "A damned lie! You wouldn't let me in for fear I'd kick, eh? Well, you were right. I will kick. You've hinted about my feeling for Miss Chester. Let me tell you that she is engaged to marry McNamara, and that she's nothing to me. Now, then, let me tell you further, that you won't break into her house and hang her uncle even if he is a reprobate. No, sir! This isn't the time for violence of that sort—we'll win without it. If we can't, let's fight like men and not hunt in a pack like wolves. If you want to do something, put us back on our mines, and help us hold them, but, for God's sake, don't descend to assassination and the tactics of the Mafia!"

"We knew you would make that kind of a talk," said the speaker, while the rest murmured grudgingly. One of them spoke up:

"We've talked this over in cold blood, Glenister, and it's a question of their lives or our liberty. The law don't enter into it."

"That's right," echoed another at his elbow. "We can't seize the claims because McNamara's got soldiers to back him up. They'd shoot us down. You ought to be the last one to object."

He saw that dispute was futile. Determination was stamped on their faces too plainly for mistake, and his argument had no more effect on them than did the pale rays of the lantern beside him, yet he continued:

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"I don't deny that McNamara deserves lynching, but Stillman doesn't. He's a weak old man"—some one laughed derisively—"and there's a woman in the house. He's all she has in the world to depend upon, and you'd have to kill her to get at him. If you *must* follow this course, take the others, but leave him alone."

They only shook their heads, while some pushed by him even as he spoke. "We're going to distribute our favors equal," said a man as he left. They were actuated by what they called justice, and he could not sway them. The life and welfare of the North was in their hands, as they thought, and there was not one to hesitate. Glenister implored the chairman, but the man answered him:

"It's too late for further discussion, and let me remind you of your promise. You're bound by every obligation that exists for an honorable man——"

"Oh, don't think that I'll give the snap away!" said the other; "but I warn you again not to enter Stillman's house."

He followed out into the night to find that Dextry had disappeared, evidently wishing to avoid argument. Roy had seen signs of unrest beneath the prospector's restraint during the past few days, and indications of a fierce hunger to vent his spleen on the men who had robbed him of his most sacred rights. He was of the intolerant, vindictive nature that will go to any length for vengeance. Retribution was part of his creed.

On his way home the young man looked at his watch, to find that he had but an hour to determine his course. Instinct prompted him to join his friends and to even the score with the men who had injured him so bitterly, for, measured by standards of the frontier, they were pirates with their lives forfeit. Yet he could not countenance this step. If only the vigilantes would be content with making an example—but he knew they would not. The blood hunger of a mob is easy to whet and hard to hold. McNamara would resist, as would Voorhees and the district attorney, then there would be bloodshed, riot, chaos. The soldiers would be called out and martial law declared, the streets would become skirmish grounds. The vigilantes would rout them without question, for every citizen of the North would rally to their aid, and such men could not be stopped. The judge would go down with the rest of the ring, and what would happen to—her? He took down his Winchester, oiled and cleaned it, then buckled on a belt of cartridges. Still he wrestled with himself. He felt that he was being ground between his loyalty to the vigilantes and his own conscience. The girl was one of the gang, he reasoned—she had schemed with them to betray him through his love, and she was pledged to the one man in the world whom he hated with fanatical fury. Why should he think of her in this hour? Six months back he would have looked with jealous eyes upon the right to lead the vigilantes, but this change that had mastered him—what was it? Not cowardice, nor caution. No. Yet being intangible, it was none the less marked, as his friends had shown him an hour since.

He slipped out into the night. The mob might do as it pleased elsewhere, but no man should enter her house. He found a light shining from her parlor window and, noting the shade up a few inches, stole close. Peering through, he discovered Struve and Helen talking. He slunk back into the shadows and remained hidden for a considerable time after the lawyer left, for the dancers were returning from the hotel and passed close by. When the last group had chattered away down the street, he strode around to the front of the house and up the steps, knocking sharply. As Helen appeared at the door he stepped inside and closed it after him. The girl's hair lay upon her neck and shoulders in tumbled brown masses, while her breast heaved tumultuously at the sudden, grim sight of him. She stepped back against the wall, her wondrous, deep, gray eyes wide and troubled, the blush of modesty struggling with the pallor of dismay.

The picture pained him like a knife thrust. This girl was for his bitterest enemy—no hope of her was for him. He forgot for a moment that she was false and plotting, then, recalling it, spoke as roughly as he might and stated his errand. Then the old man appeared on the stairs above, speechless with fright at what he overheard. It was evident that his nerves, so sorely strained by the events of the past week, were now snapped utterly. A human soul naked and panic-stricken is no pleasant sight, so Glenister dropped his eyes and addressed the girl:

"Don't take anything with you. Just dress and come with me." The creature on the stairs above stammered and stuttered inquiringly:

"What outrage is this, Mr. Glenister?"

"The people of Nome are up in arms, and

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I've come to save you. Don't stop to argue." He spoke impatiently.

"Is this some r—ruse to get me into your power?"

"Uncle Arthur!" exclaimed the girl sharply. Her eyes met Glenister's and begged him to take no offense.

"I don't understand this atrocity. They must be mad!" wailed the judge. "You run over to the jail, Mr. Glenister, and tell Voorhees to hurry guards here to protect me. Helen, 'phone to the military post and give the alarm. Tell them the soldiers must come at once."

"Hold on!" said Glenister. "There's no use of doing that—the wires are cut, and I won't notify Voorhees—he can take care of himself. I came to help you, and if you want to escape you'll stop talking and hurry up."

"I don't know what to do," said Stillman, torn by terror and indecision. "You wouldn't hurt an old man, would you? Wait! I'll be down in a minute."

He scrambled up the stairs, tripping on his robe, seemingly forgetting his niece till she called up to him sharply:

"Stop, Uncle Arthur! You mustn't *run away*." She stood erect and determined. "You wouldn't do *that*, would you? This is our house. You represent the law and the dignity of the Government. You mustn't fear a mob of ruffians. We will stay here and meet them, of course."

"Good Lord!" said Glenister. "That's madness. These men aren't ruffians; they are the best citizens of Nome. You don't realize that this is Alaska and that they have sworn to wipe out McNamara's gang. Come along."

"Thank you for your good intentions," she said, "but we have done nothing to run away from. We will get ready to meet these cowards. You had better go or they will find you here."

She moved up the stairs and, taking the judge by the arm, led him with her. Of a sudden she had assumed control of the situation unfalteringly, and both men felt the impossibility of thwarting her. Pausing at the top, she turned and looked down.

"We are grateful for your efforts, just the same. Good night."

"Oh, I'm not going!" said the young man. "If you stick I'll do the same." He made the rounds of the first-floor rooms, locking doors and windows. As a place of defense it was hopeless, and he saw that he would have to make his stand up-stairs. When sufficient time had elapsed he called up to Helen:

"May I come?"

"Yes," she replied. So he ascended, to find Stillman in the hall, half-clothed and cowering, while by the light from the front chamber he saw her finishing her toilet.

"Won't you come with me—it's our last chance?" She only shook her head. "Well, then, put out the light. I'll stand at that front window and when my eyes get used to the darkness I'll be able to see them before they reach the gate."

She did as directed, taking her place beside him at the opening, while the judge crept in and sat upon the bed, his heavy breathing the only sound in the room. The two young people stood so close beside each other that the sweet scent of her person awoke in him an almost irresistible longing. He forgot her treachery again, forgot that she was another's, forgot all save that he loved her truly and purely, with a love which was like an agony to him. Her shoulder brushed his arm, he heard the soft rustling of her garment at her breast as she breathed. Some one passed in the street, and she laid a hand upon him fearfully. It was very cold, very tiny, and very soft, but he made no move to take it. The moments dragged along, still, tense, interminable. Occasionally she leaned toward him, and he stooped to catch her whispered words. At such times her breath beat warm against his cheek, and he closed his teeth stubbornly. Out in the night a wolf-dog saddened the air, then came the sound of others wrangling and snarling in a near-by corral. This is a chickless land and no cock-crow breaks the midnight peace. The suspense enhanced the judge's perturbation till his chattering teeth sounded like castanets. Now and then he groaned.

The watchers had lost track of time when their strained eyes detected dark blots materializing out of the shadows.

"There they come," whispered Glenister, forcing her back from the aperture; but she would not be denied, and returned to his side.

As the foremost figures reached the gate, Roy leaned forth and spoke, not loudly, but in tones that sliced through the silence sharp, clean, and without warning:

"Halt! Don't come inside the fence." There was an instant's confusion, then before the men beneath had time to answer or take action, he continued: "This is Roy Glenister talking. I told you not to molest these

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people and I warn you again. We're ready for you."

The leader spoke: "You're a traitor, Glenister."

He winced. "Perhaps I am. You betrayed me first, though; and, traitor or not, you can't come into this house."

There was a murmur at this, and some one said:

"Miss Chester is safe. All we want is the judge. We won't hang him, not if he'll wear this suit we brought along. He needn't be afraid. Tar is good for the skin."

"Oh, my God!" groaned the limb of the law.

Suddenly a man came running down the planked pavement and into the group.

"McNamara's gone and so's the marshal and the rest," he panted. There was a moment's silence, and then the leader growled to his men: "Scatter out and rush them, boys." He raised his voice to the man in the window.—"This is your work—you damned turncoat." His followers melted away to right and left, vaulted the fence, and dodged into the shelter of the walls. The click, click of Glenister's Winchester sounded through the room while the sweat stood out on him. He wondered if he could do this deed, if he could really fire on these people. He wondered if his muscles would not wither and paralyze before they obeyed his command.

Helen crowded past him and, leaning half out of the opening, called loudly, her voice ringing clear and true. It was the first sign she had made, and they recognized her, to a man.

"Wait! Wait a moment. I have something to say. Mr. Glenister didn't warn them. They thought you were going to attack the mines and so they rode out there before midnight. I am telling you the truth, really. They left hours ago." There were uncertain mutterings below till a new man raised his voice. Both Roy and Helen recognized Dextry.

"Boys, we've overplayed. We don't want *these* people—McNamara's our meat. Old bald-face up yonder has to do what he's told, and I'm ag'in this twenty-to-one midnight work. I'm goin' home." There were more whisperings, then the original spokesman called for Judge Stillman. The old man tottered to the window, a palsied, terror-stricken object. The girl was glad he could not be seen from below.

"We won't hurt you this time, judge, but you've gone far enough. We'll give you another chance, then if you don't make good, we'll stretch you to a lamp-post. Take this as a warning."

"I—s—shall do my d—d—duty," said the judge.

The men disappeared into the darkness, and when they had gone Glenister closed the window, pulled down the shades, and lighted a lamp. He knew by how narrow a margin a tragedy had been averted. If he had fired on those men his shot would have kindled a feud which would have consumed every vestige of the court crowd and himself among them. He would have fallen under a false banner, and his life would not have reached to the next sunset. Perhaps it was forfeit now—he could not tell. The vigilantes would probably look upon his part as traitorous, and, at the very least, he had cut himself off from their support, the only support the Northland offered him. Henceforth he was a renegade, a pariah, hated alike by both factions. He purposely avoided sight of Stillman and turned his back when the judge extended his hand with expressions of gratitude. His work was done and he wished to leave this house. Helen followed him down to the door and, as he opened it, laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"Words are feeble things, and I can never make amends for all you've done for us."

"For *us*!" cried Roy, with a break in his voice. "Do you think I sacrificed my honor, betrayed my friends, killed my last hope, ostracized myself, for '*us*'? This is the last time I'll trouble you. Perhaps the last time I'll see you. No matter what else you've done, however, you've taught me a lesson, and I thank you for it. I have found myself at last. I'm not an Eskimo any longer—I'm a man!"

"You've always been that," she said. "I don't understand as much about this affair as I want to, and it seems that no one will explain it. I'm very stupid, I guess, but won't you come back to-morrow and tell it to me?"

"No," he said roughly. "You're not of my people. McNamara and his are no friends of mine, and I'm no friend of theirs." He was half down the steps before she said softly:

"Good night, and God bless you—friend."

She returned to the judge, who was in a pitiable state, and for a long time she labored to soothe him as though he were a child. She undertook to question him about the things which lay uppermost in her mind and which

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this night had half revealed, but he became fretful and irritated at the mention of mines or mining. She sat beside his bed till he dozed off, puzzling to discover what lay behind the hints she had heard, till her brain and body matched in absolute weariness. The reflex of the day's excitement sapped her strength till she could barely creep to her own couch, where she rolled and sighed—too tired to sleep at once. She awoke finally, with one last nervous flicker, before complete oblivion took her. A sentence was on her mind—it almost seemed as though she had spoken it aloud:

"The handsomest woman in the North . . . but Glenister ran away."

CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH THE TRUTH BEGINS TO BARE ITSELF

It was nearly noon of the next day when Helen awoke to find that McNamara had ridden in from the creek, and stopped for breakfast with the judge. He had asked for her, but on hearing the tale of the night's adventure would not allow her to be disturbed. Later, he and the judge had gone away together.

Although her judgment approved the step she had contemplated the night before, still the girl now felt a strange reluctance to meet McNamara. It is true that she knew no ill of him, except that implied in the accusations of certain embittered men; and she was aware that every strong and aggressive character makes enemies in direct proportion to the qualities which lend him greatness. Nevertheless, she was aware of an inner conflict that she had not foreseen. This man who so confidently believed that she would marry him did not dominate her consciousness.

She had ridden much of late, taking long, solitary gallops beside the shimmering sea that she loved so well, or up the winding valleys into the foot-hills where echoed the roar of swift waters or glinted the flash of shovel blades. This morning her horse was lame, so she determined to walk. In her early rambles she had looked timidly askance at the rough men she met till she discovered their genuine respect and courtesy. The most unkempt among them were often college bred, although, for that matter, the roughest of the miners showed abundant consideration for a woman. So she was glad to allow the men to talk to her with the fine freedom inspired by the new country and its wide spaces. The wilderness breeds a chivalry all its own.

Thus there seemed to be no danger abroad; though they had told the girl of mad dogs which roamed the city, explaining that the hot weather affects powerfully the thick-coated, shaggy "malamoots." This is the land of the dog, and whereas in winter his lot is to labor and shiver and starve—in summer he loafs, fights, grows fat, and runs mad with the heat.

Helen walked far and, returning, chose an unfamiliar course through the outskirts of the town to avoid meeting any of the women she knew, because of that vivid memory of the night before. As she walked swiftly along, she thought that she heard faint cries far behind her. Looking up, she noted that it was a lonely, barren quarter, and that the only figure in sight was a woman some distance away. A few paces farther on the shouts recurred—more plainly this time, and a gunshot sounded. Glancing back, she saw several men running, one bearing a smoking revolver; and heard, nearer still, the snarling hubbub of fighting dogs. In a flash the girl's curiosity became horror, for, as she watched, one of the dogs made a sudden dash through the now subdued group of animals and ran swiftly along the planking on which she stood. It was a handsome specimen of the Eskimo malamoot—tall, gray, and coated like a wolf, with the speed, strength, and cunning of its cousin. Its head hung low and swung from side to side as it trotted, the motion flecking foam and slaver. The creature had scattered the pack; and now, swift, menacing, relentless, was coming toward Helen. There was no shelter near, no fence, no house, save the distant one toward which the other woman was making her way. The men, too far away to protect her, shouted hoarse warnings.

Helen did not scream nor hesitate—she turned and ran, terror-stricken, toward the distant cottage. She was blind with fright and felt an utter certainty that the dog would attack her before she could reach safety. Yes—there was the quick patter of his pads close up behind her; her knees weakened; the sheltering door was yet some yards away. But a horse, tethered near the walk, reared and snorted as the flying pair drew near. The mad creature swerved, leaped at the horse's legs, and snapped in fury.

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Badly frightened at this attack, the horse lunged at his halter, broke it, and galloped away; but the delay had served for Helen, weak and faint, to reach the door. She wrenched at the knob. It was locked. As she turned hopelessly away, she saw that the other woman was directly behind her, and was, in her turn, awaiting the mad animal's onslaught, but calmly, a tiny revolver in her hand.

"Shoot!" screamed Helen. "Why don't you shoot?" The little gun spoke, and the dog spun around, snarling and yelping. The woman fired several times more before it lay still, and then remarked calmly, as she "broke" the weapon and ejected the shells:

"The caliber is too small to be good for much."

Helen sank down upon the steps.

"How well you shoot!" she gasped. Her eyes were on the gray bundle whose death agonies had thrust it almost to her feet. The men had run up and were talking excitedly, but after a word with them the woman turned to Helen.

"You must come in for a moment and recover yourself," she said, and led her inside.

It was a cozy room in which the girl found herself—more than that—luxurious. There was a piano with scattered music, and many of the pretty, feminine things that Helen had not seen since leaving home. The hostess had stepped behind some curtains for an instant and was talking to her from the next room.

"That is the third mad dog I have seen this month. Hydrophobia is becoming a habit in this neighborhood." She returned, bearing a tiny silver tray with decanter and glasses.

"You're all unstrung, but this brandy will help you—if you don't object to a swallow of it. Then come right in here and lie down for a moment and you'll be all right." She spoke with such genuine kindness and sympathy that Helen flashed a grateful glance at her. She was tall, slender, and with a peculiar undulating suggestion in her movements, as though she had been bred to the clinging folds of silken garments. Helen watched the charm of her smile, the friendly solicitude of her expression, and felt her heart warm toward this one kind woman in Nome.

"You're very good," she answered, "but I'm all right now. I was badly frightened. It was wonderful, your saving me." She followed the other's graceful motion as she placed her burden on the table, and in doing so gazed squarely at a photograph of Roy Glenister.

"Oh—!" Helen exclaimed, then paused as it flashed over her who this girl was. She looked at her quickly. Yes, probably men would consider the woman beautiful, with that smile. The revelation came with a shock and she arose, trying to mask her confusion and dismay.

"Thank you so much for your kindness. I'm quite myself now and I must go."

Her change of face could not escape the quick perceptions of one schooled by experience in the slights of her sex. Times without number Cherry Malotte had marked that subtle scornful change in other women, and reviled herself for heeding it. But in some way this girl's manner hurt her worst of all. She betrayed no sign, however, save a widening of the eyes and a certain fixity of smile as she answered:

"I wish that you would stay until you are rested, Miss—" She paused with outstretched hand.

"Chester. My name is Helen Chester. I'm Judge Stillman's niece," hurried the other, in embarrassment.

Cherry Malotte withdrew her proffered hand and her face grew hard and hateful.

"Oh! So you are Miss Chester—and I—saved you!" She laughed harshly.

Helen strove for calmness. "I'm sorry you feel that way," she said coolly. "I appreciate your service to me." She moved toward the door.

"Wait a moment. I want to talk to you"; then, as Helen paid no heed, the woman burst out bitterly: "Oh, don't be afraid! I know you are committing an unpardonable sin by talking to me, but no one will see you, and in your code the crime lies in being discovered. Therefore, you're quite safe. That's what makes me an outcast—I was found out. I want you to know, however, that bad as I am, I'm better than you, for I'm loyal to those that like me, and I don't betray my friends."

"I don't pretend to understand you," said Helen coldly.

"Oh, yes, you do! Don't assume such innocence. Of course it's your rôle, but you can't play it with me." She stepped in front of her visitor, placing her back against the door, while her face was bitter and mocking. "The little service I did you just now entitles me to a privilege, I suppose, and I'm going to take advantage of it to tell you how badly

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your mask fits. Dreadfully rude of me, isn't it? You're in with a fine lot of crooks, and I admire the way you've done your share of the dirty work, but when you assume these scandalized, supervirtuous airs it offends me."

"Let me out!"

"I've done bad things," Cherry continued unheedingly, "but I was forced into them, usually, and I never deliberately tried to wreck a man's life just for his money."

"What do you mean by saying that I have betrayed my friends and wrecked anybody's life?" Helen demanded hotly.

"Bah! I had you sized up at the start, but Roy couldn't see it. Then Struve told me what I hadn't guessed. A bottle of wine, a woman, and that fool will tell all he knows. It's a great game McNamara's playing and he did well to get you in on it, for you're clever, your nerve is good, and your make-up is great for the part. I ought to know, for I've turned a few tricks myself. You'll pardon this little burst of feeling—professional pique— I'm jealous of your ability, that's all. However, now that you realize we're in the same class, don't look down on me hereafter." She opened the door and bowed her guest out with elaborate mockery.

Helen was too bewildered and humiliated to make much out of this vicious and incoherent attack except the fact that Cherry Malotte accused her of a part in this conspiracy which every one seemed to believe existed. Here again was that hint of corruption which she encountered on all sides. This might be merely a woman's jealousy—and yet she said Struve had told her all about it—that a bottle of wine and a pretty face would make the lawyer disclose everything. She could believe it from what she knew and had heard of him. The feeling that she was groping in the dark, that she was wrapped in a mysterious woof of secrecy, came over her again as it had so often of late. If Struve talked to that other woman, why wouldn't he talk to her? She paused, changing her direction toward Front Street, as she went revolving rapidly in her mind her course of action. Cherry Malotte believed her to be an actress. Very well—she would prove her judgment right.

She found Struve busy in his private office. but he leaped to his feet on her entrance, and came forward, offering her a chair.

"Good morning, Miss Helen. You have a fine color, considering the night you have passed. The judge told me all about the affair, and let me state that you're the pluckiest girl I know."

She smiled grimly at the thought of what made her cheeks glow, and languidly loosened the buttons of her jacket.

"I suppose you're very busy, you lawyer man?" she inquired.

"Yes—but not too busy to attend to anything you want."

"Oh, I didn't come on business!" she said lightly. "I was out walking and merely sauntered in."

"Well, I appreciate that all the more," he said in an altered tone, twisting his chair about. "I'm more than delighted." She judged she was getting on well from the way his professionalism had dropped off.

"Yes, I get tired talking to uncle and Mr. McNamara. They treat me as though I were a little girl."

"When do you take the fatal step?"

"What step do you mean?"

"Your marriage. When does it occur? You needn't hesitate," he added. "McNamara told me about it a month ago."

He felt his throat gingerly at the thought, but his eyes brightened when she answered lightly:

"I think you are mistaken. He must have been joking."

For some time she led him on adroitly, talking of many things, in a way to make him wonder at her new and flippant humor. He had never dreamed she could be like this, so tantalizingly close to familiarity, and yet so maddeningly aloof and distant. He grew bolder in his speech.

"How are things going with us?" she questioned as his warmth grew pronounced. "Uncle won't talk and Mr. McNamara is as close-mouthed as can be, lately."

He looked at her quickly. "In what respect?"

She summoned her courage and walked past the ragged edge of uncertainty.

"Now, don't you try to keep me in short dresses, too. It's getting wearisome. I've done my part and I want to know what the rest of you are doing." She was prepared for any answer.

"What do you want to know?" he asked cautiously.

"Everything. Don't you think I can hear what people are saying?"

"Oh, that's it! Well, don't you pay any attention to what people say."

She recognized her mistake and continued hurriedly:

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"Why shouldn't I? Aren't we all in this together? I object to being used and then discarded. I think I'm entitled to know how the scheme is working. Don't you think I can keep my mouth shut?"

"Of course," he laughed, trying to change the subject of their talk; but she rose and leaned against the desk near him, vowing that she would not leave the office without piercing some part of this mystery. His manner strengthened her suspicion that there *was* something behind it all. This dissipated, brilliant creature knew the situation thoroughly; and yet, though swayed by her efforts, he remained chained by caution. She leaned forward and smiled at him.

"You're just like the others, aren't you? You won't give me any satisfaction at all."

"Give, give, give," said Struve cynically. "That's always the woman's cry. Give me this—give me that. Selfish sex! Why don't you offer something in return? Men are traders, women usurers. You are curious, hence miserable. I can help you, therefore I should do it for a smile. You ask me to break my promises and risk my honor on your caprice. Well, that's womanlike and I'll do it. I'll put myself in your power, but I won't do it gratis. No, we'll trade."

"It isn't curiosity," she denied indignantly. "It is my due."

"No, you've heard the common talk and grown suspicious, that's all. You think I know something that will throw a new light or a new shadow on everything you have in the world, and you're worked up to such a condition that you can't take your own people's word; and, on the other hand, you can't go to strangers, so you come to me. Suppose I told you I had the papers you brought to me last spring in that safe and that they told the whole story—whether your uncle is unimpeachable or whether he deserved hanging by that mob. What would you do, eh? What would you give to see them? Well, they're there and ready to speak for themselves. If you're a woman you won't rest till you've seen them. Will you trade?"

"Yes, yes! Give them to me," she cried eagerly, at which a wave of crimson rushed up to his eyes and he rose abruptly from his chair. He made toward her, but she retreated to the wall, pale and wide-eyed.

"Can't you see," she flung at him, "that I *must* know?"

He paused. "Of course I can, but I want a kiss to bind the bargain—to apply on account." He reached for her hand with his own hot one, but she pushed him away and slipped past him toward the door.

"Suit yourself," said he, "but if I'm not mistaken, you'll never rest till you've seen those papers. I've studied you and I'll place a bet that you can't marry McNamara nor look your uncle in the eye till you know the truth. You might do either if you *knew* them to be crooks, but you couldn't if you only suspected it—that's the woman. When you get ready, come back; I'll show you proof, because I don't claim to be anything but what I am—Wilton Struve, bargainer of some mean ability. When they come to inscribe my headstone I hope they can carve thereon with truth, 'He got value received.'"

"You're a panther," she said loathingly.

"Graceful and elegant brute, that," he laughed. "Affectionate and full of play, but with sharp teeth and sharper claws. To follow out the idea, which pleases me, I believe the creature owes no loyalty to its fellows and hunts alone. Now, when you've followed this conspiracy out and placed the blame where it belongs, won't you come and tell me about it? That door leads into an outer hall which opens into the street. No one will see you come or go."

As she hurried away she wondered dazedly why she had stayed to listen so long. What a monster he was! His meaning was plain, had always been so from the first day he laid eyes upon her, and he was utterly conscienceless. She had known all this; and yet, in her proud, youthful confidence, and in her need, every hour more desperate and urgent, to know the truth, she had dared risk herself with him. Withal, the man was shrewd and observant and had divined her mental condition with remarkable sagacity. She had failed with him; but the girl now knew that she could never rest till she found an answer to her questions. She *must* kill this suspicion that ate into her so. She thought tenderly of her uncle's goodness to her, clung with despairing faith to the last of her kin. The blood ties of the Chesters were close and she felt in dire need of that lost brother who was somewhere in this mysterious land—need of some one in whom ran the strain that bound her to the weak old man up yonder. There was McNamara; but how could he help her, how much did she know of him, this man who was now within the darkest shadow of her new suspicions?

Feeling almost intolerably friendless and

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alone, weakened both by her recent fright and by her encounter with Struve, Helen considered as calmly as her emotions would allow and decided that this was no day in which pride should figure. There were facts which it was imperative she should know, and immediately; therefore, a few minutes later, she knocked at the door of Cherry Malotte. When the girl appeared, Helen was astonished to see that she had been crying. Tears burn hottest and leave plainest trace in eyes where they come most seldom. The younger girl could not guess the tumult of emotion the other had undergone during her absence, the utter depths of self-abasement she had fathomed, for the sight of Helen and her fresh young beauty had roused in the adventuress a very tempest of bitterness and jealousy. Whether Helen Chester were guilty or innocent, how could Glenister hesitate between them? Cherry had asked herself. Now she stared at her visitor inhospitably and without sign.

"Will you let me come in?" Helen asked her. "I have something to say to you."

When they were inside, Cherry Malotte stood and gazed at her visitor with inscrutable eyes and stony face.

"It isn't easy for me to come back," Helen began, "but I felt that I had to. If you can help me, I hope you will. You said that you knew a great wrong was being done. I have suspected it, but I didn't know and I've been afraid to doubt my own people. You said I had a part in it—that I'd betrayed my friends. Wait a moment," she hurried on at the other's cynical smile. "Won't you tell me what you know and what you think my part has been? I've heard and seen things that make me think—oh, they make me afraid to think, and yet I can't find the *truth!* You see, in a struggle like this people will make all sorts of allegations, but do they *know*, have they any proof that my uncle has done wrong?"

"Is that all?"

"No. You said Struve told you the whole scheme. I went to him and tried to cajole the story out of him, but—" She shivered at the memory.

"What success did you have?" inquired the listener, oddly curious for all her cold dislike.

"Don't ask me. I hate to think of it."

Cherry laughed cruelly. "So, failing there, you came back to me, back for another favor from the waif. Well, Miss Helen Chester, I don't believe a word you've said and I'll tell you nothing. Go back to the uncle and the rawboned lover who sent you and inform them that I'll speak when the time comes. They think I know too much, do they?—so they've sent you to spy? Well, I'll make a compact. You play your game and I'll play mine. Leave Glenister alone and I'll not tell on McNamara. Is it a bargain?"

"No, no, no! Can't you *see?* That's not it. All I want is the truth of this thing."

"Then go back to Struve and get it. He'll tell you; I won't. Drive your bargain with him—you're able. You've fooled better men—now, see what you can do with him."

Helen left, realizing the futility of further effort, though she felt that this woman did not really doubt her, but was scourged by jealousy till she deliberately chose this attitude.

Reaching her own house she wrote two brief notes and called in her Jap boy from the kitchen.

"Fred, I want you to hunt up Mr. Glenister and give him this note. If you can't find him, then look for his partner and give the other to him." Fred vanished to return in an hour, with the letter for Dextry still in his hand.

"I don' catch dis feller," he explained. "Young mans say he gone, come back mebbe one, two, 'leven days."

"Did you deliver the one to Mr. Glenister?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Was there an answer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, give it to me."

The note read:

"DEAR MISS CHESTER:

"A discussion of a matter so familiar to us both as the Anvil Creek controversy would be useless. If your inclination is due to the incidents of last night, pray don't trouble yourself. We don't want your pity. I am,

"Your servant,

"ROY GLENISTER."

"***The Spoilers***" will be continued in the April number.

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THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE BACK HOME.

The Old-Time Revival

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," etc.

Illustrations by John Conacher

WHENEVER anybody begins to complain about "nowadays," we wink at those of our own generation and start in to be funny.

"Well, now, grandpap," we ask, with a roguish look at the others, "do you really think water is quite as wet now as it was in your young days?"

Because, you know, if anybody says that this present age is in any wise inferior to any age that ever went before—that it is not superior to all the ages that ever went before, lumped in one lump, why, that's a sure sign that he is getting childish and failing very fast.

And yet we cannot talk long with those who linger with us for more than threescore years and ten ere we discover that something they had is lacking with us, something of which our children have scarce a glimmer.

My old grandmother said to me one day: "Ah, they don't have the good times in religion that they used to have." It's a good joke, that about water not being as wet as it once was, but there are times when it just doesn't seem to come in quite right. Somehow it made me sigh as I bethought me of the protracted meetings I had been to when I was a little fellow—you went with me, don't you recollect? It might not have been in the same meeting-house, or the same town, or the same State, or the same year, and yet it was, too. It was in the old meeting-house "back home," and the time was just the same, "when we were little." And then I bethought me of a modern revival meeting I had attended but a short time before. When I compared the two, it seemed to me I understood then how it was that the world to-day, so bright and active, scuttling across the landscape under the hissing trolley-wire, and glowing with the golden radiance and the violet splendor of electric lamps, should seem to the older ones a dull, gray world, no longer interesting, because no longer interested in what they deemed a far more vital matter than heaping together that which perishes with the using.

The protracted meeting I attended lately wasn't in a meeting-house, but in a church, a splendid structure, through whose pictured windows the sunlight shines on Sunday mornings. Cushioned pews semicircle on a slanting floor. Above the preacher's rostrum is a gallery with a valance, behind which, during the sermon, hide the four hired singers whose well-trained voices blend so smoothly.

The modern revival that I attended was not held in this spacious auditorium, but in a smaller basement room, where, I think, they hold the "donkey parties" and the "socials." Even this room was plenty large. No utter stranger came and threw his arms around my neck and asked me to go up to the mourners' bench. There was no mourners' bench. There was a row of orchestra chairs, whereat some knelt. Seemingly kneeling is not clean gone out of fashion. They kneeled, backs to the pulpit, in the good old way. I felt a little more at home when I saw that. But still I

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missed the "workers" with the roving, piercing eyes, which fell upon the conscious-smitten and made them blanch and cower. And I missed the band of saints and new-rejoicing, thronged about the altar, singing, praying, encouraging, pointing the way to those who still sought assurance of their sins forgiven. No two began to lead in prayer or raise the tune at the same time. Nobody did anything till he was called upon. Nobody interjected heartening "Amens" or "Hallelujahs." Nobody sobbed or groaned aloud in the extremity of his grief; nobody shouted or clapped his hands in his joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was very calm, very sedate, almost repressed. It was still even in the back seats by the door. They were empty. I wondered if I had missed my directions. The only sign outside the church door was an undertaker's sign. It seemed ominous.

What I missed most of all was the old-time hearty singing. Perhaps that was mere bawling, and a little off the key. No matter. It was alive. I missed the old-time, sturdy, manly tunes, that came out of a live man's heart, worthy of the noble words that voiced the loftiest aspiration of the human soul, seeking after God, if haply it might find Him. Instead there were the feeblest possible, soppy, sentimental little verses, set to the feeblest little sentimental tunes—I could make better out of putty—and invariably accompanied on the piano. On the piano! It needed only that!

SISTER BEGGS, WHO TAUGHT THE INFANT CLASS, WAS QUITE OUTSPOKEN.

"Ah! they don't have the good times in religion that they used to." You remember those good times, don't you? In the old meeting-house back home, when we were little, where they had a reed organ, if they had any; where they had a volunteer choir, if they had any, that rose to "Cast Up the Highway" on festival occasions, like the annual conference, where Brother John Snodgrass led the singing with his down, left, right, up, and his fa-sol-la-mi-fa; or, maybe, it was Brother Jimmy Carhart, who despised organs, and, as often as he dared, broke out with: "Let's have some singin', now, without the music," meaning for Minnie De Wees to sit still there on the organ stool and look as if she could bite nails; in the old meeting-house back home, where, when we were little, everybody turned around and kneeled flat on the bare floor, face to the back of the bench, to pray, and followed every word of the petition with moving lips, groaning aloud with the intensity of supplication, or cheering the one who "led" with loud-resounding cries of: "Yes, Lord!" "Lord grant!" "A-a-a-a-men!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!" "Praise His Name!"; where nearly everybody stayed to class meeting, which to Brother F. P. Morgan was the best thing in religion, and at which old Uncle Billy Nicholson used always to begin his testimony with: "Feller sinners an' dyin' friends-ah. It's ben forty years, down in Hanks's schoolhouse, sence God, for Christ's sake, spoke peace to m' soul," and always ended with: "Pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may always prove faithful and finally meet you all in heaven, where we shall strike glad hands, where parting is no more."

There was some little talk then about a man named Darwin that had some crazy notion or other about monkeys turning into men, and a light-headed fellow named Tyndall, or some such name, that had the audacity to propose that an experiment be tried of all the world praying for the patients in one ward of a hospital and not praying for the patients in another ward, but no serious

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attention was paid to his wanderings. The Higher Criticism had not been heard of then, and if at the annual conference some one preached a sermon mentioning Renan and Strauss, why, everybody knew how godless a Frenchman like Renan must be, and the only known Strauss was he that kept the One Price Clothing Store.

In those days the bending heavens came down. God walked with men. He was very near, almost like one of the neighbors. He was a kind and loving Father, but He was a father and spared not the rod. He was a jealous God, and when a mother idolized her child too much, He took it from her to show her where to set her affections. His arm was not shortened in those days, and many were the signal instances of answers to the prayer of faith.

In those days the protracted meeting was no timid, half-way thing. Its immediate beginnings we were too little to know, you and I. It was not—and then suddenly it was. There was snow on the ground, we remember, but whether the protracted meeting began with the Week of Prayer, or whether the shortening days had something to do with it, who shall say? The shortening days were favorable, for then all the crops were in, and all the corn was husked, and to feed the stock and to dawdle over some few chores, to sleep and eat was all there was to do, week in, week out. The lengthening nights were favorable, wherein one read with difficulty, and all there was to read was "Dr. Chase's Receipt Book," and the "Works of Flavius Josephus," and the "Autobiography of Hester Ann Rogers," and Nelson's "Cause and Cure of Infidelity." The soul had time for introspection. Then the protracted meeting came along. Children could stay up till all hours, half past nine and even ten—yes, even later still, if they "went forward." There was meeting six nights of the week—Saturday the preacher had to have to himself so as to think up what to say on Sunday morning. Seven sermons a week he preached, besides "exhorting."

The first part of a protracted meeting was just like any other, singing and praying and reading out of the Bible and preaching. They had the organ for the hymns, and the prayers were not especially exciting, but the sermons were a little out of the common. Part of one still clings to my memory. There were four D's in it. One was Dreadful, one was Dismal, one was Doomed, and, I won't be sure, but I think the fourth D was Devilish. Nothing about birds and flowers and sunset glow. But thrilling as this was, we waited with eager anticipation for what was to come after, when the organ should be silent, and restraint laid off, as one lays off a garment. The sermon ended with fearful warnings to hardened impenitents; with joyful hopes to such as forsook their evil ways; with stirring appeals to every spark of one's better nature; with mention of the prayers of mothers clinging to the knees of God and beseeching Him to be mindful of their wayward sons. "Won't you come? Won't you come?"

And then broke out forthwith that hymn which seems to me instinct with all the heart's devotion:

> "I am coming, Lord,
> Coming now to thee;
> Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
> That flowed on Calvary."

Or it might be that the hymn was older and went back to the heroic age of American history, to the days of coonskin hats and apple-cuttings and log huts and "fever and ager," to days when they really did have "good times in religion." It might have been a tune that Peter Cartwright sung, or Russell Bigelow, or Elijah Hedding, or any of the preachers that studied at "Brush College" and rode circuit. Perhaps it was:

> "Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
> A thousand thoughts revolve,
> Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
> And make this last resolve:—
>
> "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
> Like mountains round me close;
> I know His courts; I'll enter in
> Whatever may oppose."

No tinkling, feeble, soppy sentimentality about that.

After this hymn, the true meeting begins. All that was before was the mere preface, endured for the sake of what is now to come. Look with all your eyes; listen with all your ears. As the hymn rises, the workers disperse themselves throughout the congregation and toward the back of the house. The rearmost bench of all is the seat of the scornful, the boys with long white crooked hairs sparse upon their chins, with Adam's apples that bob up and down on their throats; boys with quacking voices; boys that can chew tobacco without breaking out all over in a cold sweat; boys that have graduated beyond "Gosh!" and "Jeemses Rivers!" and are now clumsily trying other expletives, not without

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a vague fear of being struck by lightning. They're all smart boys. Nobody could possibly know as much as they do. You couldn't fool them, betch life. You couldn't get around them none, and tole 'em up to no mourners' bench. They know too much. And just to show the real manly spirit and spunk they have, all the time the preacher is telling about this place of the four D's, they are scuffling with each other in their hobbledehoy way, pinching, tickling, and cackling with laughter. Afraid? No, sirree, Bob! Neither is the man afraid that whistles going through the graveyard after dark. But just the same they sit close together, for there is something, they don't know what, that draws them to these meetings, something that fascinates, something they are afeared of because it is not of earth. If they were separated one from the other, they know that it would get them. Wait but a little and you shall see it. What? Can it be seen? Can one see the wind that shakes the wheat field?

"WE COME BEFORE THEE THIS EVENING."

"Sing some more!" commands Sister Beckenbaugh, from the pew-end of the seat of the scornful, where she is arguing with that wild and reckless boy of hers. He looks down sheepishly, steals a glance at the others, a grin ready on his face, should he find one on theirs. They are quite grave, for in our day it didn't do to be disrespectful to other boys' mas. He listens to her. He doesn't "sass," or call her an old fool here, as he does at home. He just holds out stubbornly, sure of applause when she has given up and gone away.

"Sing some more!" (Sister Beckenbaugh is of those who hold that music is meant only to be a background for conversation.)

She argues, she pleads, she threatens with the four D's. All over the meeting-house this is going on. You stretch your neck this way and that to see what's happening, and all of a sudden you jump as if you were shot to find somebody's hand upon your shoulder.

"Brother, are you a Christian?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly."

"Don't you think you'd ought to be?"

You snicker foolishly: "Th-n-nnnn!" and look down. The sweat comes on the back of your neck.

"You mean to be one some day, don't you?"

"Well, yes. Some day. Not now."

"Why not now?"

He looks you in the eye. "Why not now?" Something within you, not yourself, that makes for righteousness, echoes the question: "Why not now?" Are the things whereof your conscience doth accuse you—are your darling sins so great a comfort to you that you must cling to them a little longer? The man looks at you with earnest eyes. You cannot stand his steady gaze. You hang your head and fiddle with the pew-back.

"Why not now? What do you gain by waiting?"

"Well, I won't go now. Not to-night," and you smile a feeble, foolish smile. Inside of you something is saying: "Yes. Go on. Go on. Now's the time." But you hold back. What holds you back? I wonder.

"To-morrow may be too late. There may be no to-morrow. God may require your soul of you this very night. How will it be with you if you reject Him?"

Ah! He has missed his opportunity. If he had just kept on with "Why not now?" you would have yielded, but that you should die now, or at any other time, is too absurd. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

"Think about this, my brother," he says, and lays his hand again upon you. His eyes leave you and wander to another, though he still talks to you. (Will he never have done?) At last he goes, and you draw a long breath, and look around with a faint smile for some one's approval of your manly course. If there is a Something not of earth that draws one to a better life, what is this other Something, also not of earth, that holds one back? Who of us but really wants to be a better man or woman? What is it, then, that makes us mulishly balk against the gracious leading? It is a mystery to us now; it was no mystery to us then. We knew right well it was the Old Boy in us, as big as an alligator.

The singing is ended. From the altar comes the command: "Brother Snyder, lead us in prayer."

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Brother Snyder is gifted that way. He begins slowly and with impressive dignity: "High! Holy! Almighty! Everlasting God! we come before Thee this evening," etc. Then, as the formal address and introduction conclude, he becomes more eloquent, more impassioned. His voice falls into the old-time swing, almost a chant, and the vocal recoil after each period or phrase becomes more audible: "They's sinners here to-night-ah," he cantillates, "that's a-haltin' betwix' two opinions-ah. They's sinners here to-night-ah that's a-swingin' to and fro-ah, like a do-o-o-o-or on its hinges-ah. WAKE 'EM UP-ah! WAKE 'EM UP, O L-o-o-rd-ah!"

"Amen, a-a-a-amen!" cries the enthusiastic and tumultuous chorus.

"Let 'em feel, O Lord-ah, the awful peril they are in-ah, like men a-walkin' in a fog-ah on the brink of a terrible clift-ah. WAKE UP these sinners-ah and show 'em, O Lord-ah, where they are at-ah! Hang 'em over HELL FIRE-ah, for a spell-ah. Give 'em a good strong whiff o' brimstone-ah! Let 'em have no peace from this time forth untell they find it in Thee-ah. Let not the prayers of godly fathers, the tears and groans of praying mothers-ah, go unanswered any longer. Strike—deep—conviction into their hearts, O Lord-ah!"

With every petition rises a louder and more tumultuous chorus of cheering and encouraging approbation until the prayer is ended. While they still kneel, some one starts up a hymn. It may be that touching one of John Wesley's:

"Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee,
Seal thou my breast and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there."

Again they pray, and then they rise and sing. The emotions, the sympathies are stirred to their profoundest depths by this thrilling oratory, by the regular, recurring accent of the hymn, by something else more mysterious, more profound, something that thrills by anticipation. Only a few are at the altar now, but there is something in the air, as it were, the Spirit of God brooding over the face of the waters. The workers redouble their appeals. The hymns beat more lustily. Two or three are praying at once. No matter for that. It's coming. It's coming. Pretty soon you will see them flock as doves to their windows.

"I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee.
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more,
I sink by dying love compelled
And own thee conqueror.

"I am coming, Lord——"

"Bless God, there's one coming! Bless God! Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

"That flowed on Calvary."

"Isn't there another? Isn't there another that will declare: 'I care not for what others may do or say, but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord?' Isn't there another? God bless you, my brother!"

And as the hymn repeats:

"I am coming, Lord,"

the eager eyes of the watchers note a young man trembling, moving uneasily where he stands, looking down, passing a shaking hand over his face. He starts forward, but stops. You can see him swallow hard. Then, suddenly breaking as if by force from some unseen grip, he almost runs forward to the mourners' bench, stumbling, blinded by his tears, sobbing, as he casts himself down: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And there's another. And there's another. And yonder's another. The hymn swells with enthusiasm, almost with holy laughter. Why are you not among those? A subtle uneasiness overspreads you. Not to-night. Some other time. (The Old Boy snickers behind his hand.) There's another going forward. Two more.

Away with modern tunes. Let's get back to the ones they used to have when they had good times in religion. Brother Miller starts up:

"Sing on, pray on, we're a-gainin' ground,
Glory, hallelujah!
The power of the Lord is a-comin' down,
Glory, hallelujah!"

"That's it! that's it! Sing it again. Isn't there one more? We are going to pray pretty soon now again. We are going to pray for these penitent souls, that they may know that their sins, which were many, are all forgiven. Who else will come? Ah, here is one for whom many have been praying. Right here,

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THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL.

kneel right down here." Ah, this is good times in religion!

"Glory to the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb!
The world is overcome,
Glory to the Lamb!"

And when you hear that tune, know that, then and there, there are good times in religion, and that the mysterious influence is abroad. Nobody ever made that tune. Nobody composed that on any parlor organ. It came. Weird, mysterious, almost formless, unlike any other earthly tune, something of that which lies Behind the Veil is in it. The ecstasy of the Beatific Vision pervades it.

"And I shall overcome,
Glory to the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb!"

How many saintly souls, now gone to glory, have hymned that aspiration! How many redeemed and blood-washed! It is "some sweet fragment of the songs above." It is some broken echo of the melody chanted by the white-robed multitude around the crystal sea, the multitude which no man can number, harping ceaselessly on golden harps.

Tumult now follows; one leading in prayer, as if to take the kingdom of heaven by storm, two or three at once following him in just as fervent supplication, while the faithful pray almost as loudly to themselves, or groan in earnestness, or shout enthusiastic approval of petitions, amid the confused murmur of the workers about them, teaching the mourners to pray, pointing them to that Cross whereon He suffered once for all, and for all men. Let us a little withdraw ourselves and ask: What mean ye by this service?

For the first time in all his life this young man, now agonizing at the mourners' bench, feels to the full how he has slighted God, how often he has rejected tendered mercy. Perhaps it is too late now. There is a sin for which there is no pardon, let him cry never so loudly and weep never so bitterly. What this sin may be is mercifully hidden from us, but it is surmised it is resisting the influences of the Spirit. He has done that how often! Is that Dark, that Dismal, that Doomed, and Devilish Pit to be his habitation for all eternity, while overhead the company of the blessed chant everlastingly, all forgetful of his misery? Is he never to see again the sweet face of that praying mother of his, whose last whispered word to him was: "Meet me . . ." and who then, when she could not finish out the sentence, looked upward to tell him where? Lost! Lost! Forever lost!

Some one kneels beside him and whispers to him the comfortable words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever—*whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever . . . Whosoever? Why . . . Why— . . . Why, that's me! Can it be that there is pardon for such a guilty wretch as I am? Hark! They are singing:

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"Depth of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still,
Jesus weeps, He weeps, and loves me still."

And all of a sudden there comes that joy that cannot be told of in words. Sorrow and heaviness flee away. The burden falls off. That Dark, that Dismal Place no longer menaces. Saved! Saved from a never-ending Hell! Oh, glory to the kind, forgiving God! Glory! You saw this young man a little while ago, trembling, hesitating, torn by conflicting fears. You saw him agonizing on his knees. Look at him now. He starts up, his hands clenched, his eyes closed, a rapt expression on his face that shines as if by inward light. "Glory!" he shouts, "*Glory!*" louder still, my brother, "GLORY!" Every muscle quivers with tension. He cannot shout louder, but joy must be expressed in some way. He beats his palms together with the intensity of rapture. The others embrace him. Oh, the happiness of that moment! He bursts into the holy laugh. Others get their souls on fire. Others "come through" and join him in rejoicing in a new-found Saviour. Those who are already saved feel their hearts warm, and they, too, get to shouting and "striking glad hands," and, casting off the fear of what the world may say or think, "have good times in religion."

"HALLELUJAH!"

Sometimes they swooned away in ecstasy. I saw a girl lie thus for hours together, supine, her arms wide-spread. Her face was flushed and she breathed hard. A few stood about her, but they did nothing to revive her. It was all right. It occasioned no surprise, for in the earlier days there were such blessed trances in which favored ones had seen what lies Behind the Veil; had shuddered at the Dismal, Doomed, Dreadful, and Devilish Pit; had caught a glimpse of dazzling glories and heard "sweet fragments of the songs above" ere the pearly gates swung shut again, and they descended all unwillingly to the dull earth once more, but knowing thereafter what joys awaited there, what radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare. I was eager to know if to this young woman was vouchsafed any such boon, but I could get no word whatever. It seems to me now that they put me off. Boys were used to that in those days.

In such exuberance of enthusiasm, when, as it were, the soul runs wild and naked in its innocency, so many things occur to twitch the corners of the mouth, that the "holy laugh" would have had to be invented if it did not exist.

They tell the story of a man who went up forward night after night, night after night through all the meetings. The last night found him still seeking. No one could make much out of him, but at this last meeting some one put his arms about him and pityingly said: "What's the matter, my dear brother? Why is it you can't come through?"

The consciousness that the harvest was passed and the summer ended, the kindly sympathy—something, anyway—broke the man's heart. "Oh, I'm converted all right, all right, I guess," he sniffled, and then he broke into a regular, square-mouthed bawling spell. "Bub-but . . . ah-hoo-hoo-hoooooo! I jist caint make a prayer fit fer a daw-aw-awg!"

It is of record that among the Puritans of old New England were very wonderful and gracious conversions at six years, at four years, and even at two years and seven months. Nevertheless, I seem to remember that there was some grumbling when Sister Moots and Sister Hoover made such a strenuous campaign among the little folks in Sunday-school. Sister Boggs, who taught the infant class, was quite outspoken against such doings.

"What do them little things know about sins forgive, and all such truck as that?" she

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angrily demanded. (Righteous anger, understand.) "Don't it say that their angels do always behold the face of the Father? Well, then. And what if they are naughty? Bless their bones, I wouldn't give two pins for a young one that didn't tear up Jack once in a while. No, I wouldn't. Why, lawsa-daisy! What have they got to repent of? Trackin' in mud an' chasin' the chickens and such capers. Worst they ever did ud be all right if you'd turn 'em up and smack 'em, and kind o' loosen their hides so's they'd grow good. Well, s'posin'. S'posin' they *was* to die in their sins. What of it? They'd go to heaven, right *spang!* Oh, hush up! I don't want to hear any more talk about it."

But Sister Moots and Sister Hoover persevered, and I'll never be able to tell you just how a whole pewful of these young seekers looked one time when Brother Snyder got good and going about the "sinners here to-night-ah, a-haltin' betwix' two opinions-ah, and a-swingin' to an' fro-ah, like a do-o-o-o-or on its hinges-ah." They were weeping and wailing for their wicked sins, for they were in danger of hell-fire, every one of them having many times said to his brother: "Thou fool!" Each had a wet and wadded handkerchief and was scrubbing away industriously. They heard, without heeding, Brother Snyder's long-drawn cantillation, but when he came to: "WAKE 'EM UP-ah! Hang these sinners over HELL-FIRE a spell-ah! Give 'em a good strong WHIFF of brimstone-ah!" if you could have seen that row of round and red-rimmed eyes pop up from behind the pew-back with such a "What's-up-now?" expression, you would have felt the urgent need of the holy laugh yourself.

Just before the close of the meeting the mourners sit up, and they and others give in their "experience." The older ones know what to say from having been often at love-feast and prayer-meeting when "the meeting is now in your hands." But, it being their first essay as public speakers with the little folks, they sit and study, furtively watching their turn draw fearfully nearer and nearer. Still sobbing and holding their handkerchiefs before their eyes, they hunch their neighbor with: "Hay! How's this? 'I am trying to serve the Lord.' 'Ll that do, d'ye reckon?"

The first quarterly meeting after the revival, who can forget it? For the first time in his life the boy stays through the entire service. The solemn words are spoken. The strange and subtle fragrance of the sacramental wine distils upon the quiet air. The railful waits

AGONIZING AT THE MOURNERS' BENCH.

the words of dismissal, the short address concluding with these words: "Rise, brethren. Go in peace, and live for Him who died for you." As another railful presses forward is sung a verse of "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood" to that sweet tune built on the five-toned scale that touches the heart so with its repetition of the words:

"And there may I, though vile as he,
Lose all my guilty stains."

It is solemn, sacramental, ritualistic, definitely prescribed; it is the antipodes of the free, untrammeled expression of the emotions; it is the priestly contrasted with the prophetic.

But in the love-feast in the afternoon, after the prefatory little blocks of bread and sups of water, the prophetic once more resumes its sway. It is the sacrament of the lay people. They rise to tell of what the Lord has done for them: here the young soldier just admitted on probation, at the end of whose words, spoken with quivering chin, is sung: "I've 'listed in the holy war," and yonder the old veteran, soon to enter into his eternal possessions, for whom is sung:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover."

Ah, they had good times in religion in those days, so it seemed to us. But in the Amen

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Corner there were those who shook their heads and sighed, recalling what it was like in *their* day. When their folks moved here from Clarke County, one time Pap was gone to the mill and wouldn't be back for three days, it was such a far ways in those days, and Mother was left alone with two little ones, and she could hear the wolves "hollering" in the woods over by where McKinnon's is now, and there was just a quilt hung up for a door to the cabin. When they had love-feast then a woman couldn't get into it if she had a flower or a ribbon in her bonnet, and men didn't find peace to their souls till they had ripped from their shirt-bosoms the ruffles they were so proud of. No one then dreamed of asking if one might not take a hand at cards, or read a novel, go to a dance or to the play-house, and still be a "professor." Then they generally fasted once a week and always fasted the Friday before quarterly meeting. They had good times in religion then, but even that was nothing to what they had heard Pap and Mother tell about in the days when Daniel Boone and Lewis Wetzel and Captain Crawford and Simon Kenton and sinister Simon Girty, the renegade, were not mere names of demigods, but neighbors and acquaintances. In that heroic age, what was in our degenerate days a midwinter luxury was common fare.

At every preaching then "the slain of the Lord" fell in windrows to the ground, struck down by mighty power. Then men, under conviction, wandered in solitary places, moaning and crying, "Lost! Lost! Forever lost!" Then the shouts of the redeemed and blood-washed could be heard for miles as they went spinning round the camp-ground like a top. Mysterious and inexplicable "exercises" attended the preaching of the Word. Saplings had to be cut off at the right height to give those affected by the "jerks" something to hold on by while, from the waist upward, they flung themselves back and forth with such uncontrollable violence that the women's bonnets and combs flew every which way, and their long, loosened locks cracked like a carter's whip. Around these saplings the ground was all torn up as if it had been a hitching-post in fly-time. Men taken with the "barking exercise" would run on all fours, yelping and howling, and crying that they had the devil "treed." The old men dreamed dreams and the young men saw visions; sons and daughters prophesied, and children seven and eight years old preached to sinners and converted many, exhorting until they collapsed from sheer fatigue. The end of the world was thought to be at hand, for these were the signs of the last days.

And in truth the end of the world they knew was at hand, and these were the last days of their age. The new age was struggling to be born, a new age grander far than any that had ever been before—than all that had ever been before. A new nation founded, not upon authority, but upon the Equal Rights of Man, had come into being on this side of the Atlantic. On the farther side what change was being wrought in their day we may know from the fact that the flag of this American nation is now the oldest one that floats.

A waft of air stirs just before the dawn of day. It was so then. Men drew in their breath and their bosoms swelled with lofty purpose to do something for their fellows, something to hasten on the dawning of the day. A thousand instances show this, none more heart-touching than that of Johnny "Appleseed." It was not much that he could do to help along, but at least he could bring apple seeds from far across the mountains and sow them in the dark forests of Ohio. He could lend, leaf by leaf, his books to the soul-hungry backwoodsmen. The heavens be his bed for that!

Never before did such a Macedonian cry go up as from these pioneers. They had battled with appalling hardships to win them homes in the far wilderness. There grew up fathers of families who had never heard a sermon or a prayer offered to God. To them came the circuit-riders, not aged men, as we are wont to picture them, but almost beardless youths, filled with a youth's godlike fervency of spirit. Within them the thirst for souls raged like a fever. Thousands of miles they rode each year, sleeping where night overtook them, sometimes in the lone woods, sometimes in vermin-ridden cabins, preaching four times each day, and oftener if they could. Their nominal stipend was $64 a year and find themselves; their real income never touched that figure. It was for no earthly recompense they wrought, but for an amaranthine crown. What pay could tempt a fever-stricken man to lie for weeks upon three chairs in a crowded cabin? That was a common experience with them. Starved out sometimes, they "located" till they could get new clothing and a fresh horse, and then— Once more into the field! Most of them died young, many of them among strangers; and not for years

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afterward did their relatives hear how, when they were too weak even to sit up in bed, they yet gathered the people round them and told them of the Cross and Him that hung thereon. With them it was no mere pious aspiration, but their hearts' desire and prayer to God:

> "Happy if with my latest breath
> I may but gasp his name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death:
> 'Behold! Behold the Lamb!'"

Never before was there such a spreading of the Gospel. The aureoled saints that converted Europe were but a feeble folk beside them, slow-motioned, temporizing. They were unlearned men, these circuit-riders. As one of them has said, they "murdered the king's English at every lick," but they had power given unto them to move the hearts of men, such power as we can only estimate by first reading the accounts of camp-meetings in the "airly days," and then going to a modern one, thinly attended and only by the very old, at that, and deadly with a dulness that no brass quartet, or hired singers of religious ballads, or frequent jingling of tawdry "gospel hymns" can lighten in the least degree. In the old days whole settlements were utterly deserted to attend camp-meeting, and if the rowdies came and brought their whisky-bottles and made disturbances, that also was good times in religion. A mighty power could smite them senseless to the ground, if not the preacher's fist on "the burr of the ear," as Peter Cartwright calls it. (Says he: "I did not permit myself to believe that any man could whip me till it was tried.") But the mighty power could always be depended on, and if "the slain of the Lord" did not keel over by the hundred under his preaching, the circuit-rider examined his heart to find out why.

It needs must be that the age thus ushered in should be the grandest that the world has ever seen. These were the Voices of the Wilderness crying: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." And like their prototype, the man of Jordan, plain-spoken and uncouth as they, there came a time when they saw with sadness that they must decrease, and what they had forerun must increase. Peter Cartwright prayed: "Lord save the Church from desiring to have pews, choirs, organs, or instrumental music and a congregational ministry, like the heathen churches round about!" And, even as he prayed, he must

THOUSANDS OF MILES THEY RODE EACH YEAR.

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have seen that the prayer was foreordained never to be answered. Something of desperation was in his cry: "The educated ministry, the settled pastorate, has been tried time and again, and every time has proved to be a perfect failure." It was the bitter anger of a man that clearly foresees defeat that made him scorn the theological seminaries as "preacher factories," and compare their finished products to so many "goslings that have got the straddles from wading in the dew."

And yet, if he could come back to earth, not as he left it, a weary, worn-out man, but as when, a mere stripling, he heard a voice from heaven calling, "Peter! Look up!" if he could return to us, nineteen years old again, with all the godlike fervency of youth, and all the good, hard common sense that was his, he would be none of those who shake their heads and "deplore the tendency of the age," as if God were an old man now, no longer knowing His own business! These have been twaddling their tinkling little "gospel hymns" so long that they have forgotten the sturdy lines that stayed and comforted so many in the days when they had good times in religion:

> "We'll praise Him for all that is past,
> And trust Him for all that's to come."

The Captain

By JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

NO chaffroned charger forth I ride through ringing lists to reel;
No silver trumpet bids me bide the shock of steed and steel;
No golden spurs my valor's bride has bound behind my heel;

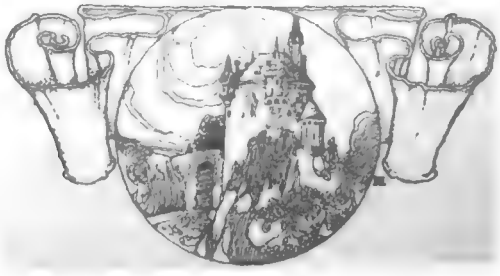
But twice ten thousand horses' might is mine to rule and ride;
My coursing-ground has utmost bound where ebbs the polar tide,
With glaciers' gleaming palisades upreared on either side.

I loose my bergs to buffet them; the winds of all the seas
Come urging surging squadrons out to rob me of mine ease.
Their clarions rage, the siren's shout makes symphony with these.

Sea mark and search-light share my aim till battle's day be born,
Till all my reeking battle-ship, her haunches hacked and torn,
Shall hurl her freight of flying death from out the bloodshot morn.

High in my conning-tower I see the stricken sea below.
I lash my broadsides through the smoke; stunned by some staggering blow,
I thrust my last torpedo forth to check a charging foe.

So may I sink, so may I swim, alone abides for me
The wingèd victory of the wind that rules the restless sea.
Our lady, steel thy soldiers' hearts with strong sweet breath of thee!



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THE PLAYERS

LIKE the winds of heaven is the enthusiasm of the public for stage stars. It blows hot and cold; it baffles with obstinate indifference and it loiters with lazy complaisance; it blasts with its fury and it sweeps along in a benevolent gale of admiration. And none may know the why and the wherefore; no rule has been formulated to explain or to guide.

When Sarah Bernhardt was in this country some four years ago, there was languid interest in this greatest of living actresses. She is also one of the foremost artists of her time. The distinction between actress and artist she herself has made most effectively; and she insists upon it in the measuring of a player. She appeared then in "L'Aiglon," one of the great plays of the century; it gave her one of the best opportunities she ever has had to manifest her genius. Moreover, she was accompanied by Coquelin, who is recognized as the greatest of character actors. This extraordinary combination was accepted as a matter of course, merely as an interesting event in the theatrical season.

At the age of sixty, she of the voice of gold has returned to create a greater furore than has ever been aroused by any player who has visited this country. Crowds have waited at railroad stations, at hotels, to acclaim her with sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Men have stood in line the whole night through for

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A POSE OF GEORGIE RUSSELL AND WILLIAM SISSIONS IN THE "MOON DEAR" SONG AT THE HIPPODROME.

the privilege of buying seats for her performances.

I don't know why; I don't think anybody does. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Skilful advertising may have augmented the enthusiasm, but certainly it was not the cause of it. Nor is it belated recognition of her genius, for that was fully recognized twenty-five years ago, when she toured this country. Certainly her plays have nothing to do with it, for she brought none that is new.

And she is worthy of the honor she has received. Her power is as great as ever, her fascination as irresistible, her acting even more finished, if that be possible. Only when she stands in the piercing limelight does it occur to one that she is no longer youthful, and that impression is destroyed almost before it is formed.

Bernhardt's company is admirable. If only it were possible to train American players as these French are educated in the art of reading lines, in the significance of every movement, in all the multitudinous details which make up technique and give distinction as well as understanding! When an actor, whether a star or a humble member of a cast, reads lines intelligibly and intelli-

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THE BURLESQUE LIONS IN THE JUNGLE SCENE AT THE HIPPODROME.

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

BERTHA KALICH AS *MONNA VANNA.*

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gently, we are grateful. Before a French player is considered competent to speak a line in public he must prove that he can pronounce at least two hundred and fifty words

Photograph by Vaughan & Keith, San Francisco.

FLORENCE ROBERTS IN "ANN LAMONT."

a minute and make every syllable plain. It is the general excellence of the French companies that makes us overlook the quality of the French stage settings, which, measu by the American standards of this day generation of theatrical progress, seem adequate and rather shabby.

While Bernhardt was in New York, Virg Harned was the star of a play of the Nap onic period, called "La Belle Marseillais written by Pierre Berton, and capit adapted by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. herently it is strongly dramatic, with an teresting story told in a succession of logi surprises. It is beautifully staged and m nificently costumed, but though Miss Har acts with power and discretion—it is rea the best portrayal she has given in year there are only two others in a cast of thir five who are adequate to the demands ma upon them.

We are so accustomed to the incompeter of actors in the less important rôles, to star across the chasm that separates the one g ting a hundred dollars a week and the c who gets a fourth of that salary, that we cept it with the resignation of experien But when players essay to portray great pe ple whose names bring up unbidden a men picture of important individuality, we dema some semblance of bigness, something measure up to our mental picture of them. "La Belle Marseillaise" are *General Bon parte, Fouché, Murat, Junot, Cardinal Fes Josephine, Pauline Borghese, Madame Rémusat*—real people who played great rô in a tremendous real drama. The acto who attempt these parts are inept masque aders, mere puppets treading uncertainly unknown paths. They destroy the illusio created by scenic artist and costumer, and t whole atmosphere is lost. It is inevitab that the situations miss half their force. Th play was written by a Frenchman, to be inte preted by Frenchmen who have learned ho to act, and not by players who have n learned and who never can learn.

Vincent Serrano is cast as *Bonaparte*; th part is miles above him, as it is in the case most actors. Of the many whom I have see attempt the character, only one made him truly commanding figure and convincing- Holbrook Blinn in "The Duchess of Dan zig." William Courtenay, much admired fo his slenderness, his height, his pulchritud and good clothes, struggles with the rôle the young lover. It is absurd to think tha such a *Captain Crisenoy* could ever have bee a favorite of the real Napoleon. J. H. Gi mour as the *Marquis de Tallemont* and Ralp

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Delmore as *Colonel Rapp* are "in the picture," but the diction of the former is so faulty that it is difficult to understand more than two words in five that he speaks.

After an absence of four years Olga Nethersole returned to labor in the American vineyard for the advancement of art according to her standards, which means the presentation of plays like "Sappho" and "Carmen," that either shock or irritate a wholesome and conventional sense of morality. For the most part we are exceedingly tolerant of plays of this kind, especially if they are coated with sentimentality, although at times we have awkward spasms of revolt, which are honest if they are not reasonable. Miss Nethersole is fond of those morbid sex studies which give opportunity for highly emotional climaxes.

Her new play this season is "The Labyrinth," first presented as "A Case of Divorce," which is not nearly so definitive as the original name given by Paul Hervieu, its author. As a play it is neither pleasant nor wholesome; a great mass of people will be shocked by it, because it skilfully handles a theme which the *jeune fille* is supposed to know nothing about. Those who have reached that intellectual and artistic plane where the morality of a play is a secondary consideration find *Le Dédale* exceedingly interesting. Its remarkable technical excellence in construction and the development of climaxes, its clear, close logic, its finished, scholarly writing, have distinct value. It is intensely and typically French, and it is the latest word of the Gallic school of psychology expressed in dramatic form. Its author is one of the "Forty Immortals" and the play was written for the Comédie Française, where it had great success.

"The Labyrinth" is admirably played. Miss Nethersole is not a great actress, but she is a remarkably good one. She reads with a

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

DORIS KEANE AS *IRENE MILLARD* IN "DE LANCEY."

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Photograph by Lancaster, Chicago.

RICHARD CARLE
AS *MARCUS ORLANDO KIDDER*
IN "THE MAYOR OF TOKIO."

pure diction, a sure intelligence, and a deep sincerity that are seldom given to audiences in these days of feminine stars. Her unusually successful stage career—as long ago as 1894 she had made for herself a name that justified Augustin Daly in bringing her over as a star—has given her a repose and a thorough understanding of the innumerable tricks of the stage and the art of concealing them.

Her players have "the big way" with them—that suggestion of a broad horizon. Most of them have had long training in classical plays. Hamilton Revelle, her leading man, was with Augustin Daly for six years; Hubert Carter was Ellen Terry's leading man, playing *Shylock*, *Benedick*, and *Othello*; William Farren, Jr., is the fourth generation of a distinguished family of players. Among the feminine members of the company is Miss Dorothy Grimston, who is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and who has inherited much of her mother's ability as an actress.

Miss Nethersole found that "The Labyrinth" appealed to comparatively few people and she followed it with her hectic version of "Carmen" and with "Sappho." It will be remembered that during her former visit here she was arrested for playing "Sappho," but a jury not only acquitted her, but signed a testimonial in which it was declared that she had given real art a real boost, or words to that effect.

It is not difficult to believe that "The Toast of the Town," in which Viola Allen is starring, was written by Clyde Fitch long before he had really proved himself. With the knowledge he has gained he could hardly have been guilty of a play so lamely, so illogically developed, with climaxes brought about purely for theatric effect. It is a comedy whose action takes place in the middle of the eighteenth century, thus giving opportunities for brilliant costuming and effective stage pictures, which have been utilized fully. Miss Allen plays the part of *Betty Singleton*, who, in the height of her popularity as a stage favorite, has married the *Duke of Malmsbury*. She loves with a concentrated devotion that bores him exceedingly, and it results in constant quarrels, driving him to drink and gambling. Also are there family opposition and various other kinds of trouble. The chief cause of *Mistress Betty's* sorrow is the

Photograph by Winearth, Chicago.

ERNEST MACK AS THE *DEACON* AND PEARL SANFORD AS *MRS. BISSETT* IN
"AS YE SOW."

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conviction that the duke doesn't love her any more and that he does love *Lady Charlotte*, so she goes away. In order to give her husband his freedom, she tells him that she is living

Photograph by Burbank, San Francisco.

MILLICENT EVANS AS *MAGGIE MASON* IN "AT CRIPPLE CREEK."

under the protection of *Lord Phillips*. It isn't true, of course, because *Betty* is the heroine, and heroines never do such things unless they die in the last act, which is only possible in truly great plays—and Mr. Fitch doesn't write plays of that kind. That declaration causes a duel between *Lord Phillips* and the *Duke of Malmsbury*, which manifestly is unjust to *Phillips*, even though he was willing to take the young duchess from her husband. The author intended that we should deeply sympathize with *Betty*, and Miss Allen struggles hard with her fine elocution and her tried skill as an actress to make us do so, but we are inclined to feel that *Betty* should be spanked and sent to bed without any supper. In the last act she is shown supperless; in fact, *Betty* is picturesquely starving to death in a *Juliet* costume, so that her husband can seek her out and make earnest protestations that he does love her, after all. We feel that we should like to inflict worse than the slipper punishment on Mr. Fitch for trying to place on our heads the long pointed cap that stupid schoolboys were sometimes compelled to wear.

The first act is delightful, a scene in the green-room of a theatre, and the past master of society repartee gives his keen wit the fullest license. No man can play more skilfully upon human weaknesses. "The Toast of the Town" is excellently acted. Robert Drouet, a player of long experience, who has proved his work in stock companies and on Broadway—he was Blanche Walsh's leading man last season—is the *Duke of Malmsbury*, while Hassard Short, a clever light comedian, is his butterfly brother. Ferdinand

Photograph by Carl J. Horner, Boston.

JOHN DUNSMURE
AS *LIEUTENANT APOLLO* IN "HAPPYLAND."

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Photograph by C. M. Hayes & Co., Peterson.

E. S. WILLARD AS *BERTUCCIO* IN "THE FOOL'S REVENGE."

Gottschalk, who is one of the first rank of character actors, and who made a reputation with Rosina Vokes years ago, has a little "bit," that of an old lodger in the house where *Betty* starves gracefully, and he makes it stand out, of course. The real hit is made by Isabel Irving as *Mistress Roxana*, the volatile, selfish, cunning, and altogether fascinating actress who has succeeded *Mistress Betty* in the theatre. It is the best drawn character in the play. Miss Irving never looked prettier, and she acted with a spirit, a lively sense of humor, a spontaneity that were altogether delightful. Never, in the years when she was a member of the old Lyceum stock company and won a name for herself, nor since, has she been seen to such advantage as in this comedy.

Few players have so many admirers as E. S. Willard, who has always ranked among the few intellectual players who possess emotional force. In certain rôles he has few equals, and most of us who have been long familiar with his work have been sure that he could do anything well. His *Bertuccio* in "The Fool's Revenge" was distinctly disappointing. It is one of the most powerfully dramatic and one of the most exacting of the old school of plays. Next to *Hamlet*, the jester in the Tom Taylor play was probably Edwin Booth's greatest rôle. Mr. Willard reads beautifully, of course, and his pantomime is exquisitely finished and expressive, but there is a deadly monotony in his portrayal of the man who is called upon to express the whole gamut of human emotions in the most extravagant degree. There is not enough light and shade; he exhausts himself before he reaches the

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great climax of the play. The malevolence, the terrible hatred of the court jester gets over the footlights, but not the dreadful grief of the father when he discovers that his own daughter is the victim of his plotting for revenge. In that great scene Booth's transitions were marvelous. He compelled horror, tears, infinite pity.

That an actor who revolutionized the stage villain, whose originality has always been marked, should prove so conventional in a great part is beyond my understanding. Yet, when one comes to think of it, Mr. Willard is at his best in quiet scenes where he is called upon to convey deep feeling simply, straightforwardly. "The Fool's Revenge" is an actor's play; it calls for an extravagance that it is difficult to make appear real. But in the dramatization of Kipling's story, "The Man Who Was," he gave a powerful and impressive performance of an exacting rôle. The Kipling story, one of the finest of his dramatic efforts, admirably lends itself to the stage. It requires practically the whole company to create the illusion for the appearance of the man who had been a famous officer in the White Hussars and who had been crushed out of all semblance to a human being by persecution in Siberia. Mr. Willard's make-up is artistically hideous, and the manner in which he portrays a gradually returning intelligence following a blind instinct to return to his regiment proves how fine an actor he really is.

When Thomas W. Ross went forth as a star in "Checkers" few people had ever heard of him, although in cities like Pittsburg, where he played long stock engagements, he was ranked high as a player. He was a good deal of a surprise in the dramatization of Henry W. Blossom's story, because really good players are not so plentiful. It was natural that he should turn to Mr. Blossom for another play, but, unfortunately, there was no Kirke La Shelle to work over "A Fair Exchange" and make it an acting comedy. The first act is exceedingly clever and amusing, but the play practically ends when the curtain falls upon it. There is no story in which anyone has the slightest interest, but only a series of episodes more or less cleverly handled. There is keen and clever character drawing and the acting is so excellent that the comedy deserved a better fate than it met. Mr. Ross is really a finished actor with a delicate sense of humor and the capacity for revealing it. He gains his effects quietly and artistically. There is something about him that reminds one of N. C. Goodwin in his younger days.

Never has there been a stage spectacle so magnificent, so beautiful, as "A Society Circus," at the Hippodrome; it is so vast, so far beyond the imagination of those who have been told about it, that it simply overwhelms. There is no other amusement place in the world so big, no stage that is one-half the size, and nowhere else is it possible to gain such effects. When the great building was opened with "A Yankee Circus on Mars" and "The Raiders," there was a sensation; it was supposed that the performance could not be surpassed, so gorgeous was it as a spectacle, so exquisite was the "Ballet of the Hours," so sensational were its plunging horses. But the second effort of Frederic Thompson, who looks like a sophomore in college instead of the king of showmen, and whose genius is responsible for the whole enterprise, makes its predecessor seem almost amateurish in comparison. One of the ablest word painters in New York frankly admitted that he knew of no adjectives to do justice to "A Society Circus," and so he coined one—"hippdromic"—but that has significance only to those who have seen the performance.

It opens with a gipsy encampment, a scene of exquisite sylvan loveliness, which is a revelation in its realism, its action, its color, and its music. Then comes a *fête* with hundreds of people in Louis XV costumes, and a marvelous perspective of scenery, which forms a background for the extraordinary circus acts, three going on at one time, while the gaily caparisoned folk stroll about and watch it. It is dazzling in its color, its vivacity, its brilliancy. There is a change to a jungle scene, cool and restful to eyes sated with gorgeousness and shimmering lights, where amazing burlesque lions with sad eyes, nimble frogs, and mischievous monkeys cavort most ridiculously with the aid of Marceline and "Slivers" Oakley, clowns that have no peers. It is one of the funniest things that New York has ever seen, and it appeals equally to grown-ups and children, which is the severest test of all.

And then the "Ballet of the Flowers"! It is the most lovely of all stage effects. Never before have Americans appreciated the value of *l'art nouveau*. This last word in decoration dominates everything, scenery, costumes, even the movements of the dancers. The

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delicacy, the refinement of the coloring, the marvelous grouping carry the great crowds off their feet. It doesn't seem possible that anything could possibly follow that ballet without an anticlimax, but the Court of the Golden Fountains lifts the spectators into an atmosphere of more supernal glory. In that spectacle there are seven hundred of the most beautifully costumed people that ever asked for admiration. There is a great golden trireme, laden with beautiful girls, beautiful maidens supporting great fountains, whose waters, shooting high in the air, are illumined by colored lights, while huge iridescent shells open to reveal more loveliness. At first the spectators are stunned by the splendor of it all, and when they recover they stand up and yell; there doesn't seem to be anything else to do. There is a story running through this spectacle, a very good story, and the music has a rich simplicity; it is good music as well as popular.

There isn't anything in "The Mayor of Tokio" to puzzle the least rudimentary intelligence, unless it seeks to explain the laughter—and that would take a wise man, for the foolery is absolutely elemental. It is a musical show; its author calls it a "farcical opera," which is as good a name as any, inasmuch as it means nothing at all. There are jingle music, pretty girls, a little singing, and Richard Carle, who is pretty much everything in the show—and that fact pleases a great number of people. He is not only the star, but the author, the producer, and the head of the company which owns the show and several others whose book he has written. He is really a funny man and it is making him rich. He has been on the stage only thirteen years, gravitating to it from the high school in Somerville, Mass. His first engagement was with James T. Powers in "A Mad Bargain," and then he was with Peter F. Dailey in "A Country Sport." Then he found a place with "Davy Jones," in which he persuaded the management to let him sing a verse of song. He wrote the lines himself, and it was very like the "Foolishness" song in "The Mayor of Tokio," which is the sublimation of inane idiocy. It raised his salary from twenty to fifty dollars a week. He moved along in a round of familiar musical shows, "1492," "Excelsior," "In Gay New York," "The Lady Slavey," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "In Gotham," and he won success not only in this country, but in London, where he played Dan Daly parts.

Almost from the beginning of his stage career he has written words for songs, and frequently has hammered out the melody as well. His first sustained effort was a burlesque on "Way Down East," which is still played frequently. Then he tried an opera, which was never produced, except on the instalment plan, for nearly every number and every joke in it have since been used. Mr. Carle's first appearance as a star was in "The Storks," which he wrote himself, including most of the music. He made money and then came forth with "The Tenderfoot," and he was pretty much all of that show for two seasons. He wrote "The Maid and the Mummy," and produced it himself, although he didn't play in it, and it is now in its second season. He has great skill in knowing what his public wants and in satisfying it; his humor is the broadest and most elemental that comes to Broadway, but it entertains. He never attempts more than he can accomplish. "The Mayor of Tokio" is an elaboration of a skit which Mr. Carle wrote years ago, and which was seen on a roof garden in New York. It is an excellent tribute to his adroitness that those who recognized it enjoyed the new version none the less.

One of the cleverest performances seen in New York this winter was that given by Emma Janvier, as *Madame Stitch*, in "The Mayor of Tokio," a wardrobe mistress who was in the ballet twenty years ago and who can never forget it. She makes the character real as well as funny. She began her stage career on Broadway, ten years ago in the chorus of "The Merry World." Then she went "on the road" with "The Wizard of the Nile," and while she has a good voice, she is a much better actress than singer. She came back to New York and appeared in "The Moth and the Flame," "All on Account of Eliza," "Lover's Lane," and "Harriet's Honeymoon," but she was never able to attract any particular attention to herself. Her first real opportunity came in the rôle of *Madame Verdier* in "Vivian's Papas," but that was after the farce had left New York. She played with Edna Wallace Hopper in "A Country Mouse" before she became *Madame Stitch*. She wasn't at all prepared for the success she won in New York.

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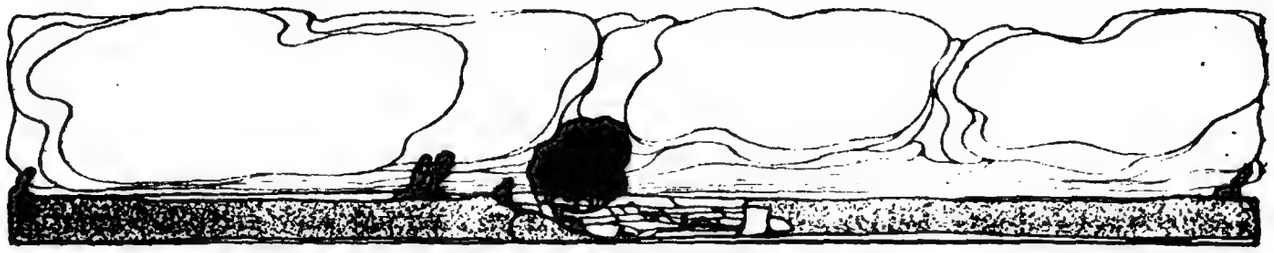

Two On a Balcony

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

THE season had passed into July, and even the trees looked tired. The calm which comes with the aftermath of desertion had not yet arrived; the park was crowded, but weariness had crept up into the gaiety, obscuring the first freshness. The unwinking blueness of the skies brought neither peace nor stillness; and the sun glared down with terrible monotony on the unending procession of carriages and people, a crawling serpent, winding in and out of the green, tree-shadowed Eden.

London was tired of pleasure: heavy-lidded, it yawned upon the treadmill. Those who had not snatched the prize they longed for quickened their footsteps as the wheel slackened and threatened to stand still, but even with those, disappointment made their footsteps heavy. The time was so short now; the world so jaded. And with the close of the season, the mart of marriage and ambition would be closed relentlessly for another year.

Two on a balcony looked down into the park. Behind them, the drawing-room lay in pleasant dimness; one or two belated guests remained on from the luncheon-party, and the murmur of their voices mingled with the high-pitched tones of their hostess; but the balcony was very quiet, and its occupants felt the charm of its seclusion. The man leaned back with an unconscious sigh of relief; he was solidly built, and very hot and uncomfortable in his tightly fitting frock coat. His clothes had a distressingly new appearance, and his self-conscious clumsiness showed that he was not yet quite accustomed to his surroundings. James Cuthray was very rich, and young enough to have social ambitions which his dreary manufacturing town could not gratify; so when his wealth was acquired, he had come to London. His fortune was so great that he had been promptly adopted as one of the eligibles of the year; but in spite of his *gaucherie* he had steered his way through matrimonial meshes with considerable dexterity; some called it mere brute insensateness; few gave it its true reason, suspicion. James Cuthray was never at ease with a woman, unless he felt her master. Provincial magnates occupy immeasurable heights of superiority in their relations with their womankind; here in London, Cuthray felt bewildered among these self-possessed, all-conquering women. He dreaded to meet their cold eyes, their uplifted eyebrows, their half-contemptuous, half-indifferent surprise at his provincial ignorance. The newest *débutante*, fresh from the school-room, knew everything there was to know about Hurlingham, and Ranelagh, and Henley; all painfully untrodden ground to him. So the prettiest and youngest belles abashed him, all unconsciously, with their glib assurance, their taking everything for granted, the ease with which they floated in the social whirlpool, whose every eddy bore a danger-sign for Cuthray. He wanted to marry, but he wanted to be master, to be looked up to, respected.

The girl beside him was out of the running, however; she belonged to the *débris* of many seasons past, and was accepted everywhere as a nonentity. In the insolence born of continued adulation, he had dismissed her at once as even a possible pretender to the honor of his hand; he would not credit her with the presumption of aspiring to him. That was why he had leaned back with a sigh of genuine relief; he was glad to have escaped from the meshwork for a moment, glad to be able to smoke and look down on the people in sheer, undisturbed seclusion.

His companion had fallen in with his mood, and had not spoken for the last ten minutes; indeed, he had almost forgotten she was there.

Marcia Nesbit was used to self-effacement;

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she was the only daughter of a poor, ambitious widow, and from a very early age her mother had trained her to her lot. Marcia was not pretty, so she had been taught she must be useful. She had been taught to restrain impulses, preferences, and prejudices alike; to have no tastes and no emotions. She was a good accompanist, a sympathetic listener, an amusing gossip, well informed in every current scandal. Marcia could always be depended on to talk to the dullest bores, to flatter minor lions, to introduce nonentities; and, in return, she received invitations to dull parties where her tactful presence helped to make things gay, and was accepted as an uninteresting part, but still a part, of that small set canonized as "society."

Yet in spite of this gay life, in spite of all the help of face *masseuse* and skin doctor, Marcia looked ten years older than her age; she had small, regular features, large eyes, a well-shaped little head, and a graceful figure; she lacked only the one essential, vitality. Marcia had none. She was as colorless as air.

The man smoked on, and Marcia still sat silent. She was glad of the respite. For one thing, her head ached terribly; the very muscles of her face felt drawn and tense with tiredness. She had maneuvered to draw Cuthray out into this sequestered nook, but now that she had accomplished her aim, she had no spirit to enjoy her triumph. A sickening sense of the impotency of her jaded arts of sympathy and flattery oppressed her. She knew this chance availed her nothing. Cuthray, in all their acquaintance, had never betrayed the faintest sign of personal interest in her. She did not overpraise herself; she viewed her personality with bitter aloofness, a jaded hack, trotting patiently in a circle, year by year, with no spring in her gait, no object in her journey.

To-day, the minutes were slipping away like unthreaded beads from off a string; soon her little hour would be over, and Cuthray swept from her into the vortex of the world. She looked out across the park with hard, despondent eyes. There it lay, the world in its glare and brightness; a world thick with sordid struggle, sick humiliation, drawn, encircled tight with bitter penury; while beside her sat one whose favor meant protection from all struggle, triumph, peace. Her eyes had fallen without her knowledge on the matter-of-fact face beside her. How much this man meant to her, and how little she meant to him. There he sat, solid, self-confident, and dominant; insensate, yes; brutally insensate; when a touch from him——

She realized faintly that her gaze had concentrated beyond the bounds of conventionality, but she did not care; the infinite indifference of despair had overwhelmed her. Marcia was played out, and she knew it. She abandoned herself to the realization. She counted for nothing; and because she counted for nothing, it did not matter what she said or did.

"Anything up?"

Cuthray's voice, with its provincial burr, broke in on her dreams. She started; then a fierce humor gripped hold of her. She was tired, faint with the heat, overstrung, hysterical. Perhaps that was why she let the humor have its will unchecked. She raised her eyes with a sudden flash, which gave them what neither Cuthray nor any other man had ever seen in them before—expression. The expression was that of a hunted beast, tracked down, and turned at bay, but it gave a sudden vividness to her that startled its observer. Then the pale lips parted breathlessly. Afterward the debacle! For this once—this glorious Waterloo-like once, Marcia would say out what she thought.

"I was thinking how I hated you!"

The words came with a terrible simplicity. They clove the air like rain-drops, refreshing in the arid atmosphere of lies and masked pretense. They were so obviously true, so real, so natural, that Cuthray drew back as if he had been struck, then he blinked his eyes and looked with new-awakened interest and saw —a woman.

"Why?"

"You have everything I want!"

She spoke in a little breathless rush; her voice sounded in a whisper, tense with despair and longing.

Cuthray bent his gaze upon her, not unkindly. He did not feel embarrassed at the personal note that had been struck so unexpectedly. Cuthray knew sincerity when he met with it, and felt more at home in its presence than in all the polite conventions of artificiality.

"What have I got that you want? Money?"

"No. It's the security your money brings I covet."

Her voice was passionless; her look, impersonal in its bitterness. A great serenity had settled down upon her; she went on, with unsmiling lips, her sad eyes looking at him with dispassionate criticality.

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"You don't suppose I think any man finds an open avowal of husband-hunting attractive? My good man, I've been out for twelve years now, and I've studied men. My goodness, *how* I've studied them! I don't expect you to find this interesting. Don't you know the candor of defeat? I'm retiring from the chase, because it's hopeless; now I feel I can sit on the bank and rest and make fun of the people still in the track. I can laugh at the winners, you included. You're a winner. Oh, I hate you! You look as if you don't know what struggle means. Every door has flown open to you, because of your position. Oh, you're so blatant in your prosperity and assurance!"

Her laugh had humor in its depths as well as tragedy. The boats were burned now, and the shattered hulk was floating gloriously away on the deep waters.

Cuthray returned her gaze with calmness; his brows were a little contracted; so he looked when studying new employees. It was his boast that he had never been deceived in character of man or beast; perhaps now he read courage in the resolute chin, frankness in the wide-set eyes, patience in the compressed lips.

"So you've been husband-hunting, have you? I wonder you haven't found one!"

The remark was genuine enough in its *naïveté* to bring a faint flush into the tired face before him.

But Marcia answered in all simplicity.

"In London, one doesn't get a chance; and we've no country house. It's country houses where the matches are made. One has time there. Here, one never gets a chance of making oneself necessary. And there are such heaps of girls; and every man knows what we're here for, even if our mothers didn't show them. So a girl has to be very pretty, or rich, or amusing, to get into the front rank, and catch a man's serious attention; and if she has been trained to keep always in the background, merely useful, why, how is a man ever to see her?"

"What do you mean by useful?"

His keen eyes never left her. He was learning very quickly, this capable and shrewd young man, learning much in useful knowledge. He had a way of learning useful things.

"Fitting in with everybody else's plans; never interfering with the other girl's chances. Paying for all your invitations with good temper, however tired you feel; being grateful for the worst place, the dullest partner. Learning not to expect anything in the way of kindness or consideration, much less admiration. Working hard—oh, so hard—for every bit of entertainment that is offered you! That's what 'useful' means."

Outside, the world rolled on, smiling and false, in the eternal glare of the sunshine. Inside the balcony two real people sat, with eyes that saw real things, voices that spoke truth.

"And to get out of this hard work, you'd marry any one?"

"I used to think I should, but I don't now."

"Why not?"

"I'm so old. Twenty-eight. Oh, I know heaps of women are young at that, but no women who've worked as I have! Marriage, with most men, would mean as hard work, perhaps harder. Men are so fickle, our men, at least. There'd be the scheming to keep them faithful, and the uncertainty, and the misery, and the shame. Oh, I'd rather be myself than some of the girls whom I've seen married! No, it isn't marriage that I want. It's self-respect."

"Yet you said a little while ago that you'd been husband-hunting me!"

She met his look with a dull calmness.

"Oh, no! I never thought that I had any chance—with you. I've talked to you at parties, because you came up to me, and seemed pleased to see me. I was flattered at that. But I never have thought seriously about our acquaintanceship. I knew it was only one of the hundreds of acquaintanceships I've been through. You see I can look at you without being in the least ashamed."

Cuthray persisted, as she thought, with brutal tactlessness.

"But if I had asked you——"

She threw out her hands, with a little shrug.

"Oh, you men! Your vanity! You'd spare us nothing, even a drudge, a broken-down failure like myself! Very well, then, I'll tell you! There's nothing very interesting or exciting about you personally, and you'd be an overbearing bully; your wife couldn't call her soul or mind her own, but you'd be a good master. You'd stick to your wife; you'd feel she was your property, part of yourself, and you'd guard her and protect her. You men from the provinces still have such old-fashioned notions! Yes. It wouldn't be bad to be your wife, not bad for a woman like

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myself. The relief would be so wonderful! But I don't know that a girl of spirit, a modern girl, with her life in front of her, would stand you. I—I hope she wouldn't! I'd like to see you taught a lesson!"

She pushed her chair back, with an odd, new air of defiant impudence, which yet became her. It was as she had said. She was out of the race, and she stood in the free air and the sunshine, and looked at the racers with the aloofness of a gamin.

"Well? I hope your vanity's not wounded! The other women will bind it up for you. I must be going."

"Wait a bit. You've talked a lot about yourself. Suppose you let me have my turn, eh? That's only fair!"

His hand closed upon her arm, pushing her down into her chair.

"You said I should be master, didn't you? Well, that's true. But we men from the provinces ain't content with being master in the provinces. When it comes to spending our money we want the best value we can get, and, to some of us, that spells London. But society's a difficult course to run, if you don't know the ropes. I've been looking for a wife to steer me through. I thought at first I'd have the prettiest and freshest in the market; but when I came to sampling them I always got the feeling it was my money they were after, and once they had it, they wouldn't take on me. I'd be up stage, with wife and her set down front, so to speak. I've never trusted one of you, I've never felt at home with one of you—until this minute."

He paused. A queer, hot feeling was creeping over her; the balcony had suddenly become oppressive and stifling; unreal, like a dream. When she felt a cool, strong hand touch hers and hold it resolutely, she made no movement; she could not realize. Somewhere in the far, far distance, a little voice was saying:

"He is going to propose! He—is—really—going—to—propose"; but it conveyed nothing to her, Marcia, the tired-out girl who sat there, looking at this unknown man, with wide-opened, non-seeing eyes.

"I believe you'd feel. You've honest eyes. Gad, and you've nerve, too." He came nearer. Suddenly the blood flushed up in the pale cheeks; she tried to pull her hand away.

"You're not so cold, then, as I thought you."

His voice had triumph in it; somehow he was standing before the door; his broad figure barred the way into the friendly drawing-room.

"I can trust you to steer me well; by God, you'll be loyal! I've never made a mistake yet, choosing an— No, hang it. This is a question of the firm. Will you come into it? You shall have a good time. I'll look after you. What was it you said? I'd be a bully? Not when you understand me! We'll go right off. You shall play hostess at my shoot. It'll do you good—the mountain air——"

There was a kindness in his eyes which touched the woman to an unaccountable sob. Her eyes filled with tears, but she met his bravely. A little smile broke through timorously; the edge of the blaze of gladness colored her, illumining. There was trust in both their glances.

Below them lay the park, the pivot of their world: not his, not hers, but theirs. Why, the golden light was touching the treetops, the people's faces, transfiguring the dust and weariness. London lay beneath them, gloriously radiant, a magic pleasure-ground of luxury and ease. The motors were no longer cars of Juggernaut, but gay triumphal chariots; the people, no more a horde of cruel, selfish insects, but joyous humans offering up their good-will and sympathy.

And before her stood the wizard who had touched her, and created this enchantment. How—how repay him?

"Oh, I will be a good wife to you!" said Marcia.

He held her hands for a moment, looking down at her, wondering why he had never thought her beautiful; a wonderful joy encircled her, then he released her gently.

"I know it," said he.

And so the great news was announced to Marcia's world.

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The Black Flag on the Big Three

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

Editor's Note.—The last state of the great insurance companies worse than the first. The author declares the "System" had the New York Investigation Committee muzzled and Counsel Hughes in shackles. All trails leading to big steals were smothered and public indignation was shunted upon minor thieves. The Rogers-Ryan-Morgan Combine, now in supreme control, seriously menaces policy-holders' interests.

THE legislative investigation of the great insurance companies is over. The performance reminds me of a boy's hunting party that went out after bear. That the woods were full of bear the boys knew and they vowed at starting they would return laden with pelts. And they hunted diligently up to the point where the old parent bruins and their youngsters were safely treed. Then they lit fires round the hollow trunk to smoke out the family. At the first whiff, a swarm of bees poured from a dead limb. In gathering the easily acquired honey the boys let the fire die, and 'twas dark and home-going time when they thought of what they had started for.

That the investigation unearthed serious wrongdoing and yielded important results is true; but how much has really been accomplished in the direction of safeguarding policy-holders from a recurrence of the plundering and corruption revealed? A widespread system of petty grafting and nepotism has been exposed, but what has been brought out about the large-sized stealing that has been going on within these institutions? That Richard McCurdy and John A. McCall paid themselves colossal salaries and used the companies' revenues to support hordes of relatives, we knew, but such extravagances are only the leaks; where was the barrel tapped, and how? Millions were stolen—who has them? We are told of syndicate participation, and profits of a few thousands of dollars are shown. Who credits that stock speculation and jugglery went no further? Who believes that men swinging such vast sums failed to derive immense profits for themselves from stock manipulations financed by policy-holders' funds in banks and trust companies?

Over and beyond all this—to what extent has the investigation rescued the control of the great insurance corporations from the combination of capitalists and banking institutions headed by "Standard Oil" that I have called "the System"?

I ask the policy-holders who are already sinking supinely back into their former attitude of fatuous inertia to weigh the statements that follow here and then answer for themselves the question: "Can there be any safety for these vast sums of our savings until the robberies of the past have been shown up at their head-waters and the power of the Rogerses, Rockefellers, and Ryans to juggle with our money has been nullified for all time?"

A laying bare of corruption is the necessary first step toward extirpating it. The surgeon must uncover the cancer before cutting it out. It is unfortunate that the operation of exposure in itself does not constitute reform, but the two processes have little in common. I shall show here that, though progress has been made, policy-holders' funds are in more deadly peril than ever before. While McCalls and McCurdys and Alexanders have been deposed, their organizations and their methods remain. What is worse, all check has been removed from the giant grafters of "the System," who, in the minor revolutions that have just occurred, have tightened their hold on policy-holders' millions

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and, more surely than ever before, are supreme in authority and power.

I am not an alarmist. I know human nature and conditions, and only too well am I aware of the tendency of men to tire of a fight after the first excitement of battle is over. At the upheaval that is now tip-tilting our civilization "Standard Oil" smiles cynically because it relies on the long period of apathy which invariably follows an outburst of virtue. In the past it has seen States convulsed, Legislatures in paroxysms, even Congress in a spasm over its aggressions, yet, though pursued, it has dropped not a cent of its booty, and to-day its power is greater than at any other period in its history. Why should this later ferment last longer than its predecessors? reason the Rogerses and Ryans of finance.

BRAZEN CLANGS

It is unnecessary here to discuss the Odell, Harriman, Ryan intrigues that were finally resolved by the decision of Governor Higgins of New York to appoint a committee to investigate the great insurance companies. Suffice it to say, the committee was nominated and a distinguished inquisitor selected to direct its researches. I have nothing but admiration for the superb work performed by Counsel Hughes, and later I shall touch on the difficulties he labored under. But I did not uncork my somewhat overjabbed ink-pot at this, the bedtime of my work, for the purpose of squeezing the persimmons or honey-coating the citron gathered by Hughes and his gum-shoe band of "Us-for-God-and-God-for-Us" politicians. I took up my somewhat jaded quill solely for the purpose of considering results. As an index to the impression the investigation and its attendant sensations made on the management of the Mutual and the New York Life, take the advertising which these institutions promulgated throughout the ordeal. At the expense of policy-holders they have circulated all over the world false statements affirming that the damaging disclosures pinched or cut out of unwilling witnesses really redounded to the credit of the management and that the allegations of corruption and knavery represented prejudice or suspicion, or were inspired by brutal and unfeeling critics or rivals. Indeed, I have in my possession circular letters signed by officers of the Big Three and their State managers, mailed during the height of the investigation, in which it is definitely asserted that the respective companies treated of had been given a clean bill of health by the investigators.

What do you think of that for shaking dice with the warden for the keys to a long-term pair of handcuffs and then reviling him for a knave because he would not remove the handcuffs before twirling the ivories?

ONLY THE DUMMIES ARE DOWN

It must be borne in mind that the Big Three are the money magazines of the "System" and that he who holds the keys controls the means of speculation. Through tributary banks and trust companies the innumerable millions of the policy-holders' money are fed into the stock-market and furnish ammunition for the pools and mergers by means of which men are converted into millionaires. If the billion or more assets of these great corporations were unavailable for stock purposes, or if the policy-holders, through their directors, were to rule that henceforth all investments must be of first mortgage bonds or real estate, and that speculative holdings must forthwith be disposed of, a panic would follow in comparison with which all previous depressions would seem as a thunderstorm to the eruption of a Mount Pelée. It is therefore of the utmost importance to the Rogers-Rockefeller-Morgan-Ryan combination that such regulation be prevented at any cost.

Following upon the investigations of the so-called house-cleaning committee and the enforced retirement of McCurdy and his band, there arose a struggle for the control of the Mutual Life's millions. For a time it seemed as though some man who might stand for the interest of the policy-holders would be selected for the place, but at the first hint of real danger to himself and his fellow conspirators Henry H. Rogers was in the breach; the zealous committee of house-cleaners was snuffed out, and a lawyer for the Astor estate, the bosom friend of a bosom friend of the master of "Standard Oil" was made president, having as vice-president one of the self-confessed sinners of the old *régime*. The retirement of McCall and Perkins of the New York Life (the men who, of yore, could find no term strong enough to stigmatize my accusations of graft and corruption) does not operate to unloose the control of J. Pierpont Morgan on this corporation. It is just as completely under the domination of his inter-

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ests as before. The Equitable is an asset of Thomas F. Ryan, whom some critic recently styled the "Jonathan Wild of High Finance." Thus, conditions within the Big Three are actually worse than before the investigation, for the companies have now been captured by men who, in the past, had been compelled to do their grafting by steering the weak heads who had grown up with the corporations. In other words, the master minds of the "System" have, so far, been adroit enough to concentrate the aroused indignation of the people upon the dummy figureheads—the McCalls, McCurdys, Alexanders, Hydes, and McIntyres, men who compared with Rogers, Rockefeller, and Stillman as financial graft gatherers are about as a parlor carpet-sweeper to a Kansas cyclone. These men have gone down before the storm and the public have applauded their fall, never dreaming that these were but carcasses thrown to the wolves to divert attention from the real culprits.

PERKINS AS A STRAW

At this writing it is too early to discuss the character of the legal proceedings District Attorney Jerome will direct against the grafters, but that the present rulers of the great insurance institutions will aid justice or forward the cause of restitution need not be expected. As a straw showing the defiant attitude of one of them when confronted with real evidence of crime, take the case of Perkins —J. Pierpont Morgan's partner, and late vice-president of the New York Life. This man, caught red-handed by Hughes with $40,000 of the fund collected dollar by dollar from the people, insolently asked in substance, "What are you going to do about it?"—and a few days later resigned. After his retirement there appeared in the press of the world, at a cost of thousands of dollars to the policy-holders, not an apology or plea for mercy, but a boasting statement which proclaimed that during the Perkins management of four hundred millions of the policy-holders' funds covering a term of years, profits amounting to $10,000,000 had accrued. Just how these profits had been gained was not concealed. They represented the earnings of stock speculation. They represented the amounts the corporation had been allowed to keep out of the millions made through the manipulation of its funds by the Morgans and Rogerses in financing their big mergers and reorganizations.

INSURANCE GAMBLING SANCTIONED

This extraordinary announcement was allowed to pass without comment from the public or the press, to whom it apparently had never occurred that any responsible person versed in stock speculation would willingly pay at least $100,000,000 for the privilege of gambling with the vast sums of the New York Life for a term of years, and that no earthly power could have prevented so fortunate a speculator from making millions for himself during the period covered by Perkins's statement. I could mention several competent "investors" who could so handle the New York Life's four hundred millions in the stock-market as to return the company forty millions annually, at the same time securing for themselves in the period covered by Perkins enormous fortunes, and bringing to the American people only as much misery and hell as have been caused by any of the recent wars between nations. It did not seem to occur to the press or to the public who read Mr. Perkins's widely splayed "vindication" that if the profits to the New York Life were but ten millions, the grafters who handled the funds must have made directly from five to fifteen times as much, and indirectly from twenty-five to one hundred times as much more.

As an indication of the laxity of morals and the supineness of principle prevailing in the country at the moment, surely the absence of a storm of indignation at the admission that the New York Life Insurance Company was gambling for speculative profits is conclusive. The obvious deduction from this Perkins's "vindication" is: An insurance company having obtained a vast fund from the people may, without criticism, provided it is successful, use this fund in an endeavor to secure from all the people vast profits for which it need give the people nothing in return.

Could a more vicious proposition be enunciated? Let me boil the principle down to an Indian-mush-and-molasses equivalent; thus: Under the pretense of collecting a fund for the burial of members and taking care of their families, certain churchwardens assess each of the congregation a given sum annually. If at the end of each year they should explain that their collections had aggregated so much, that after having paid for all burials and laid away a sufficient sum to meet other obligations, there remained a large surplus on hand—what would be thought of the pro-

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ceeding if they reported that with this money they had run a gambling-hell which had during the year fleeced the villagers out of a very large amount?

ANDY'S ANSWER

I stated that the New York investigation had revealed little more than petty graft. It was so steered as to be confined to minor peccadillos of officials and directors. The men who might have been compelled to give information of such a character as seriously to involve the respectable criminals began to disappear from sight at the first rumble of approaching trouble. Andy Fields, the head devil of the Mutual Life, landlord of the "House of Mirth" in Albany, debaucher of legislatures, chief graftsman of the institution, flitted to parts unknown. What might he not have been forced to disclose of corruption and knavery? In the case of Judge Andy Hamilton, the New York Life's chief lobbyist, more explicit information was gathered. This man had actually been paid the enormous sum of $1,200,000 for the purpose of bribing legislatures throughout the country, congressmen, judges, and even United States senators. While the sums traced to this corruptionist are fairly large, every feature in connection with his performances and his detection showed that the investigators had traced only a fraction of the amounts he had handled. This led to the suspicion that Andy Hamilton might easily have been used as a cover for much direct stealing. From what happened in Hamilton's case the people can judge by what tactics they will be met when they dare to try to free themselves from the meshes in which they are ensnared. As soon as Counsel Hughes had caught this thread that led into the main skein, he proved clearly to the loquacious John A. McCall (the gentleman who from the platform, through the press, and by millions of circular letters was but a brief year ago pledging his sacred honor that there was nothing to my charges but the spleen and spite of a man looking for revenge because he had been refused insurance) proved, I say, from McCall's own statements that Hamilton had gotten away with two hundred and sixty-odd thousand dollars belonging to the policy-holders, and he demanded an unequivocal explanation. McCall indignantly stated that Hamilton was in Europe, and that if he should be enjoying himself too much to return before the investigation was over he, McCall, would end the episode by repaying to the company the paltry two hundred and sixty-odd thousand Andy Hamilton had received. This, notwithstanding that the eminent president had a few days before under oath testified that he had no worldly goods or income not derived from his life-insurance policies and his salary. Later, the unbluffable Hughes demanded Hamilton's return or the payment of the amount McCall had agreed to refund; whereupon young McCall, the $30,000-per-annum son of his father, was sent to Europe with instructions to bring back the wandering Andy. In due time the son returned, alone, but bearing a rambling statement which Hamilton had drawn up for him in Europe, the substance of which was: "I received the money. What I did with it is none of your, the investigators', or the policy-holders', or the American people's d—— business. If you do not like my explanation, lump it. I'm not coming home, and I'm not going to give any other information."

The joke of it is that the amiable McCall presented this long-drawn-out impertinence to the Investigation Committee with the air of one who had secured a triumphant vindication of himself and his conduct, and seemed to think they should take it in lieu of the $260,000 he had agreed to put back into the company's treasury. It is a pleasure to add that this particular bluff failed.

McCALL, THE POVERTY-STRICKEN

Payment was demanded, and then it was that the millions of policy-holders and the American people had presented to them, hot from the spit, the crispest sample of what the "System's" votaries really think of the intelligence of the American people. McCall actually had the steel-ribbed, gun-metal-edged nerve, in his endeavor to show his poverty to the people, to give his note to the company for $150,000, and to secure it, placed a mortgage on his summer palace, worth at least half to three-quarters of a million. This fact was promptly heralded from one end of the world to the other as proof positive that McCall could have secured no large amount of the graft.

John A. McCall is probably worth from $5,000,000 to $15,000,000, "made" during his term of office as president of the New York Life, as he says, from his salary. Dur-

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ing a great part of this term he has spent much more than his salary each year. Imagine the audacity of a man with a summer palace worth nearly a million and requiring the income of two millions to keep up, pretending he must mortgage it to secure $150,000. The "System" has been howling itself to a three-layer hoarseness during the writing of my story, saying that I was seeking revenge because it had "busted" and broken me, and the other day called attention to the fact that I had placed an $850,000 and a $265,000 mortgage on some of my property as additional proof of the fact, notwithstanding they admitted that I still retained Dreamwold, costing over $2,000,000, and a million or two more intact. Yet poor McCall, with his city and country palaces, yachts, horses, and hundred-thousand-dollar stables, must be poverty-stricken when called upon for a return of his first detected graftings.

THE PURIFYING OF THE EQUITABLE

Even more preposterous than this exhibition is the delusion, so carefully promulgated, that the Equitable had been purified because Thomas F. Ryan had taken possession and turned over to three trustees full power to control the corporation. The people swallowed this nebulous morsel with their old-time of-course-it's-all-rightness and then awaited developments, which came with the annual election. Amid a fierce beating of tom-toms and sounding of bazoos, each of the hundreds of thousands of the Equitable policy-holders received an address, signed by the Hon. Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, as chairman of Thomas F. Ryan's board of dummies. What this address with all its many words amounted to was about this: Every policy-holder is now accorded the privilege of knowing that each year there are elected thirteen directors of the Equitable Company, and that, under the new order of things, instead of their being elected by the stockholders, as in the Hyde-Alexander *régime*, they will be elected by us, who are appointed by the stockholders, to wit, Thomas F. Ryan, in the following manner: We will nominate, just as Hyde-Alexander formerly did, thirteen men, but before selecting them we pledge ourselves to give to each policy-holder the privilege of sending us the names of seven policy-holders who he believes should be directors, and upon receipt of such names, or before or after, we will proceed, the same as though we had not gone through the fol-de-rol of asking for them, to appoint whomsoever we see fit as said directors.

Which is exactly what happened. The reorganization and purification of the Equitable actually amounts to this and this alone: Thomas F. Ryan is now in more absolute control of the company and its vast funds than were Hyde and Alexander, compared to whom as an exponent of corporation frenzied finance he is as a shark to shrimps.

JUGGLING THE INQUIRY

If my readers will look over the fruits of the late inquiry they will realize how little the insurance revolution it wrought really amounts to. I have stated that the revelations it yielded were mere sops. Let me reiterate—the whole performance was as adroitly steered as ever a scheme or plan was that had its beginning and end in that juggle-factory of juggle-factories—26 Broadway. The relation of Wall Street to the New York Legislature from which the committee was drawn, the connection between Odell, until lately the master of New York politics, and Harriman, who himself is a creature of "Standard Oil," rendered the committee as responsive to the "System" as the wax tablets of the phonograph are to the voice of a speaker. Counsel Hughes was the factor of actual importance in the inquisition, yet only those things and those men whom the master mind of "Standard Oil" permitted to be touched upon were sifted. Some unexpected breaks occurred; some unprogrammed disclosures crept out; but those were promptly side-tracked. Indeed, it is known to the insiders that a number of times when Counsel Hughes wanted to follow up certain trails he was so opposed by Chairman Armstrong that it was only by extraordinary maneuverings that he was persuaded to refrain from an open break with the committee and from resigning his rule as chief inquisitor. Upon one of these occasions he was stopped only at the very last minute. If the investigation had been conducted for blood, it would quickly have got past the McCalls, Perkinses, and McCurdys. One of the accidental disclosures exhibited a block of 1,000 shares of Lawyers' Trust Company stock allotted to the Mutual Life as being distributed to the trustees and sold by them at an enormous personal profit. That episode is but one of many. Over fifteen months ago

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I told of the sale of the New York Life's stock in the New York Security and Trust Company to a syndicate of New York Life Insurance Company directors headed by John D. Rockefeller at $850 per share when the market value of the stock was $1,350. It would have been smooth-water sailing to have traced this entire transaction; and remember, if it had been followed up under the merciless handling of Hughes, the bars would have all been dropped and the world would have seen that it was not $12,000 rugs, $40,000 lootings, $150,000 salaries, and $100,000 dancing-girl dinners that were involved, but $2,000,000, $4,000,000, $10,000,000, and $30,000,000 grabs, with the money traceable directly to the "System" and its generals. Instantly, then, the investigation would have been at the heart's core of the whole "System" evil.

CURTAIN STAYS DOWN

Briefly in my story, but fully during the investigation in a special article for the Philadelphia *Press*, I showed that Rogers and Rockefeller had worked off on to the insurance companies the $4,000,000 bag of New England Gas & Coke plunder for $12,000,000 cash. Names, dates, and the identity of the several parties who had furnished the money, including the New York and the Mutual Life and their dummy trust companies and banks, were all supplied. I showed the obliquity of this transaction in which Rockefeller in egging on the insurance companies had pretended to take one-half the $12,000,000 subscription, and had put in his share, $6,000,000, in a check which, contemporaneous with its payment, was passed back to him. This entire transaction was in the A B C class of easy investigation. If the inquisitors had called these men, H. H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, or the directors of the corporation, to the stand, they could have obtained for their guidance in examining the witnesses the complete story of this transaction given under oath in a secret court proceeding, the details of which have never yet been made public. This one revelation would have completely surpassed as a sensation provider or as a real result-getter all the actual revelations of the investigation put together. At the time the transaction took place some years ago I had publicly exposed the rottenness of the transaction, whereupon the insurance grafters, becoming panic-stricken between the first and second payments, shifted their subscribers to Vermilye & Co. just as it was exhibited by Counsel Hughes that they had done in other more harmless affairs.

LAWS TO MAKE GRAFTING EASY

No, indeed, the Rogerses, the Rockefellers, the Stillmans and Morgans were not put under oath to disclose this iniquitous scheme for plundering, for if they had been, the combined energies of all the politicians of New York, shoulder to shoulder with Wall Street, could not have prevented the investigation from spreading to the inner tents of the "System."

As I write these lines, the public is still under the delusion that all the doings of the grafters and robbers during the past quarter of a century are now known, and it has full confidence that when the committee reports to the Legislature the policy-holders will have their relief.

I have had laid before me the cut-and-dried program for the new legislation which will be railroaded through the New York Legislature as the cure-all phenix which has arisen from the ashes of this investigation. While it will undoubtedly deprive officers and directors of the privilege of handing out petty jobs to relatives at fat salaries and make impossible the direct bribery of legislatures or direct contributions to political funds, the new order of things will make the grafting of millions much easier than in the past. It will safeguard big stealing. When in the future the Big Three has to buy the presidency of the United States or half a dozen legislatures for five to ten million dollars of the insurance funds, the book entries can be made of such a character as to slip through any number of investigations as smoothly as Rogers or Ryan could slip through Sulphurville looking for a trolley or gas charter.

THE MUD-SLINGERS

During the investigation, at a time when the officers of the Big Three were confessing to having paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to those blackmailing newspaper thugs who at the beginning of my crusade were active in their mud-throwing, and when the people were sure that never again would these insurance companies use their policy-holders' funds in such a scandalously corrupt way, I announced that I would, at my own expense, canvass the world for proxies to be used at

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the next annual election of the New York Life and Mutual Insurance companies. I agreed that proxies thus collected should be turned over to a committee composed of the foremost conservative, honest men in public life who would promise to use them in nominating men firmly pledged to enforce full punishment of the insurance grafters, full restitution of the funds directly and indirectly stolen, and a reorganization absolutely in the interest of all policy-holders.

My work was no sooner under way than the grafters started up their mud-slinging machine at me with a breezy brassiness that would make even those well posted in their accustomed ways doubt whether there had ever been an exposure. Here is the foundation specimen of their mud:

> We are amazed to learn upon good authority that there have developed two phases of the insurance situation which seriously reflect upon the hard sense of a good many presumably intelligent Americans. (1) Hundreds, even thousands, are permitting their policies to lapse. This is so stupid as to be, from the standpoint of pure self-interest, almost criminal. There is no question and has been and can be no question of the solvency of the companies. Enough has developed to prove beyond the shadow of doubt that the total of moneys wasted and not earned that might have been earned is a bagatelle in proportion to the enormous assets. Every dollar of insurance outstanding is good as gold whether a new policy ever be written or not. It is the uttermost folly, therefore, for any one to sacrifice the slightest portion of what he has paid in. To continue the payment of premiums and demand restitution and reform is the only sane policy. (2) Thousands of policy-holders are sending their proxies to Thomas W. Lawson. They would better send them to the devil himself. If the wit of man were exercised to find a way to wreck, if possible, a solvent concern, one more effective than this could not be devised. No right-thinking person can condone proven offenses, but such a jump as this would be from the frying-pan, not into the fire, but into the bottomless pit. That sane beings to any number likely to prove adequate to his purpose should entrust their property and the future sustenance of their beneficiaries to a professionally unscrupulous speculator seems incredible. And yet the danger is said to be real and imminent. We hope and believe it is magnified by unwarranted boastfulness on the one hand, and by distorted imagination on the other. But the interests involved are so vast and so widespread that no patriotic citizen should spare any possible effort to save credulous thousands from the inevitable consequences of their own rash action. If it be possibly true that insurance officials have become so discredited as to be impotent in withstanding the force of a wave of insanity, it is high time for the formation of a National Vigilance Committee in the interest of the whole people.

To show the American people that an exposure such as has just taken place, or in fact any exposure short of one which lays bare the entire scheme of sneak-thievery and blackmailing to its head-waters at 26 Broadway, has no effect upon the master minds who direct this financial thuggery, I will devote a little space to this article. It was written by George Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and printed as an editorial in that journal. It was reprinted with variations in the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, the Butte (Mont.) *Miner*, the Butte (Mont.) *Inter-Mountain*, and was then, as a reprint from these papers, reproduced in special circulars and sent to every one of the million policy-holders of both companies. At the same time, copies of it were mailed to every public meeting of policy-holders called for the purpose of deciding whether or not to send me their proxies, and agents of the Big Three circulated it on the floor or read it from the platform. Not one in a hundred thousand who received this circular looked upon it as other than the unbiased utterance of public prints in various parts of the country, and my readers have little conception of the tremendous force of such an attack when directed by insurance companies that have lists of millions of names and addresses, and tens of thousands of agents to back the circular up with personal letters. Some idea of the magnitude of the transaction may be gained when it is known that the postage cost alone of such a campaign is a matter of eighty to a hundred thousand dollars. What would have been the effect, let me ask my readers, if with this nicely disguised bit of mud had gone its true history?

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The Syracuse *Post-Standard* is owned by Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks, under whose *régime* all the exposed looting and grafting occurred. The Butte (Mont.) *Inter-Mountain* is owned by Henry H. Rogers and the Amalgamated Company, and is run under instructions to let not a single day pass without printing some falsity or slur about Lawson. The Butte *Miner* is owned by Senator W. A. Clark, and since I have set forth the story of that mushroom's growth, it has received the same orders as those hanging in the *Inter-Mountain* office; and George Harvey is the head literary helot-in-waiting to the "System." The publishing house of Harper's is the foremost example of the frenzied financiering of literature. Some five years ago

"The Black Flag on the Big Three" is continued on page 65 of the Advertising Section.

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The
CHAMBER OF
TRANQUILLITY

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The CHAMBER OF TRANQUILLITY

by WALLACE IRWIN

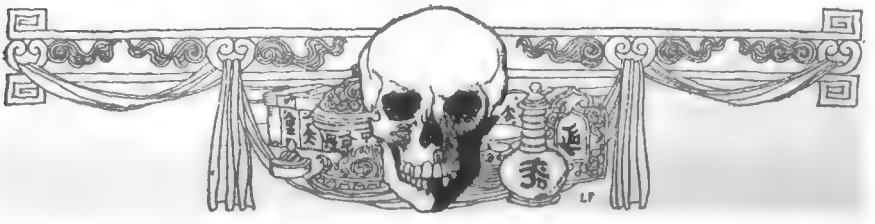
A STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN

Pictures by Harry Townsend and Louis Fleming . . . .

THIS here sounds a bit like Bluebeard trotted out as sompin' new;
But it happened here in Chinytown where half the lies is true—
Fer the Chink ain't skeert o' microbes, but he's powerful shy o' elves,
And he keeps a stock o' devils packed in boxes on 'is shelves;
And ther's fairy-tales occurrin' in these alleys day and night,
Where the heathen says, "No sabee!"—but he's wise all right, all right.
See that green and yeller balcony up yonder 'crost the way,
Wit' the gilded sign in English painted, "Dr. Chun Hing Gay"?
Every coolie 'round the Quarter knows the Doctor by 'is name,
Fer he's made a bunch o' money and he's made a pile o' fame;
And 'is cures has killed more *invalids* than all the plagues combined—
W'ich is greatly to 'is credit and a blessin' of its kind.

He wuz jest a Canton coolie six or seven years ago,
Smuggled in from San Diego t'rough the leak in Mexico—
Bossed a fruit-ranch in Sonoma, bought a China drug-store cheap,
Came to 'Frisco wearin' spectacles and seemed to know a heap—
Them there phoney-lookin' letters painted on 'is window say:
"From a chilblain to a cancer I can cure you in a day."
Dr. Chun had one affliction w'at he couldn't kill or cure;
'Twuz 'is wife, who wuz a vixen of the Tartar brand fer sure—
Wuzn't like the common yeller gal, too bashful-like to speak,
Fer the Quarter knowed the danger-sign w'en Mrs. Chun would squeak,
And w'en Sergeant Doyle heard windows crash on Jackson Street he'd say:
"Oh, that's jest the dear ol' lady beatin' Dr. Chun Hing Gay."

Dr. Chun wuz a philosopher o' just and thoughtful mind,
W'en 'is herb-cure killed a patient he would say: "The gods is kind";
If 'is patient should recover he would say: "The gods give life"—
But he had a special maxim in referrin' to 'is wife.
W'en that lady wrecked the premises he'd murmur piously:
"Lo! the Wise Man loves 'is neighbors and preserves tranquillity."



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One fine day w'en Chun wuz walkin' out a-lookin' rather scratched,
Wit' 'is pigtail half unbraided and 'is ear a trifle patched,
Old Wing Lee, the one-eyed goldsmith, says: "Yer joss is bad to-day—
Say, why don't ye git a wife that suits ye better, Chun Hing Gay?"
Chun, kow-towin', poked 'is fingers in 'is sleeves and says, says he:
"Rather seven hundred devils than another wife fer me!"
"Wise physician," leered the goldsmith, "ye've been wed a dozen years—
Tell me, wher's yer honored children fer yer labor and yer tears?
Many wives should be the portion of a wealthy man like you;
And perhaps ye'll deign to look upon me little gal, Lun Su,
Fer 'er mouth is like a cherry and 'er foot is like a flower,
And a thousand 'Frisco dollars go to make 'er weddin'-dower."

"If I brought another woman to me house," says Dr. Chun,
"Say! me wife would vomit fireworks, like the Dragon of the Sun."
Wing Lee's one eye twinkled knowledgeful. "Her sickness is a kind
What deserves a patent medicine that's soothin' to the mind,
What'll lay 'er calm and quiet like a lady ought to be—
Fer a Wise Man loves 'is neighbors—and preserves tranquillity."
And that very afternoon the Doc got busy in 'is shop.
'Round the walls wuz herbs and powders, poison, sassafras, and *hop*,
Pickled toads and dried-up lizards, powdered spiders, serpents' tails,
Gensing—good fer rheumatism—mustard, devil-weed, and snails;
And the Doc wuz shavin' roots and mixin' powders wit' 'is knife—
He wuz fixin' up a medicine to pacify 'is wife.

'Twuzn't long before all Chinytown wuz noticin' the change.
Dr. Chun Hing's house grew quiet—and the fact alone wuz strange.
Mrs. Chun she lost ambition fer to racket and to row,
And 'er eyes got dull and glassy and she didn't like 'er *chow*.
Drunk wit' *hop* and shrunk and silly on 'er dirty bench she lay,
Smoked 'er pipe and whispered nonsense to the greasy walls all day.
Dr. Chun wuz quite attentive—he had medicine to give—
Waited patient as an idol till she hadn't long to live,
Then he signaled to the coolies that wuz workin' in 'is pay,
And they rolled 'er in a blanket and they carried 'er away;
Packed 'er down t'rough traps and cellars to the narrow, wooden stair
Of the Chamber of Tranquillity. They knocked and left 'er there.

What, the Chamber of Tranquillity—ain't heard of it before?
It's a kind o' death-bed annex to an undertaker's store.
In the Quarter when a Chinaman's about to pass away,
Then he isn't wanted 'round the house—it brings bad luck, they say—
So they chuck 'im in this quiet cell to breathe 'is heathen last,
Where the undertaker's handy—and ther ain't no questions ast.

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Oh, the Chamber of Tranquillity is underground and cold,
It hasn't got no windows and its walls is cracked and old;
It hasn't got no pillows where a feeble head kin lie—
But a feller ain't pertickiller w'en he's about to die.
And the prayer that speeds the dyin' in that dark, ondecent shed
Is the pigtailed undertaker nailin' coffins overhead.
All day long the dyin' woman lay a-moanin' in the den.
Old Jim Mok, the undertaker, peeked in silent now and then
Jest to see if it wuz ready. . . . In the Moon Flower restaurant
Dr. Chun, he gave a banquet which wuz all that heart could want.
'Twuz a feast fer gods and devils, the occasion of 'is life,
To announce that Wing Lee's daughter wuz to be 'is second wife.

Late and early came the swellest merchant-kings o' Chinytown,
Red-hot, pigtailed sports, kow-towin' in ther robes o' green and brown;
And as in and out they waddled wit' the dignity o' beeves,
Ye could hear the gamblin'-money clinkin' gently in ther sleeves.
Eyes like agates, cheeks like ivory, and smiles as white as milk—
Say! the biggest bunch o' wickedness that ever walked in silk!
All the tables wuz o' ebony, the chop-sticks tipped wit' jade.
Chun wuz dressed in silk, embroidered, wit' a tassel in 'is braid.
On the chairs wuz crimson cushions, in the walls wuz gilded flowers,
And a gang o' hired musicians squeaked and banged wit' all ther powers.
Forty merchants at the tables, and on stools about the room
Forty little singin'-girls, as bright as parrots in ther plume.

Ther wuz everythin' in eatables from puppy-dog to rice;
Nanking eggs aged forty summers—which the Chink considers nice—
Bamboo-sprouts and chop-chop vittles, China pheasant from Shanghai,
Bird's-nest dope which sounds like puddin', tastes like hell, and looks like pie.
And the fiddles squalled and quavered and the gongs drowned out the strain.
And the Doctor smiled like Buddha as he ordered more champagne.
Old Wing Lee, skin-full o' bubbles, sat acrost from Dr. Chun,
And the two wuz swappin' maxims, stiff and solemn, one by one.
"Sayin' nothin'," says the goldsmith, "is a woman's rarest skill."
"Birds should sing," remarked the Doctor, "but a woman should be still."
"He who slumbers," says the goldsmith, "wit' an adder in 'is blouse
Is more happy than a husband wit' a wildcat in 'is house."

Chun wuz thinkin' up an answer, w'en a coolie shuffled in,
Came and stood beside the Doctor's chair and pulled a yeller grin,
Then, a-leanin' confidential, closer to 'is ear he said:
"Jim Mok sent me fer the money. She has left the Chamber—dead."
Dr. Chun Hing Gay politely raised his glass to old Wing Lee:
"Lo! the Wise Man loves 'is neighbors—and preserves tranquillity."

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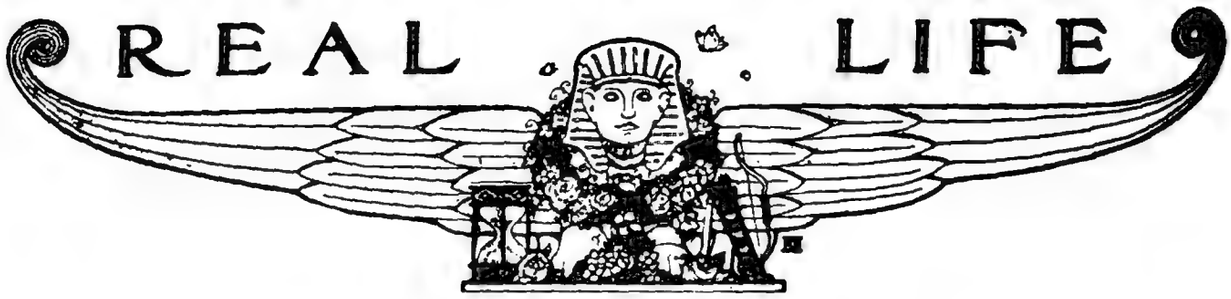
LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE



Johnson's Luck

By Eugene Wood

OUT in 'Frisco (at least in those days) if you wanted to see the city editor you didn't have to make out an application: "Mr. —— wants to see Mr. —— about ——" and send it in by the boy, as in New York. You did as Johnson did. He walked right in and stood beside Bailey's desk. Bailey went on puttering with the assignment book and the litter of clippings. A man in Bailey's position owes it to himself at least to *appear* busy. Johnson had the unhappy moment that one always has when nerving oneself to ask for a job. He swallowed hard, and felt the cold goneness in his insides which is symptomatic.

After the conventional delay Bailey looked up. If he said: "What can I do for you?" the jig was up. But he cried out: "Why, hello-o-o-o, Jonce, where did you spring from?" in just the cheery tone that Johnson had hoped for.

"Oh, I just blew in," answered Johnson, or, "I came in on the milk-train." I forget now what he really did say.

"Sit down," said Bailey, "and rest your face and hands. How's everything with you?"

They talked for a while about how long it had been since they had seen each other, and took stock of each other, while they braced themselves for what they knew to be imminent.

"Well," said Bailey, when it came at last, "we're all full up just at present. But I'll take your address and—" (They do that instinctively. They say that in their sleep.)

"Oh now, look here, Joe," earnestly interrupted Johnson. "I'm up against it good and hard. I haven't got a sou markee. I've simply got to eat somehow. It's either you put me on for a week or two, or I'll break a window and get sent up. Just give me a show to make a grub-stake, and in a couple of weeks I'll catch on to some advertising snap."

It had come as a sort of surprise to Bailey that Johnson had asked for work as a reporter. For work, mind you. He had known him as one of these fellows that are always busy at some "scheme" or other, one of these fellows so ingenious and lucky and so companionable that you never know whether they are honest or not. He had expected something different. He meditated a moment and then turned to the pile of clippings. "We'll want about two sticks on that," he said, picking out one, "and—er—on your way down you might look up this and see what there's in it. Keep it down. We don't want much of it. And—yes, you might as well take this too. Get your copy in early."

After getting instructions, Johnson cleared his throat and stood silent. He hated to do it the worst way, but it was a case of "have to."

"Er—er—just give me a note to Shaw, won't you, for expense money. Ten dollars or so." He laughed nervously. It went hard with him.

"Ten dollars!" said Bailey. "Why, my Lord, man, there's only the car-fare there and back—" He stopped. He saw. He understood. While he was scrawling the order on the cashier, he turned to Johnson and asked: "Well, now, look here, Jonce, if I give you this will I ever see you again?"

"I'm on the water-wagon now. I've had enough of the other thing to do me for a good long while. I give you my word."

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Now Johnson had a conscience. That was why he hadn't tried to borrow money of Bailey, as Bailey had expected he would. And if Johnson said he would do so-and-so, he'd do it if it was a possible thing.

And he "made good," as the saying is. He got all the news there was, had his copy in early, and if it wasn't "star" writing, it was sufficiently clear and commonplace English to suit the copy-readers. A literary genius is a good deal of a nuisance around a newspaper office.

He was so satisfactory in commercial "stories" that Bailey decided to put him down on the book for the big auction of the orange properties down at Greenlands. Auctions of orange properties were a new thing in those days, and this bid fair to be worth covering pretty fully. There were to be two days of it. The first day's sale was to serve as a sort of appetizer for the second day. Comparatively small parcels of land were to be put up, some good, some extremely good, some just so-so. You know how it is. But on the second day was to be the event. The whole big Rathmel estate was to be offered in one block. Old John M. Rathmel had left a widow, two sons, three daughters, and a grandchild, and the estate was in the hands of the administrators. I forget just how many acres there were, but I know that some of it was considered very fine orange land, and it was estimated as worth anywhere from $60,000 to $100,000. Those were the extremes.

"WHY, HELLO-O-O-O, JONCE!"

Johnson wasn't very strong, perhaps, on the "scenes and incidents" side of such a story, but he'd do better for the real-estate end of it than one of the "stars," so Johnson drew $25, expense money, and departed for Greenlands, with special injunctions to get his copy in early. (They say that in their sleep too.)

Anything that was a gamble interested Johnson clear to the bone. Anything that afforded an opportunity for a man to "draw to a shoe-string and catch a haystack" was as the breath of his mouth. The bravado of the real-estate speculators, their talk of what they would give and what they wouldn't, their "propositions" and their "schemes" and all that were his own native tongue. He was one of them. He was in it as much as anybody. Partly by instinct, partly to help the thing along and so make a good story, when he felt it quite safe to do so, he would make a bid. On several occasions he was instrumental in getting a good deal better prices for the owner than the property would otherwise have brought. It wouldn't do, you know, to have the auction flatten out. Really, it was quite a success. And his story as it came in was very satisfactory. Bailey looked over the proofs. "Good stuff," he said. And so it was. There could have been more of the "scenes and incidents," but it was all right. It was good stuff.

On the second day, Johnson wished he had asked for more expense money. He might just as well as not have had $5 more. Going around with those fellows and holding up his end of the log, as he had done in the old days, was a little expensive. He would have to cut it pretty fine. He made up his mind that he would hold out at least two dollars. He had his return ticket and this was Thursday. The ghost walked Saturday noon. Yes, he could just about squeeze through with two dollars.

He had the two dollars and eighty-five cents besides when the Rathmel property was put up. The auctioneer was in fine feather that day. I wish I could make the types reproduce for you the way he talked it off, but I don't think I can. So much depends upon the glib and rattling speech, so much upon the sudden upward jut of the voice from the chanting dead level. But you can imagine how he rose to the situation. Prices had been good for the smaller parcels. In some cases the prices had been just a leetle too good. The buyer would have to be lucky to come out whole. But this entire Rathmel estate at once, with all that crowd of

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speculators come a-purpose to get it, and the wide range of estimates as to its worth—why, there ought to be some lively doings.

But there weren't. The auctioneer did his prettiest. They were dumb. He jeered at them, he mocked them. They were dumb. It wasn't that they weren't interested. They were. They had all come down intending to get that property, if it didn't go too high. And now that it was before them, they swallowed, and felt that same cold goneness on their insides that a man feels when he stands beside the city editor's desk, meaning to ask for a job when the city editor gets done fiddling with those clippings.

"Do I hear a bid do I hear a bid do I hear a bid?" gabbled the auctioneer all on one note and all in one word. "Do I hear a bid for this magnificent property why gentlemen if I wasn't a poor man with eleven small children depending on me for their daily bread I'd buy in this magnificent property and give it to my Aunt Jane to keep her chickens on. Do I hear a bid do I hear a bid do I hear a bid?"

Somebody timidly ventured twenty thousand. The auctioneer acknowledged the same and monotonously declared that the mud on the place was worth more money merely to plaster on bee-stings. He pattered and pattered. The buyers seemed to have lost their nerve. Twenty thousand dollars for a property estimated at $100,000. It was ridiculous. Worse. It was spoiling a good story.

"Twenty-five," said Johnson, with $2.85 in his pocket.

"Twenty-five twenty-five twenty-five," jabbered the auctioneer. "Who'll gimme fifty fifty fifty, who'll gimme fifty fifty fifty fifty——"

"ARE YOU ALL DONE, GENTLEMEN?"

"Thirty," piped up the first man, rather tremulously.

"Thirty-three," bid Johnson, before the auctioneer could announce the first man's offer.

"Thirty-three I'm bid, thirty-three thirty-three thirty-three. Who'll gimme forty forty forty forty forty? Thirty-five thirty-five thirty-five five five five five. Who'll gimme thirty-five?" He paused. The buyers gulped. They felt sort of bashful. They looked at the auctioneer with the fixed gaze of a hungry hound. They looked so steadily that the backs of their necks began to ache.

"Thirty-five thirty-five thirty-five," he monotoned. "Who'll gimme thirty-five? Thirty-three I'm bid thirty-three I'm bid thirty-three I'm bid. Who'll gimme thirty-five?"

A hundred men had their mouths all fixed to say the word. Their floating ribs were all distended with breath. A sudden inward jerk of the muscles and the vocable "thirty-five" would have been propelled outward upon the air. But something paralyzed the muscles. Johnson watched them with a smile. It was amusing. For once he wished he were a star reporter so that he could put the thing just right. Here they were, all come to bid on the property and they didn't dare utter a peep. It made him think of the swimmer all ready to dive off, and yet somehow holding back. In another second he will plunge in and come up snorting and splashing. In another second all these men would come out of their trance, and then you'd see some lively doings. That old fellow over there with the wall-eye, taking his dry smoke—why, only last night he had said that he was prepared to go as high as $90,000 if he had to, but that $100,000 was a shade too much. There! He's going to bid. See? He's just about to take his cigar out of his mouth. No. The hand sinks down. He'll wait a bit. It was very still, except for the clack of the auctioneer. Johnson heard somebody's new shoes creak.

"Are you all done, gentlemen?" inquired the auctioneer in a human voice. "Are you all done?" His hammer tossed and turned in his hand. "Once—twice—and sold to this gentleman for $33,000. Please step this way, give your name and address, and make the necessary deposit by certified check to bind the bargain."

There was a rustle, but not of the wind in

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the treetops. It was the outgo of the breath held tight in the lungs of all the would-be buyers who had journeyed to Greenlands to get this property if it was to be had at something like their figure. And they had stood there, like so many stoughton bottles, and had seen it go for less than half their figure. The lucky man! The lucky man! They stretched their necks and gaped upon the lucky man.

The lucky man had two dollars and eighty-five cents in his pocket. In his pocket? In the world! Saturday noon he would have twenty-five dollars gross after he had signed the book that Shaw would push toward him. What it would be net when he had paid what he owed, he didn't stop to count up. He cast his eyes over his shoulder. "Early copy," Bailey had said. When was the next train? What would they do to him when they found out? It was about time for him to take a walk. He really must be going.

HIS STORY AND HIS RESIGNATION.

But there was to be no such thing as an unobserved "get-away." The obliging and envious crowd gave way before him and formed a lane for him to walk through.

"That's him," they said. "That's the fellow."

In five minutes they would be saying that in an entirely different tone of voice. Johnson deemed it the wiser part not to appear in too much of a hurry. He could saunter near the auctioneer's stand as if to deposit the certified check, and then, when a clear space offered itself, he would have to sprint for it, and hide out somewhere till train time.

"Hay!" said one fellow, apparently discerning that purpose, and planting himself in Johnson's way. "Er—er—" What the psychologists call "the sanctity of the second person," that which makes you hesitate to tell a man to his face what you think of him, or something of the sort, caused the obstructer to stop and brush from the end of his cigar an ash that didn't need to be brushed off.

Johnson went white.

"Er—er—what you going to do with that property?"

"Plant it in oranges," vowed Johnson desperately.

"Well, er—er—I'll give you $40,000."

"No, you won't," says Johnson, as bold as brass. (Might as well be hanged for an old sheep as killed for a young lamb.)

"Forty-five."

"Nup."

"I'll give you forty-eight."

"What do you think I am?" indignantly inquired Johnson. "I came down to get this property, if I could get it cheap. I got it. I want it."

"You told me you was jist a ree-porter," said the old fellow with the wall-eye.

"You told me you would give $90,000 for the property. You had the chance. One side, gentlemen."

"Er—hold on a minute," put in another. A crowd gathered. And so on and so on.

Johnson handed in his story and his resignation together that night. And why not? He had a certified check for $40,000 in his pocket, his wages, his lawful earnings for—for what? You tell me, because I don't know.

What happened after that you can imagine. "The foundation of a fortune," you say. "Judicious investments and so on and so forth."

Oh, no. Oh, no. That isn't the way fortunes are founded. The first thousand must come by hard knocks or it won't stay put. You remember what the hod-carrier said when he fell off the ladder at the fourth floor? "Aisy come, aisy go."

"Nothin' to It"

By Lindsay Denison

"WHAT company's that?" shouted the Chief.

His runabout bounced across the curb up on the sidewalk opposite the burning varnish factory; the Chief vaulted out over the wheel; he threw the reins to his driver with one hand; his rubber boots hung in the other. His eyes were on the fire-escape platform in front of the third-story windows. As he stood, watching the firemen on it, he dropped the boots, without noticing that they fell into a torrent of water that was rolling down the gutter from a bursted hose up the street. Toward him a Battalion Chief came bound-

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ing out between the water-tower and the extension-ladder truck which were close to the building.

"What company's that?" the Chief called again, waving his arm at the men on the third-floor fire-escape.

"Twenty-seven Engine Company," answered the Battalion Chief.

"Get 'em off that fire-escape!" yelled the Chief. "Tell Doonan to get 'em down from there! Say *I* say for 'em to come down! And be almighty quick about it!"

The Battalion Chief whirled around, so that his rubber coat fluttered out behind him, and plunged back to the foot of the ladder from which he had come.

The Chief chased his boots, which were bobbing away on the gutter stream. He drained them and put them on without looking at them. He was studying the burning front. His every other glance was turned on the seven men on the narrow iron bracket-work at the third story.

Billows of choking smoke rolled up to it from below. The smoke which came out through the windows was blistering hot; it changed color every second. One moment it was sooty black and one could almost think he saw little red curls at the end of each twist of it; the next, it was a light, transparent gray; it did not float out over the street, but shot straight up the wall and thinned away into the sky above the cornice line. Seven men were bending back away from the windows over the platform railing; the white shield of the Foreman's helmet gleamed in the middle of the group. Two men on the ladder underneath were tugging manfully at the end of a hose line. Below these two, on the second-story platform, stood the Battalion Chief gesticulating and shouting at the Foreman of Twenty-seven Company.

Echoes of the controversy between them floated far down to the street.

"Bring your company down out of that!" called the Battalion Chief.

"Oh, I don't know!" sang out the Foreman. "We can hold this all night."

We could see the gleam of the teeth of the men on either side of him as they looked down and laughed.

"It's the Chief's orders! Bring your company down!" The Battalion Chief's voice was clear and sharp, but there was a note of pleading in it too. "Get 'em down, Doonan! Quick as you know how!"

"Let me get hold of that line," bawled the Foreman obstinately, "an' I will—maybe! Honest, we're all right!"

He reached down for the nozzle, which the men below were pushing up to him. Two of his men leaned over his shoulders to help.

"You! Twenty-seven Company! Pull out! Come down!" The command ripped up from the street through the smoke clouds like a succession of revolver shots.

Foreman Doonan straightened up and drew back his hand from the upstretched nozzle, though it was but a few inches below his fingers.

"Go on down, men!" he said. "That's the Old Man after us."

The first man, sullen-faced, swung down to the ladder and felt his way toward the fire-escape below; the two men with the nozzle receded before him. The second man's legs dropped through the opening in the grating; and then——

Came a vibrating boom like a distant gunpowder blast; the two unbroken window sashes flew out from their frames; the glass smashed against the iron-work of the railing and tinkled down to the street. Horizontal pillars of dull red flames, streaked with yellow and black, came roaring out through the windows and guttered against the smoke clouds like over-pressured giant gas-jets. Out of the very midst of this furnace breath, seemingly (but only seemingly, for the merest whiff of it would have been instant death), dropped the men of Twenty-seven Company, tumbling down from their platform, taking to the ladder two and three at a time, climbing over one another in their haste. The second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth man found footing on the second-floor fire-escape. They looked at one another from face to face; then all six of them looked up for the Foreman. He was crouching, beside the opening, just out of reach of the upcurving flames, looking down at them. The fire tongues kept bending down toward him, nearer and nearer.

He shouted through his hands to them.

"Hand me up that line!" he called.

The Battalion Chief shook his head when the men looked at him.

"Better come down, Doonan," he answered.

"'Come down,' nothin'!" disrespectfully commented Foreman Doonan, hunching one shoulder and bending his head to avoid a particularly persistent offshoot of flame. He said other things which it is to be hoped have not been set down upon the record. "Hand me up that line!"

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The Chief had climbed to a place beside the Battalion Chief. He was studying the color of the flames and the volume of them, as they poured up behind Doonan's huddled form.

"Come down, Doonan!" he commanded. "It's no use," he added, speaking to the Battalion Chief; "the two upper floors will have to go. It's too much to hold—and ten to one he'll get killed trying to do it."

But Doonan had become deaf, apparently.

"Aw, get some action! Get that nozzle up here!" he screamed.

The Battalion Chief looked at the Chief. The Chief bit his upper lip, dubiously.

Under them, on the first and second floors the water-tower and four hose streams were tearing away at the very vitals of the fire in the lower part of the building. The snarling and the growling of the conflict between water and flames made a din which drowned out the throbbing of the nearest engines. Irregular flushes of orange and murky red light against the rippling smoke clouds reflected the fury of the tumult inside. But no flames came from the lower windows. The firemen on the first and second floors were winning their fight. The danger was all above. The checking of that third-floor outburst, if the thing could be done, meant the saving of the building and of the rest of the block.

"Let him try it," the Chief said after a moment.

Two firemen caught the nozzle and jumped at the ladder, yanking the swinging hose up after them. A line of hose that reaches up three stories is no light and easily managed burden. Other men, below, grabbed the line and pulled it up by arm's-lengths from the street to lighten the weight on the firemen at the nozzle.

Doonan roared down encouragement, approval, and then scorn and imprecation in a sulphurous stream.

That was the way to do it, ran his argument, hand it up like men! But what were they stopping for? Were they going down to the sidewalk to rest? Did they think he was sitting up there for his health? He registered prayers in places of the highest authority that the ladder they were on would melt and drop them to the street if they didn't get a move on them. Were they getting ready to play skipping rope? In the name of all that was holy or hot *why* didn't they hand him that nozzle?

The Chief and the Battalion Chief below were hauling at the line along with the firemen; but it seemed to rise with hopeless reluctance. It was all a matter of a few seconds; but every second brought the growing flames down a little nearer to Doonan's head and back, crowding him closer to the floor of the fire-escape and making him twist more and more to keep the brim of his helmet between him and the out-reaching, torturing tendrils of fire.

"It's no use, Doonan," cried the Battalion Chief; "we can't get it up to you fast enough. Come down!"

"That's right," echoed the Chief. "Come down!"

"Gimme that line!" howled Doonan. His face was the face of a maniac. It was all distorted with pain and all ablaze with wrath. "*Gimme—that—line!*"

He shifted his legs around so that they swung through the ladder opening. This helped to keep his back and shoulders a little farther away from the dancing death which had already scorched his coat; sputtering driblets of burning melted rubber were dripping on the heads of the men below. He braced one hand against the side railing and swung down until the fingers of the other closed over the tip of the brass nozzle. With a back-cracking strain he drew it up to him. Still cowering, so that the fire which licked at his helmet could not reach his face, and turning his head with a quick jerk as the draughts whipped at him, he leaned down again.

"Wa-a-a-ater!" he shouted. "T-u-r-n o-n wa-a-a-t-e-r, T-w-e-n-t-y-s-e-v-e-n!"

The cry was echoed from story to story and down to the street, growing mightily in volume all the time, until a breathless and superfluous mob of twenty or more men and boys—chiefs' drivers, insurance adjusters, newspaper reporters and other frequenters of fire lines—went scampering around the corner and through Canal Street, yelling at the distant engineer of Twenty-seven (who had already opened his water-gate):

"Wa-a-ter! T-u-r-n o-n w-a-t-e-r, Tw-e-n-t-y-s-e-v-e-n!"

Doonan, drawn into himself until he seemed no bigger than a half-grown boy, curled up against the railing, tucked the nozzle under his elbow, and stiffened himself again. The line squirmed, quivered, and with a spatter of foam and a hiss the water went tearing from the brass tube against the red tumult be-

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hind him. He worked his elbow a little and the water stream moved back and forth across the nearest window-space.

The deadly fire-spurts stopped crawling down at him. They stood still, where they had been when the water started. Then, almost as imperceptibly as the tide falls back on a broad beach, they came less and less near. Doonan lifted himself and sat upright. He swung his legs; he shook the cramps out of his shoulders, and twisted the hose out from under his elbow so that he could direct it with his hands, squinting sidewise at his mark beneath the brim of his helmet.

Little by little the scorched and blistered outlines of the window-casing appeared. The steady blaze was broken into intermittent gusts of flaring gas driven from the seething mass of oil and varnish deep back in the building. Doonan moved a few inches away from the ladder opening. He looked at the men below. They had hardly moved since they passed the nozzle to him. They were supporting the line between their bodies and the iron rungs; their helmets were tucked close to their shoulders to shield them from the glare above.

"Hey, you lazy bums!" called Doonan; "it's a pity you wouldn't come up and help a feller switch his line to them other windows!"

One by one the men of Twenty-seven Company scrambled up and took their places beside their captain. The terrific advance which the explosion had given to the fire had been beaten back. They took up the fight where they had left off when the Chief's warning came.

The Chief clambered down to the street and beckoned to his aide.

"She's under control," he said. "Tell Headquarters."

Then he climbed into his runabout and pulled off his rubber boots, cursing himself for having jumped out into the wet street before he put them on.

We gathered around him to ask questions about "that third-story hero." The Chief seemed puzzled.

"Who was the man," we explained, "who stayed up there and beat that varnish explosion all alone after the rest had come down?"

"Oh," said the Chief, "you mean Doonan. I thought you was speakin' of somethin' out of the way—some life-savin' or somethin' I hadn't seen. There was nothin' to that Doonan business. He's a good man, but there was nothin' to it at all. It's all in a day's work, exceptin' it don't often happen where you fellers can see it. Hope the newspapers ain't goin' into it; it's bad for discipline—he was told to come down."

The Case of Ann Eliza

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

THE cabin, though unpromising, was a very welcome sight to a man dripping wet, chilled through, and utterly lost in the pathless flatwoods.

Both pens seemed deserted, but little discouraged curls of smoke eddied out through cracks in the one leaning flue, so Sanders rapped on the door, then instantly pulled hard on the greasy latch-string hanging outside. From within came a weak, pleasant murmur, which, as the heavy door swung inward, became sharply articulate in the question:

"Be you anybody that's done mumped? Ef you ain't, you had better not come in."

For answer Sanders pushed the door wider open. Inside he saw a mite of a girl, in a homespun frock, with a tousled thatch of thick flaxen hair above a small old-fashioned face. Her cheeks were thinnish, her chin delicate. The tip of it nestled amid swathings of greasy dull red flannel. She looked at him a second, then cried hospitably: "Come right in, you pore drownded rat! Mumps ain't no killin' ail; even ef they ware, you'd jest as well die of 'em as to stay out thar, and shake and *shake* untel you git the p-newmony."

"So I think," Sanders said, stepping toward the big fireplace, where a backlog smoldered, with chunks, half-smothered in ashes, glowing sullenly along the front of it. The girl caught up a fire-shovel as tall as she and scattered the ashes half-way across, then said, nodding sagely to Sanders: "You'll be good an' hongry long before you're dry—that's why I'm leavin' the tater-roast be."

"Where is the lady of the house?" Sanders asked, glancing sharply about the dusky interior.

"I'm the lady of the house—when Mammy's gone," the girl said, tugging at his wet coat. "Git outen this!—quick!—so's I can wring hit, and hang hit ter dry."

"But I heard somebody talking," Sanders persisted, slipping obediently out of his sodden upper garment. The girl gathered one end

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of it deftly in her weak hands, and said imperatively: "Now you hold t'other end! Hold tight. This coat needs double-wringin' ef ever anything did."

With that she lifted her end in both hands high above her head, and spun round and round, in the spinning twisting the coat into an unwieldy rope from which water jetted in streams that splashed all over her little bare feet. Sanders suddenly stopped her short, saying authoritatively: "It's a long, long time since I had mumps—but I seem somehow to remember that when I had them, the thing to do was not to get wet."

"Right you air. You mustn't git wet," the girl echoed. "But lawsy me! them little sprinkles don't count. But ef hit hadn't a-been fer my mumps an' this rain, you'd a-found the place all by hitself—with jest a seed-chunk in the fireplace. I'd be over at Gwynne's with Mammy, fillin' quills fer her—they sent a horse and boy fer her, this mornin'. She's weavin' fer 'em—weavin' cyarpets. They're goin' ter have rag-cyarpets, and gyertin', all over the house, instid o' them fine flowerdy store-bought ones they've got now. And they air in the turriblest swivet ter git the new ones done, and down—goin' ter have strange company, I reckon. But we don't mind thar hurry—Mammy and me. She gits ter do all the weavin'—nobody else eround don't know how. And you'll never believe the money she'll git fer it—hit'll be mighty nigh twenty dollars."

SO SANDERS RAPPED.

Sanders smiled at the fire—in strict confidence. Gwynne's was the objective point of his walking tour—though he hoped he should not be classed there as strange company. "How far off is Gwynne's?" he asked, shaking out his wrung coat, and making to put it on. The girl looked at him reproachfully. "Hit's twice as far as ye kin holler, after ye strike the road," she said. "And the big slough ye're bound ter cross is up to the saddle skyearts. It was this mornin'—Jimmy Gwynne said so when he come after Mammy. Hit's likely swimmin' deep now, so I don't look fer her home ternight."

"She surely won't leave you here alone all night!" Sanders protested. The girl shook her head, saying with a sorrowful accent: "No—the boys'll be home frum school—but I wish they'd stay erway. I could have sech er good time with jest Ann Eliza."

"I see I had better be going—Ann Eliza is afraid of me," Sanders said teasingly, thrusting one arm in a coat-sleeve. His hostess snatched the coat away from him, and hung it in front of the fire, saying to him over her shoulder: "You woon't do no sech a thing! Hit's like Mammy says, though—turrible not ter have no man-person in the family. Ef we had er man-person, I could git ye whut ye most need—some dry clothes and a drink o' licker. You must git outer them wet ones—you'll git the p-newmony shore's you don't. The only thing I see is fer you to pull 'em off, and wrop yourself up in this trundle-bed counterpane. It'll kiver you all up—and I'll turn my back while you're a-doin' hit."

Sanders laughed and tried to shake his head, but a warning shiver made him obedient. Very shortly he was bundling himself thankfully in soft, warm, woolen folds, the child, the while, standing with her face buried in the mountainous feather-bed. At his "All right now," she turned and hustled him into a big splint-bottomed chair in front of the fire, saying as she drew toward him a wooden block: "Put your feet up thar to toast while I make ye some tea. Which d'ye like best?—sage er pepper?"

The question was shot over her shoulder—she stood facing fireward, wringing out the wet trousers and hanging them to hooks set in the chimney breast.

"I hate tea—all sorts. Suppose we make it just hot water!" Sanders answered as he saw her hang a fat, little, black kettle upon the crane. "And now while the kettle's boiling, you sit down and talk. Tell me your name, and how old you are, and why you, too, don't go to school."

"I'm named Araminta Elizabeth Adelaide Mangum, but they all call me Chicky fer short. I'm goin' on twelve—and I don't go to school, 'cause I ain't nothin' but a gal," the child answered, her lip quivering the least bit. "Pap, he up and died when Benny was a teenty baby," she went on. "Reckon

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ef he'd a-lived I'd go to school—have shoes and bonnet, same as the rest. He bought shoes fer me 'and Billy—Billy's my twin—when we ware babies, but Mammy never did let us wear 'em. I'd have 'em now but fer Benny—he was so puny hit looked like he couldn't live, and he wouldn't die, so Mammy let him wear out both pairs. She says, and he says, too, he'll buy us new ones, soon as ever he gits big ernough ter make the money."

"H-m! How old is Benny?" Sanders asked. Chicky sighed. "Goin' on ten—but pindlin' yit," she said. "Seems like he's got sech a nawful speret he cain't make out ter grow much. Why, the biggest boys are 'fraid o' Benny—they know Billy always stands at his back. Billy is Pap right over agin—big and slow. Benny takes after Mammy—everybody says so. They say, too, ain't nobody else in the world like her, a widder, with nothin' but children, would keep two boys at school, when they mought be at work. They tell her, folks does, she oughter bind Billy out, lemme nuss fer my vittles and clothes, and her go and housekeep fer Doctor Betts, and take Benny with her ter drive the Doctor's buggy. But she tells 'em back she ain't raisin' lackey-boys—and when Benny's president, nobody sha'n't have it to tell how his sister used ter nuss this'n and that'n baby. No, sir-ee, Bob! Not ef she has ter work her fingers 'most off."

"What does she do?" Sanders asked. Chicky answered with a proud and happy smile: "Nigh erbout everything. Spin, weave, knit, sew—men's clothes er women's—doctor sick beasts, charm bees ter the hive, pick yarbs and berries, chop with the ax, and plow same as er man."

"WHILE THE KETTLE'S BOILING."

The kettle was singing—she sprang up, got a flowered china mug from the safe, wiped it carefully, filled it, and handed it to Sanders, saying tentatively: "Shore ye don't want a little salt in hit? I'd think plain hot water would taste slab-flat."

"I like it—rather," Sanders said, sipping the hot draft, and between sips glancing furtively about him. The cabin was big and bare, with scant furniture evidently homemade.

Yet Chicky said proudly, noting Sanders's scrutiny: "You see we ain't no pore whites—we keep the meat and meal and yarb-strings and pepper up the loft. An' we live in here and let the chickens have t'urrer pen 'cause hits so much nicer ter have one house all furnished, than two all scrimpety."

Sanders stared hard at the fire. The child's transparent friendliness, her artless garrulity, somehow made his throat feel queer. He understood—she was not forward, only lonesome, and desperately glad of human company. But Ann Eliza! Where had she gone? He turned suddenly upon Chicky with the question, adding: "Tell her she mustn't hide any longer. I know all about her—you were talking to her when I came."

"Yes—I was tellin' her things—seems like I'd die without her—'most," Chicky said, then, her lip trembling: "But you—you cain't—see her. She—she ain't got no clothes—an' she's jest the same as folks."

"Why, I thought she was 'folks'! What is she?—a kitten?" Sanders asked, smiling. Chicky shook a drooping head. "She's—my dear doll-baby," she said. "I found her—in the big road. Somebody had drapped her outen a waggin, I reckon; she had one leg all tore and scrunched, whar wheels had run over hit."

"Let me see her! Huddle her into something," Sanders commanded. Her head still drooped, Chicky went to the big chest, took out of it first a clean tow-cloth towel, then something which, duly bundled in the towel, she laid presently upon Sanders's draped knees, saying with a quick breath: "You know how bad it feels not to have your right clothes fer jest a little while. What 'ud you do ef your baby didn't have none at all, all the time?"

"Chicky! I—really don't know," Sanders answered, his throat queerer than ever, as he thought of three spoiled and rosy youngsters, who called him Uncle and tyrannized over him to the equal content of both sides. "How happens it Ann Eliza has no clothes?" he

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went on, glancing respectfully at the printed rag anatomy in his lap. Its rusty black feet came below the towel, which had fallen open at top, leaving the breast bare half-way down. Chicky touched a faint blur on the breast, saying tenderly: "Thar's whar I kiss her—I ain't never goin' ter spile her sweet face. But 'twa'n't me made that smudge—I wipe my mouth always. Benny mumped ahead o' me an' I had ter let him hold Ann Eliza ter keep him in the house—an' he would kiss her 'fore he was clean of the goose-grease. But that's all the spot on her, except the broken leg. See! Mammy mended hit. Stuffed in meal-bran, an' made hit good as new."

"I see! But about the clothes?" Sanders persisted. Chicky's face fell. "She—she jest ain't got none," she answered, locking her fingers tight. Sanders, glancing at her sidewise, saw that her eyes were wet.

"But *why* hasn't she got any?" he again demanded. Chicky turned away her head as she answered: "'Cause I cain't make her none—I ain't got no cloth. I did have some—the beautifulest piece," she hurried on; "a great big piece o' Turkey red. 'Twas left from linin' the Gwynnes's Irish Chain quilt—an' old lady Gwynne give it ter me jest fer Ann Eliza. But the very next night Benny come frum school with all the linin' tore outen his roundabout, an' Mammy hadn't nare single scrap ter patch hit with. So she took'n taken half my Turkey red fer that—and made a new back fer Billy's waistcoat outen the balance. She's goin' ter buy me as much nickel-lawn next year—but that's a long time off."

"That's a bit hard on Ann Eliza; still I don't believe she minds—much," Sanders commented. "I dare say she'd rather have love than clothes."

"You cain't think how much company she is!" Chicky said, cradling the doll against her breast with a soft little croon. "We play together—that she's sick in bed, an' I'm Doctor Betts come ter give her medicine. An' when Benny mumped, I put his clothes on her—then she was Doctor, and I told her all about Benny—and made her say: 'Give the young man sage tea, Mrs. Mangum—sage tea, and plenty of it. Give him plenty of mush too—fatten him on it.' That made Benny cry. He hates mush so."

Again Sanders looked at the fire—so hard he scarcely saw Chicky slip Ann Eliza into her mother's big bed and then begin a hospitable bustling. Dreamily he saw her fetch down from the loft rashers of bacon and a scant sieve of meal, and hardly stirred when she said as she put the pones of bread into the hot skillet: "The rain's mighty nigh over—it's jest a little meachin' drizzle now. Time

SANDERS ATE AS IF AT A FEAST.

I git you good-dry an' fed, the boys'll be home. Billy can take you to the big road by way o' the high path—hit ain't sech a far piece when you know the way. Ef you'd got here in the dark you could stay tell hit was light agin—but Mammy don't hold with harborin' folks that come in the daytime and have got feet to walk away."

"She's right," Sanders said emphatically, looking away from his attempt to fold the succoring counterpane. In Chicky's absence he had put on his clothes. She rushed at him, saying with a pretense of a frown: "You let that right erlone! Men-persons ain't got no call ter fool with gals' work." But she smiled at him as together they laid the folded counterpane over the clothes-pole. When a little afterward he sat down to a meal of her cooking, Sanders ate as if at a feast, and was genuinely sorry when Billy and Benny came whooping home.

"Good-by, Chicky! I'm coming again. So is Christmas," he said, holding both her hands, and thinking of what he should tell Bertha Gwynne—and what was likely to come of the telling. He would not insult the true soul of hospitality by offering pay for what he had received. It should be given back many times over—later.

Chicky watched him a little way, but not until the wet, black tree-trunks swallowed him. "It's awful bad luck ter watch folks outer sight—clean outer sight," she said to Benny at her elbow as they went back to the fire. "And I wouldn't fetch bad luck ter that gentleman, not fer anything. He's so nice ter talk to. Why! I'd 'most as soon tell *him* things as even Ann Eliza."

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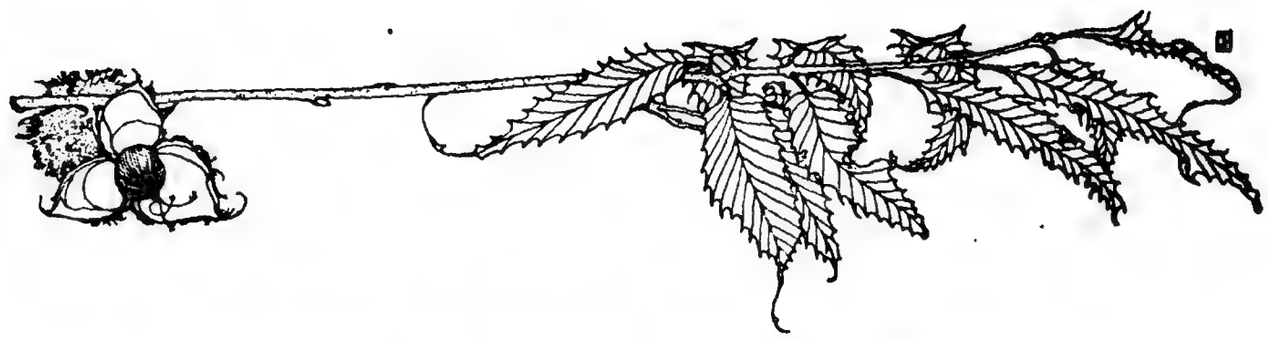

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer, and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts your left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand——"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

There is no end to the stories told of William R. Travers, who extracted more humor than discomfort from his stuttering. A friend who had known him in Baltimore said to him:

"Billy, it seems to me that you stutter more now than when you lived in Baltimore."

"W-w-well, N-n-new York's a b-b-bigger place," returned Travers thoughtfully.

When the Rev. Frank Ritchie, of St. Ignatius' Church in New York, was rector of the Church of the Ascension in Chicago, he was most unpopular with his bishop because of his extremely high-church ritualism and was known as "the black sheep of the diocese." At a general gathering of the clergy, Father Ritchie was paired off with the only colored rector in the bishop's jurisdiction. The clerical wits joked about it.

"The two black sheep of the diocese walked together," remarked one of them. The colored brother, a broad churchman, happened to overhear the remark.

"I should like to know what *I* have done?" he demanded with rancor.

It was not long afterward that Father Ritchie went to preach in this same colored rector's church, and he was introduced in this manner:

"Father Ritchie will preach this evening. Before the sermon we will sing the hymn beginning: 'My soul, be on thy guard.'"

Joseph Jefferson was a strong believer in early marriages, and he never missed an opportunity to impress his convictions upon young men. In an address at Yale, he said:

"I abominate bachelors. The older they grow, the more conceited they become. I was talking to one and I asked him why he did not marry. He parried the question by telling about different young women he had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"'You are in danger of getting left,' I said to him. 'You had better hurry up before it is too late.'

"'Oh,' said the bachelor, 'there are just as good fish left in the sea.'

"'I know that,' I said, 'but the bait—isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?'"

A man having a considerable sum on deposit in the Germania Savings Bank in Memphis, Tenn., approached the teller one day and confided in him that he had quarreled with his family. He had made up his mind to change his will, but was undecided to whom to leave his money.

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The bank official, being of a philanthropic bent, suggested that it be given to an orphans' home, waxing eloquent in enlarging upon the good the money would do. The visitor listened with growing impatience, and then broke in with:

"The orphans! Why should I leave my money to the orphans? What did the orphans ever do for me?"

Among the attendants at the funeral of a lawyer who, though an agnostic, had led a singularly upright life, was a prominent Philadelphian who arrived just after the minister had begun his sermon.

"What part of the services have they reached?" he asked an old Quaker.

"Just opened for the defense," was the reply.

An Ohio farmer had a "hired man," a steady, phlegmatic worker, who was always on time and had not missed a day in more than a year. One morning he appeared in his Sunday clothes and announced that he had "to go bei his wife's funeral." The following day he appeared as usual and went about his work in his careful, methodical manner. Less than a fortnight later he again came before his employer in his black suit and asked for a day off.

"Jake, I hate to refuse you, but you know we are pretty busy now. Wouldn't it do just as well next week?"

"Aber I denke nicht," said Jake; "maybe I better be dere. It been my wedding still."

"What! Your wedding? Why, you buried your wife only week before last."

"Ja," returned Jake calmly, "but I don't hold spite long."

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, was taken to task because he had made a certain appointment, a friend maintaining that another man should have received the place. The governor listened quietly and then said:

"Did I ever tell you about Mose Williams? One day Mose sought his employer, an acquaintance of mine, and inquired:

"'Say, boss, is yo' gwine to town t'morrer?'

"'I think so. Why?'

"'Well, hit's dishaway. Me an' Easter Johnson's gwine to git mahred, an' Ah 'lowed to ax yo' ter git a pair of licenses fo' me.'

"'I shall be delighted to oblige you, Mose, and I hope you will be very happy.'

"The next day when the gentleman rode up to his house the old man was waiting for him.

"'Did you git 'em, boss?' he inquired eagerly.

"'Yes, here they are.'

"Mose looked at them ruefully, shaking his head. 'Ah'm po'ful sorry yo' got 'em, boss!'

"'What's the matter? Has Easter gone back on you?'

"'It ain't dat, boss. Ah done changed ma min'. Ah'm gwine to mahry Sophie Coleman, dat freckled-faced yaller girl what works up to Mis' Mason's, for she sholy can cook!'

"'Well, I'll try and have the name changed for you, but it will cost you fifty cents more.'

"Mose assented, somewhat dubiously, and the gentleman had the change made. Again he found Mose waiting for him.

"'Wouldn't change hit, boss, would he?'

"'Certainly he changed it. I simply had to pay him the fifty cents.'

"'Ah was hopin' he wouldn't do it. Mah min's made up to mahry Easter Johnson after all.'

"'You crazy nigger, you don't know what you do want. What made you change your mind again?'

"'Well, boss, Ah been thinkin' it over an' Ah jes 'lowed dar wasn't fifty cents wuth ob diff'runce in dem two niggers.'"

The late Daniel Lamont was celebrated for his tact. As private secretary to President Cleveland and as Secretary of War he was able to refuse more people their dearest desires with less resulting rancor than any man in the administration.

"I learned the lesson early in life," explained Mr. Lamont. "There was a very poor young man in our town who fell head over heels in love with a farmer's daughter. He was deadly serious about it, and as poor as poor could be. The girl knew something of toil and was weary of it, but she was fond of the man; her moods left him alternately elated and depressed.

"'I am afraid there is no chance for me,' he confided to a friend one day. 'In a delicate way she has been discouraging my attentions to her.'

"'How is she doing it?'

"'Oh, very delicately. She told me yesterday that she was a twin, her mother was a twin, and her grandmother was a twin.'"

Sometimes it is dangerous to teach by object-lessons. One can never tell what turn the young mind may take. An elocution teacher had been illustrating to her class of sixteen-year-olds the expression of the various emotions by the face. In turn she illustrated for them with appropriate poetical selections, fear, hate, love, hope, revenge, and so on. Then she struck attitudes and assumed expressions, calling on the class to interpret them. The girls guessed fear and hate correctly. Then the teacher, encouraged by this exhibition of acute

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perception on the part of her pupils, took one more attitude of great intensity. "Terror!" shouted the class with one accord. The teacher dropped limply into her chair. "That, young ladies," she remarked in icy tones, "was passionate love."

The late Charles Coghlan was a man of great wit and resource. When he was living in London his wife started for an out-of-town visit. For some reason she found it necessary to return home, and on her way thither she saw her husband step out of a cab and hand a lady from it. Mrs. Coghlan confronted the pair. The actor was equal to the situation.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "allow me to present Miss Blank. Mrs. Coghlan, Miss Blank."

The two bowed coldly while Coghlan quickly added:

"I know you ladies have ever so many things you want to say to each other, so I will ask to be excused."

He lifted his hat, stepped into the cab, and was whirled away.

John B. McDonald, builder of New York's subway, was seeking to escape giving a direct opinion about another contractor.

"It is rather too much to ask of human nature to be just to a rival," he said. "I once had in my employ a laborer, and a good worker he was, whose activities were cut short by a premature blast. I overheard two of his friends discussing the victim.

"'It's an awful thing, Paddy, the way poor Dinny was tuk,' observed Casey.

"'It is, it is,' replied Paddy feelingly.

"'A fine mon was Dinny.'

"'He was thot.'

"'And a fine shoveler; sure he was the finest shoveler on the job.'

"'He was a good shoveler,' admitted Paddy.

"'As good a shoveler as youse find in a year's lookin'.'

"'He was a good shoveler—a *good* shoveler, he was, but he was not what you would call a fancy shoveler.'"

The buxom maid had been hinting that she did not think much of working out, and this in conjunction with the nightly appearance of a rather sheepish young man caused her mistress much apprehension.

"Martha, is it possible that you are thinking of getting married?"

"Yes'm," admitted Martha, blushing.

"Not that young fellow who has been calling on you lately?"

"Yes'm, he's the one."

"But you have known him only a few days."

"Three weeks come Thursday," corrected Martha.

"Do you think that is long enough to know a man before taking such an important step?"

"Well," answered Martha with spirit, "'tain't 's if he was some new feller. He's well recommended; a perfectly lovely girl I know was engaged to him for a long while."

General Benjamin F. Butler built a house in Washington on the same plans as his home in Lowell, Mass., and his studies were furnished in exactly the same way. He and his secretary, M. W. Clancy, afterward City Clerk of Washington for many years, were constantly traveling between the two places.

One day a senator called upon General Butler in Lowell and the next day in Washington to find him and his secretary engaged upon the same work that had occupied them in Massachusetts.

"Heavens, Clancy, don't you ever stop?"

"No," interposed General Butler,

"'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'"

Clancy arose and bowed, saying:

"General, I never was sure until now what my employer was. I had heard the rumor, but I always discredited it."

Colonel Theodore P. Baxter, widely known in the grain trade in the West, was discussing religion in his office, and he made a general declaration of the piety of the people of Kansas. To prove his point he turned to a small boy who came in for a glass of water.

"Johnny," asked the colonel, "what is your pa's religion?"

"Well," said the boy, "he thinks he's a Presbyterian—but he ain't working at it much."

In a car speeding over a Western prairie, one man remarked to another:

"This is the first time I ever traveled over this line without a newly married pair on board. I have been studying the passengers and there is not a bridal couple among them."

Just then the train stopped, and a man who had been seated with a lady and a little girl across the aisle walked to the end of the car. The child leaned forward and in a shrill, penetrating treble asked:

"Mamma, which papa do you like best, this new papa or my other papa?"

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

IN preparation for the strike which began January 1st, we were obliged to go to press with the March magazine on December 28th.

We gave you our views of strikes in general and of this strike in particular in the February "Publishers." If this number of the magazine is in any way below our average, you will please make allowances. We do not believe it will be. If the strike is still on as you read these words, we are probably having a struggle to get out the April number, but keep one eye open for it. It will be along, and pretty close to on time.

WE get many interesting and amusing letters, but we haven't had room the past few months to reprint any of them in this department, as was formerly our custom. Here are a few:

FROM A HARD WORKER IN BOSTON

BOSTON, MASS.

Gentlemen: Please cancel my subscription at the close of the term paid for. I like the magazine very much, but it is too great an attraction and takes time from business. Very truly yours,

VERY COMPLIMENTARY

LOUISVILLE, KY., November 20, 1905.

Dear Sir: Your December issue of EVERYBODY'S at hand and must say that I never found so much interesting reading in one issue of *any* magazine before. It is a fitting climax of a great magazine for the year just ended. Respectfully yours,

A. B. MCGINNIS.

FROM A MINING CAMP

TONOPAH, NEV., September 23, 1905.

Gentlemen: It's Saturday night in the mining camp. There is not a thing to do. Have read your October number. EVERYBODY'S makes all the others stale, and it's a long wait to October 20th.

Yours truly,

L. W. HAWORTH.

A POWER AMONG FARMERS

VANCOUVER, WASH.

Dear Sirs: I herewith enclose check to cover my subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE from the time it expires in the first part of next year for another year.

I wish to say that I am a rural mail carrier. The first time that I knew of your magazine was about a year ago. It was mentioned in the *Daily Oregonian* of Portland, Ore. Then I had none on my route. Now I have more copies of your magazine than any leading magazine of this country.

So you see what a power your magazine is among the farmers. Yours respectfully,

C. F. ALLEN.

IN THE HEATHEN COUNTRY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Gentlemen: You may be interested to know that I have traveled over the country extensively in the past year and I find your magazine penetrating to the remotest corners. During July and August I was sent by a large Rubber Plantation Company, of San Francisco, into the jungles of extreme southeastern Mexico, 700 miles beyond the City of Mexico. Beyond all railroads, and the end of the steamship navigation, we struck the jungle and penetrated it many miles on horseback and on foot, and in that heathen part of the world I found EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Sincerely,

H. I. HAMILTON.

LAWSON'S REMEDY

"WHY do you suppose Lawson wrote 'Frenzied Finance'?" Everybody has been asking this question of somebody during the past few months. What was Mr. Lawson's motive? Was it revenge? Was it part of a stock-jobbing scheme? Was it self-interest, or was it public spirit?

At first thought it would seem like presumption for one man to agree to answer for another's motive, especially if the motive in question belonged to a great man. People have come to look upon greatness as synonymous with complexity. Rather its synonym is simplicity. The greater the man the simpler, the more direct, the more easily understood his moves and motives. America understands Roosevelt. Given the conditions, a child will tell you instantly on which side the President will be found. Grant you, Roosevelt is a many-sided, complex man, but his complexities concern only the non-essentials. On real questions he is as simple as sunlight. It is not the man who confuses people that leads them.

Lawson is a great man. We make the statement unhesitatingly and without qualification. He is full of shadings and complexities in the non-essentials. But in the essentials he is simple, splendid, great. He would be incapable of writing "Frenzied Finance" merely for revenge. It would be

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an impossibility for him to write it for money. No man could reveal his naked soul to his fellows as Mr. Lawson has done in his story merely for sordid gold. No, there is just one compelling motive back of his story. He saw how the people were being robbed and wronged. His soul was wrung. With him sympathy is action. He worked out a remedy. But in order to have the remedy understood he was obliged to make the people see how the evil is wrought so that they could and would apply the remedy when he gave it to them. That, we believe, was his real reason for writing "Frenzied Finance." "Where does he come in?" Where every man comes in who does a noble service for his fellow men. Mr. Lawson has given his story to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE without a penny of recompense. He has spent thousands upon thousands to get you and other people to read it and all for the one purpose of getting you to read and consider the Remedy he has to offer for the evils that he and others have made so plain to us these latter months. You owe it to him, you owe it to yourself, to read it. He begins the Remedy in the April number.

"EVERYBODY'S" RESOLUTIONS

OUR January cover was very much admired. We received many letters about the resolutions, and reprint excerpts from a few of them below. You may be sure such warm praise, while not wholly deserved, is nevertheless appreciated:

"The resolutions on your January cover were fine, and ought to go everywhere. To circulate them is a patriotic duty. I am using the cover from my magazine on the wall of my schoolroom."

"You are doing a great work. Keep it up. We are with you."

"Your January cover should be printed in letters of gold, and hung where every man can see the resolutions the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. They are the new Ten Commandments."

"The January cover is a good advertisement for you; and for us busy people whose line of thought carries us into mechanical and business channels, it is well to have such clean thoughts and sentiments brought to our daily observation. Keep on with your good work, and may you retain and add to your merited success."

"Every sensible man who loves his country should have your January cover framed in his home, and should teach his children to engrave these resolutions on their hearts as the standard of their character. I shall hang a copy in my office—it will help me to be a better citizen and father, and more useful to my fellow man."

From the head of the department of history in a high school in Ohio:

"It may interest you to know that EVERYBODY'S is used as a text-book in the course of economics in the senior year of the North High School of this city. We read every month Mr. Russell's articles, 'Soldiers of the Common Good,' and we wish to express to you our earnest appreciation of these articles and a great interest therein. The writings of Mr. Russell are not only valuable in thought, but are certainly models of forceful and elegant English."

THE DEAD PAST

OUT of the tomb comes an easy reminder that not even the insurance grafters fooled all the people all the time. The Chicago *Tribune* recently disinterred some verse read at a banquet of insurance men, and of insurance men only, in New York ten years ago. There is not room for all five stanzas here, but in the third the poet sighed that

"If I should die to-night,
. . . I should rest assured that John McCall,
Drawing his salary, would rise above all,
And never care a d—— if I should die to-night";

and continuing, wailed:

"If I should die to-night,
The New York Life would doubtless wish I were alive;
For then it would not have to pay those thousands five.
If it could choose, it would not have me dead,
But keep me living that I might be bled;
For I am more than certain that the New York Life
Would rather have ME pay than pay my wife—
And that's the way I feel to-night.

"If I should die to-night,
'Twould not disturb the New York Life, although for thirty years
I have been paying premiums—it would shed no tears;
Its business would go on—its sharp trustees
Continue managing its assets as they please.
They will not be disturbed to know that I am gone,
For every moment there's a sucker born.
Some one would take my place—if I should die to-night."

These verses would hardly be received jocularly by insurance men now, as they were then, since Mr. Lawson has laid bare to the whole public conditions then privately snickered at. Men's sense of humor changes with the times.

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